April 4, 1964

# THE NEW YORKER

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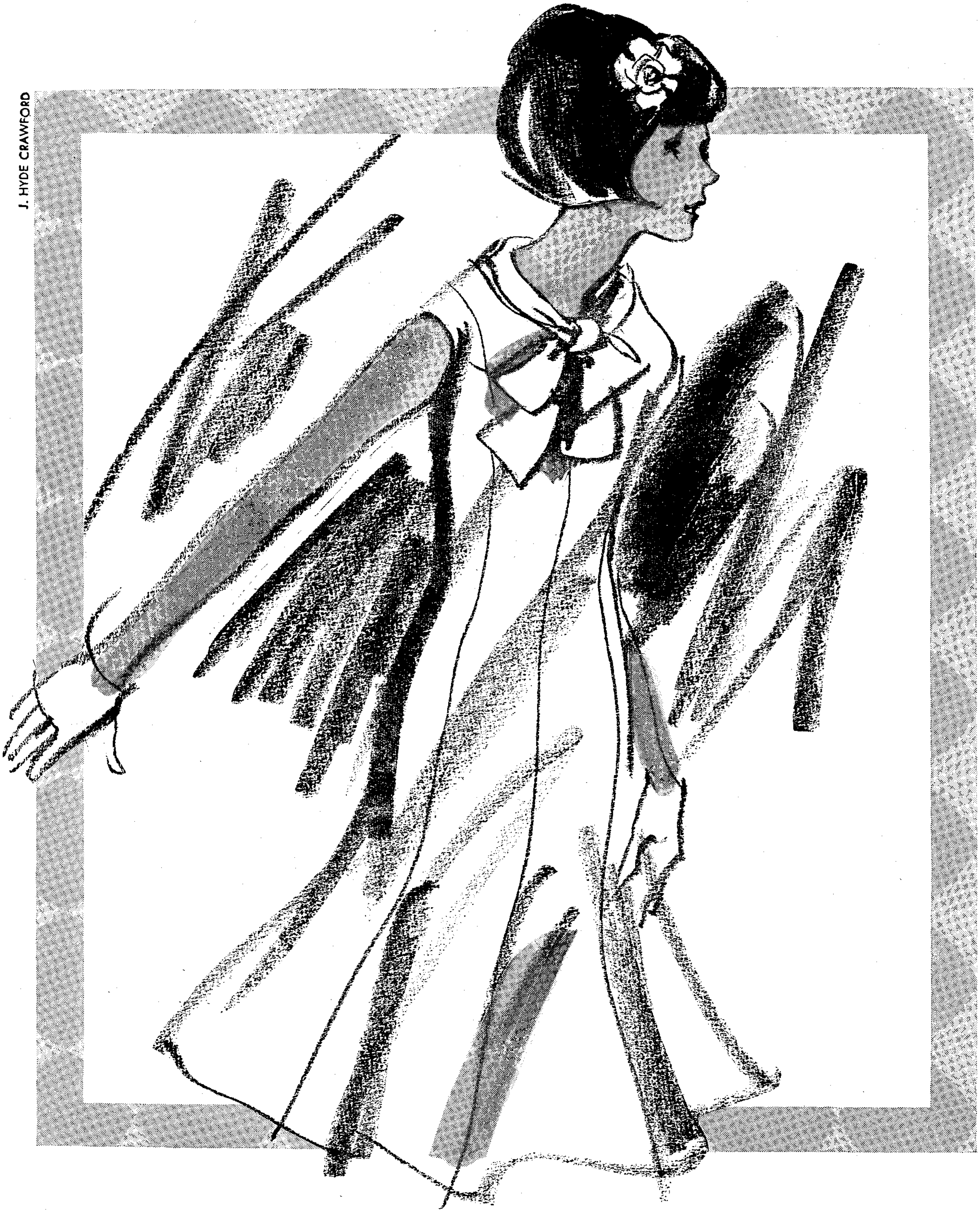

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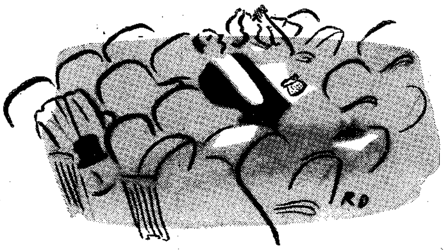
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Any Wednesday**—A sprightly farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite that her lover's company maintains on a tax-deductible basis. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl, and Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman lend her admirable support. Henry Kaplan has directed Muriel Resnik's play in effervescent style, and Robert Randolph has provided a bright décor. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Barefoot in the Park**—There isn't much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon has given the play a pleasant glow. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar, who were directed by Mike Nichols, are very diverting in it. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**A Case of Libel**—In this play based on the Reynolds-Pegler libel suit, Van Heflin is superb as the plaintiff's lawyer, and the others in the cast back him up stoutly. Despite the fact that most of us know the details of the real case, Henry Denker, the playwright, keeps an element of suspense alive throughout. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Chinese Prime Minister**—Enid Bagnold's comedy concerns itself with a seventy-year-old actress, widely celebrated, who decides that she can do without familial responsibilities at three score and ten. While the play isn't particularly dramatic, there are some superior performances by Margaret Leighton, Alan Webb, and John Williams. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 4.)

**The Deputy**—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. The play, originally encompassing five acts, has been abbreviated here to two, but most of its telling moments are included, and even if the verse structure is occasionally ramshackle, the cast, headed by Jeremy Brett, does right well by the enterprise. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**Dylan**—The outrageous and eloquent Welsh poet masterfully personified by Sir Alec Guinness in a highly satisfactory play by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Never Live Over a Pretzel Factory**—Dull doings in a downtown Manhattan basement inhabited by three youths who are yearning to make a documentary film. Dennis O'Keefe is in the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Nobody Loves an Albatross**—A comedy about the ways that some seedy TV types pick up a living in Hollywood. Robert Preston is functioning at the top of his game in this one, which was written by Ronald Alexander and is ebulliently directed by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964**: A new edition of the show, fortified with fresh material and performed by Paxton Whitehead, Patrick Carter, William Christopher, and Patrick Horgan. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY**: An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Tom Helmore are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE**: A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**: Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

### MUSICALS

**Foxy**—Bert Lahr slithering hilariously about in a very free adaptation of Ben Jonson's "Volpone," which now has as its locale the frozen wastes of Alaska. Ian McLellan Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., wrote the book, and Johnny Mercer and Robert Emmett Dolan invented the lyrics and music. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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**Funny Girl**—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and lavish musical numbers staged by Carol Haney. The production was supervised by Jerome Robbins and directed by Garson Kanin; along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin, Kay Medford, and Danny Meehan. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Hello, Dolly!**—Carol Channing romps happily through this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. The direction and choreography, by Gower Champion, are also commendable. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Here's Love**—Santa Claus, Macy's vs. Gimbels, and innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**110 in the Shade**—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker," in which Inga Swenson is utterly captivating as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**What Makes Sammy Run?**—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. The book was written by Budd and Stuart Schulberg, and the lyrics and music are by Ervin Drake. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**: Dick Shawn and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**: The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!**: The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**Sponono**—A play by Alan Paton and Krishna Shah, with the original South African cast under the direction of Mr. Shah. Presented by Mary K. Frank. Opens Thursday, April 2. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain

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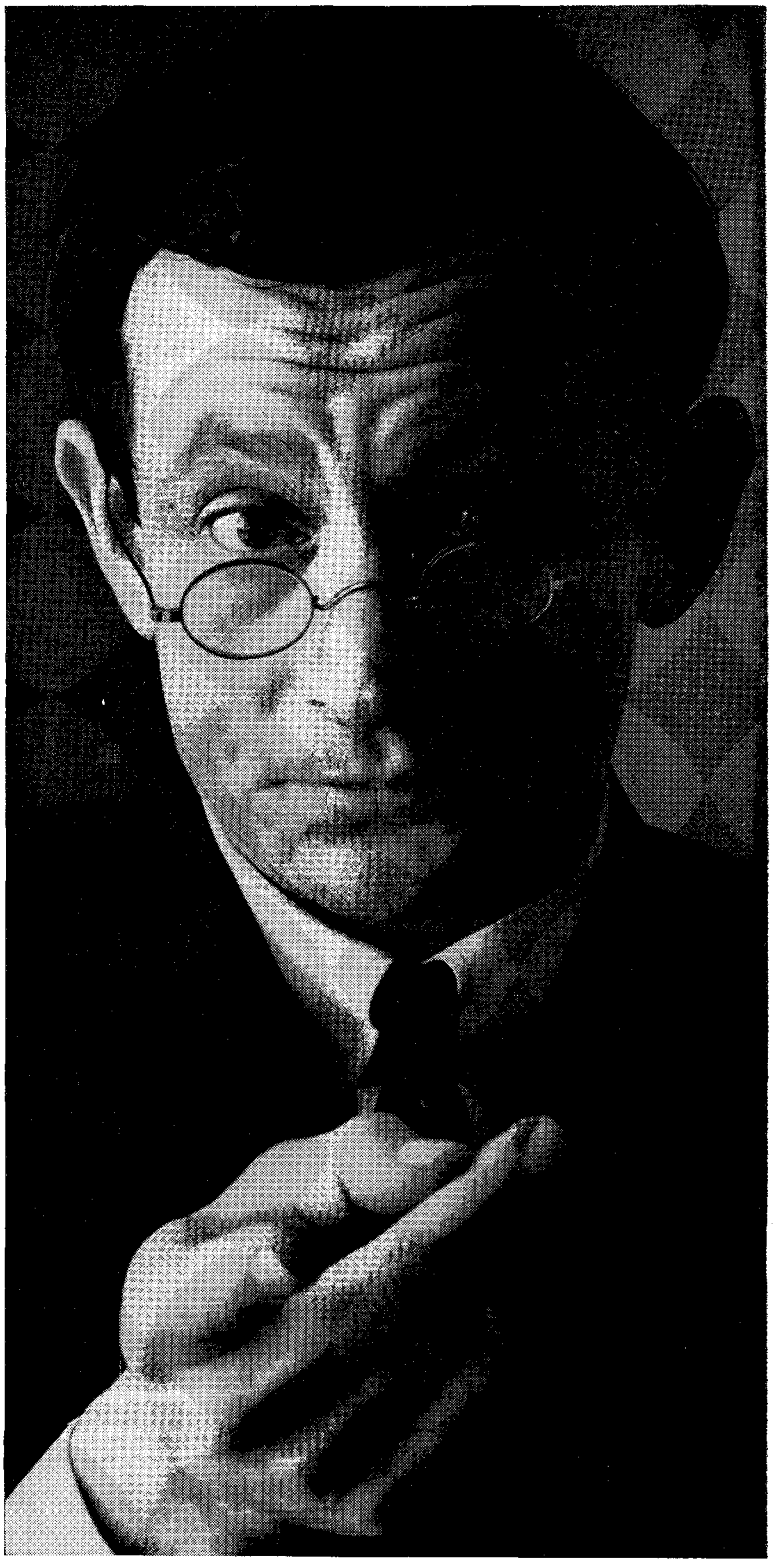

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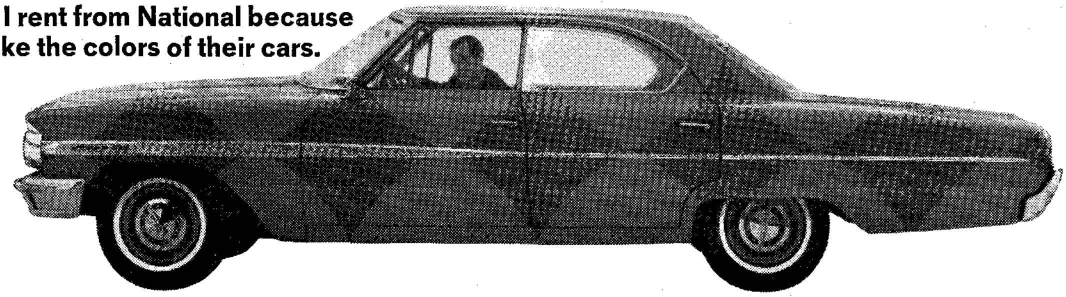

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Anyone Can Whistle**—Lee Remick, Angela Lansbury, and Harry Guardino in a musical with a book by Arthur Laurents and a score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Staged by Mr. Laurents and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden and Diana Krasny. Previews Thursday, April 2, at 2 and 8:30, and Friday, April 3, at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, April 4. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**National Repertory Theatre**—A four-week repertory of two plays, with Eva Le Gallienne, Farley Granger, Denholm Elliott, and Anne Meacham, will start off with Chekhov's "The Seagull," adapted and directed by Miss Le Gallienne. Previews Thursday evening, April 2, and Saturday matinée, April 4. Opens officially on Sunday, April 5. Additional performances Wednesday through Saturday evenings, April 8-11. . . . ¶ Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," directed by Jack Sydow. Previews Friday and Saturday evenings, April 3-4. Opens officially on Monday, April 6. Additional performances Thursday matinée, April 9, and Saturday matinée, April 11. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Tuesday, April 7, at 8:30; opening-night curtains at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, April 9, at 2:30.)

**High Spirits**—A musical by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, based on Noël Coward's play "Blithe Spirit." The cast, directed by Mr. Coward, is headed by Beatrice Lillie, Tammy Grimes, and Edward Woodward. The producers are Lester Osterman, Robert Fletcher, and Richard Horner. Previews through Monday, April 6. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 7. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Hamlet**—A limited engagement of Shakespeare's tragedy, starring Richard Burton, Hume Cronyn, Alfred Drake, Eileen Herlie, William Redfield, George Rose, and George Voskovec. Directed by John Gielgud and presented by Alexander H. Cohen. Opens Thursday, April 9, and will run through Saturday, June 27. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

## OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**Lincoln Center Repertory**—"After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. Performance Thursday, April 2, at 8. . . . ¶ "But for Whom Charlie," a comedy by S. N. Behrman about good and evil in the modern world, has as its setting a philanthropic foundation that takes care of indigent writers. Not always as compelling as it might be, the play has one large virtue—the presence of David Wayne as an aging author who takes a dim and droll view of our times. Performances Friday, April 3, at 8:30; Saturday, April 4, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 7-9, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Eugene O'Neill's satire "Marco Millions" stands up better than you might expect after thirty-six years, and the present production is quite spectacular. Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman are among those happily present. Performances Sunday, April 5, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, April 10, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 11, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

**City Center Gilbert & Sullivan Company**—Final performances of the season; matinées are primarily for children—"H.M.S. Pinafore": Thursday, April 2, at 12:30 and 5:30. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe": Friday, April 3, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Saturday, April 4, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Mikado": Saturday, April 4, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 5, at 1. . . . ¶ "Patience": Sunday, April 5, at 5:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

**New York City Center Light Opera Company**—A revival of "West Side Story," with Don McKay and Julia Migenes, is the first in a series of three shows to be presented by the company. Preview Tuesday, April 7, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 8, and will run through Sunday, May 3. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**APA at the Phoenix**—Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths," Thursday, April 2, at 8:30; Saturday, April 4, at 2:30 and 8:30; Friday, April 10, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 11, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles," Friday, April 3, at 8:40, and Thursday, April 9, at 8:40. . . . ¶ George M. Cohan's "The Tavern," Sunday, April 5, at 3. . . . ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," Sunday, April 5, at 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 7-8, at 8:40. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

**The Amorous Flea**—A sprightly little musical, confected from Molière's "School for Wives" by Bruce Montgomery (songs) and Jerry Devine (book). Lew Parker and Imelda de Martin head the cast. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

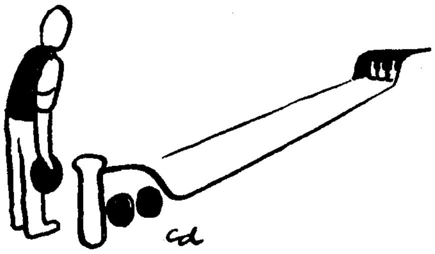
**The Blacks**—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Blood Knot**—An obvious and tricky drama that is more than redeemed by the performances of the two actors who appear in it. James Earl Jones is wonderful as a South African Negro, and J. D. Cannon is good, too, as his half brother, who is also half white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Boys from Syracuse**—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Caretaker**—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Cindy**—The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are a lively, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K., too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



**The Fantasticks**—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Immoralist**—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**In the Summer House**—A milk-and-water revival of Jane Bowles' play about a pair of mothers and a pair of daughters. (Little Fox Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. SP 7-3810. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**In White America**—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Jerico-Jim Crow**—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 5:30.)

**Jo**—This wispy musical concoction adapted from "Little Women" does no justice to its lively original, but the score and dancing are occasionally rather pleasant. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Thursday at 2:30; Friday and Saturday at 2:30 and 8:40; and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

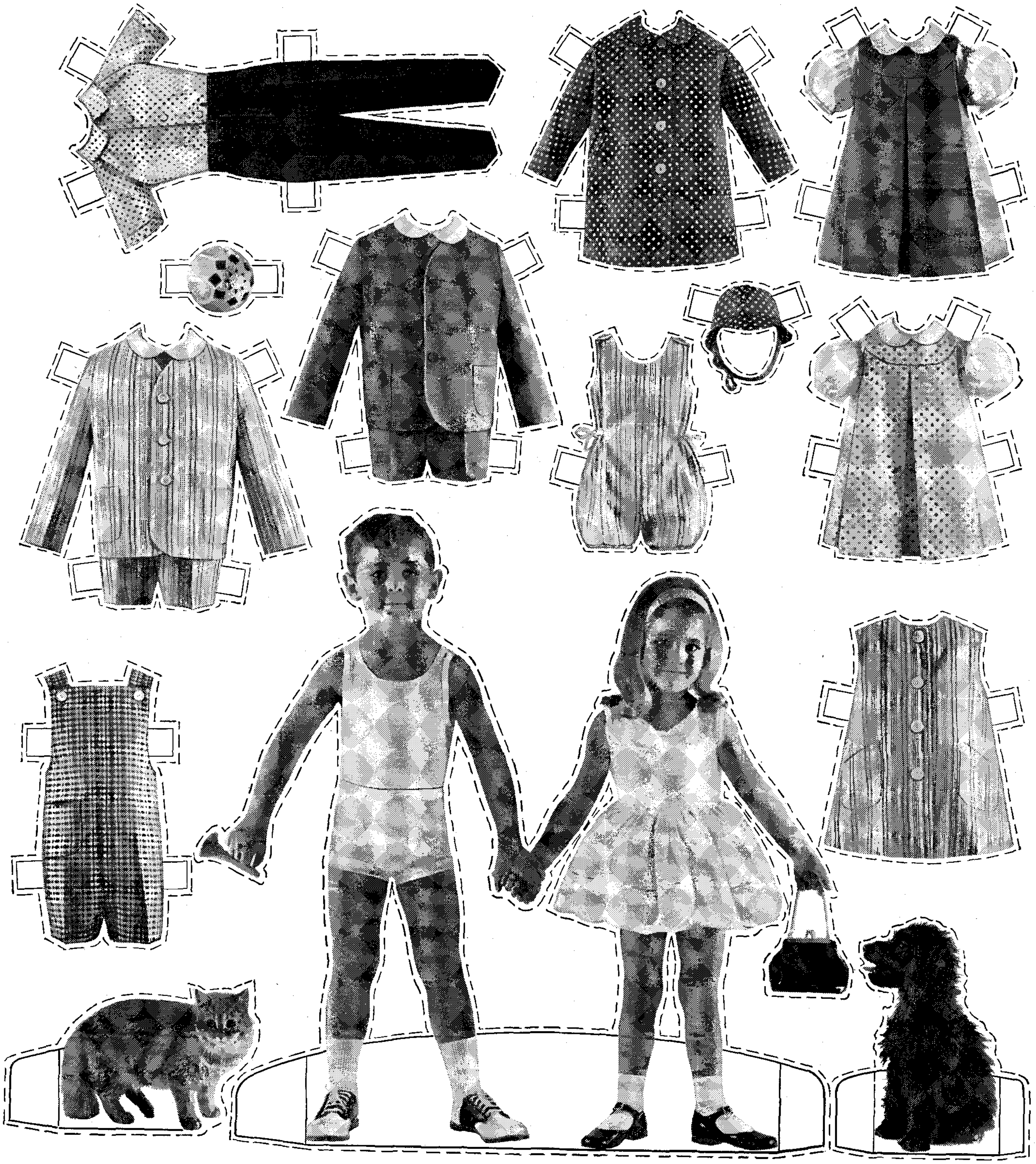
**Life Is a Dream (La Vida Es Sueño)**—Calderón's seventeenth-century play, being presented in both English and Spanish. Performances in English on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays at 10, Saturdays at 7, and Sundays at 8:30. Performances in Spanish on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8:30, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10, and Sundays at 3. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240.)

**Little Eyolf**—An inept production of an understandably neglected work by Henrik Ibsen. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Pinter Plays**—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. CI 6-1457. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Salad of the Mad Café**—A four-character revue written and directed by Danny Logan, who also appears in it. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Six Characters in Search of an Author**—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Satur-



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Squat Betty** and **The Sponge Room**—Two one-acters, imported from London. They are full of bright, quirky lines and notions, but the production lets them down. Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall are the collaborating dramatists. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

**The Streets of New York**—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs, by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general department of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**This Was Burlesque**—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Three at the Cherry Lane**—A trio of one-acters. "Dutchman," which ends the evening, is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. Samuel Beckett's "Play" continues its run, and the management has added a revival of "The Two Executioners," a sombre, down-with-mother work by the usually perky Arrabal. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Trojan Women**—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Trumpets of the Lord**—The combination of a set of poems, by James Weldon Johnson, with a set of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs makes this all-Negro musical a jubilant occasion. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The White Rose and the Red**—The story of England's Wars of the Roses in an arrangement of scenes from a batch of Shakespeare's historical plays. The scenes are performed by thirteen actors, most of whom play several parts, and some of whom do pretty well. In the solo part of Henry VI, Nicholas Kepros does extremely well. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 3 and Sundays at 5.)

### DANCE PROGRAMS

**Olé Olé!**—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Martha Graham**—Discoursing about dance and presenting her company in a demonstration of her technique and a rehearsal performance of "Secular Games." (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Sunday and Monday, April 5-6, at 8:30.)

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**Contemporary Dance Productions**—Lucas Hoving in a program of his own dances, with Patricia Christopher and Chase Robinson. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, April 5, at 2:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**The Circus**—First sign of spring for non-bird-watchers. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2; on Saturday, April 4, at 10:30 and 3. Through Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

**Josephine Baker**—With her company of dancers (including Carmen de Lavallade and Geoffrey Holder), plus an orchestra, in a limited return engagement. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Blue Hill Troupe**—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 2-4, at 8:45, *and a performance primarily* for children on Saturday, April 4, at 2:30. For tickets, call YU 8-1498, from 9:30 to 1.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Americana**, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Julie London is singing, often as if her nice little heart would break—with, naturally, precisely the lyrics to heighten this effect. She is a dinner and supper visitor; dance music proceeds almost without interruption, though. Closed Sundays.

**Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The very floral—well, practically florid—dining room is inhabited by George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen, who make sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. Sundays, the band is there from one to three as well. The musicians stay home on Mondays.

**El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—All the fashionable games are provided, including the most recent version of finders-keepers, called Status. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who has time to dance. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. On Sundays, only the peninsula known as Perona's is active, and there's no dancing.

**Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band does the dance music and Renato Rossini, a grand hand with a guitar, lends an air of nobility. Mr. R. will retire for the season on Sunday, April 5, but the band will play on and on.

**Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Alice and Ellen Kessler, the big blond Rhine maidens who do the dinner and supper singing and cakewalking in the Persian Room, are handsome and identical twins. They have clearly learned by rote what their American mentors have decided the American public expects of girl singers, but the youthful glee with which they do it is more than sufficient to carry the evening. Dancing to the hummings of the Emil Coleman band and Mark Monte's small assortment of pepper shakers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs stay home Mondays. . . . ¶ After eight, the Palm Court is flown to Europe, to become a curbside café, and a truly romantic one (the moonlight is lavender) in which—as one downs pastry, ices, and a cold bottle—Gunnar Hansen's violin suits itself to the mood. This goes on until one every night but Sunday.

**St. Regis**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin's band is burbling in the Maisonette. Quintero's Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town ramble along from eight to two every night but Sunday.

**Savoy Hilton**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Columns, Arturo Arturos's tiny dance band disports itself with vigor on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six to eleven. Closed Mondays.

**Shepheard's**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—The scenery is a rollicking suggestion of the vanished Egyptian hostelry called Shepheard's; the music, non-stop from eight to four, is a blend of American electronics and real musicians; the dancing by the customers can put one in mind of the Little Egypt of the Chicago World's Fair.

**Sheraton-East**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tripping in the Embassy Club is light and fantastic, to the sound of Milt Shaw's band, which operates from eight to one during the week, from nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

**Waldorf-Astoria**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Edie Adams, who has explored just about every province of what is left of show business, is back in the dining halls again—specifically, the Empire Room—with words, music, and quite a lot of good looks. Flanked by the Paul Godkin dancers, she is doing a dinner and supper stint; the whole evening is the range of the two dance bands—a perky Meyer Davis orchestra and Horace Diaz's regiment. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**Goldie's New York**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps fairly steady hours at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A walled garden in Florence where—every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—a number of wicked ghosts (Scarpia and Pinkerton among them) comfortably reënact, in song and story, the scenes of their crimes. The tiny opera company is under the baton of Aldo Bruschi, a pianist who often joins in with his choristers. There is leisurely dancing, too, on these nights. Earlier on in the week, other song and music, knee-deep in sentiment, have their chance. Closed Mondays. . . . **Café Ambassador**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Grand gestures are quite in keeping with this scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sun-

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A sort of royal road to cocktails, dinner, and supper. Most of the time, Forrest Perrin strolls with judicious calm up and down his piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARCHIE'S,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): Beneath a glorious turn-of-the-century chandelier, Hugh Shannon is doing piano and ballads *(the jauntiest of which* are almost coeval with the chandelier) in the sturdy, cheering voice that these airs deserve. Michael Burr is his lively bassist. Nine to three is Mr. Shannon's gamut; Sundays are his vacations. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An old-school, or spare-no-expense, French solution of the housing problem. Norbert Faconi, the court musician, makes his violin speak more lovingly than words. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A small Latin Olympics takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A sort of Via Veneto West, gently but firmly dominated by the perambulating corps of fiddlers led by Herman Honigsberg, a sound (in every sense) man. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation provides room for the restrained but calorific flamenco guitar wielded by Gustavo Lopez. from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCK'S COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening to look at or sing along with a jazz threesome, or just to tablehop. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to seven-thirty and from nine to two. No music Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. The piano starts at five, the dance trio at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer commences his postponed holiday on Saturday, April 4. Karl Inwald will thenceforth operate the piano during the customary hours—from eight-thirty to one or two—until Mr. F. returns. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Total recall of a Budapest that is now only a memory is the primary occupation of the zimbalonists, fiddlers, sopranos, and tenors (Tibor Rakossy, the major-domo, to name one) who are on hand every night but Monday. Dancing. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): One knows that there is still a St. Petersburg whenever Marina Fedorovskaya sings, with great calm, the moody Russian and French songs of another day. She, piano, and violin carry on from seven-thirty until early morning. The chef, too, still dreams of St. Pete. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue; i.e., East and West *do* meet. After nine, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, who strolls along his piano only from six to nine-thirty and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop does her courteous piano recitations (five to eight-thirty, except Sundays) under the Clock of the Palm Court, that old Ivy League hollow oak. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, a necessary breathing space in the middle of New York, affords the calm, collected keyboard work of Steven Weltner, international traveller, from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Piano, sober and without gymnastics, is the dinner menu; the pianist lends lyrics to his recital after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar, which is the stuff that decorators' dreams are made on, has now acquired Mimmo del Sud, a flip young Latin with a succinctly strummed guitar and succinctly rolled "r"s. His strolling concert goes on from half past nine until one-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It is the amiable conceit of Rita Dimitri, the incumbent soprano, to do a parody of Theda Bara or some such, with songs to boot. Sometimes the piano and guitar of Stanley Brilliant, the music master here, join in the nonsense; sometimes there's quiet music in a corner; sometimes one can dance a bit. Closed Sundays.

## BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Lovely womanhood stooping to lovely follies is the dominant theme of "Diamond Fair," an opulent pageant that has thirty sterling examples of l. w. on its staff. Among the other starters are the customary excellent European variety acts, not to mention Eddie Albert, once of Broadway, who has a sort of vaudeville turn that is distinguished more by competence than by content. He departs on Tuesday, April 7. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Pat Collins, a pretty girl whose hypnotic voice has been putting night-club patrons into honest-to-Pete trances (a feat traditionally reserved for night-club comedians) all over the Golden West, has come East to see how far she can cast a spell over us. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): There is overwhelming evidence of manpower in the singing of Sergio Franchi; there is also evidence of a fine Italian hand in his work, whether he's doing his native Roman sentimentalities or our own pop tunes, which he handles far better than most of the locals. Joey Forman, a stand-up wit, is getting funnier and funnier night by night; the Copa corps de ballet is still girlish and beginner's-class. Dancing for the customers, too. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Except for a solitary sequence of deadweight humor, "Vive Les Girls" is a continuous outburst of young ladies eager to put not only their best foot but their best knee and thigh forward. The gym class is headed by Jeanie Stevens, a new but not to be forgotten soubrette. Dancing.

## CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9–,** Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," the new Julius Monk revue, heaves plenty of well-bred sighs over the sorry state of affairs—metropolitan, national, and amorous. The sighs are mixed with so many verbal plays and ploys that binaural attention is an absolute requisite. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason lead a very, very glib cast that also contains Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Delphi Harrington, Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Dick Blair. The orchestra is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. The hours are eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The mainstays are Rolf Harris, whose Down Under short stories are—like the kangaroo in his best-known folk song—highly original and a bit gamy, and Ketty Lester, that pleasurable and vivid little soprano. The entertainment begins right after dinner and goes on through supper. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and dreaming their way through life, accompanied by a set of splendid flamenco dancers named Isabella and Miguel. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at ten-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing. . . . ¶ Just off the bar, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado. full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The Muffled Report," No. 3 of the series of dissenting opinions filed by the mask-and-wiggers who call themselves The Establishment, does not open officially until Wednesday, April 8, but distinctly non-sneak previews are going on now. The very nearly priceless John Bird, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, and Carole Simpson are involved, and there are performances at nine and eleven-thirty. Marian McPartland's progressive trio appears both onstage and, after the second showing, in the bar. Closed Sundays.

## MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Unsuppressed merriment is available in quantity when Dudley Moore, the small Londoner who is applying his own form of body English to American jazz piano, sets his threesome to rolling, and when Jon Hendricks begins singing along with the Gildo Mahones trio. Sundays, there is an extra session, from four-thirty to seven; Mondays, the house is dark. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Herbie Mann's septet, whose fife-and-drum corps gets as far down South as the *bossa nova*, and the Tarriers, vim-and-vigor folk singers, withdraw on Wednesday, April 8. Next evening, the aloof little Nina Simone brings in her foursome, and a collection of semi-Oriental musicians, singers, and belly dancers is also due. Mondays other musicians are in possession. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore and original wit. The Serendipity Singers will be there on Friday and Saturday, April 3-4; Joan Toliver, another folkster, and the squadron of Jim, Jake, and Joan, venturesome young humorists, are there right along. Tuesdays are given over, instead, to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Pulling of punches

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Pampering a vintage pumper—photo by Mark Shaw

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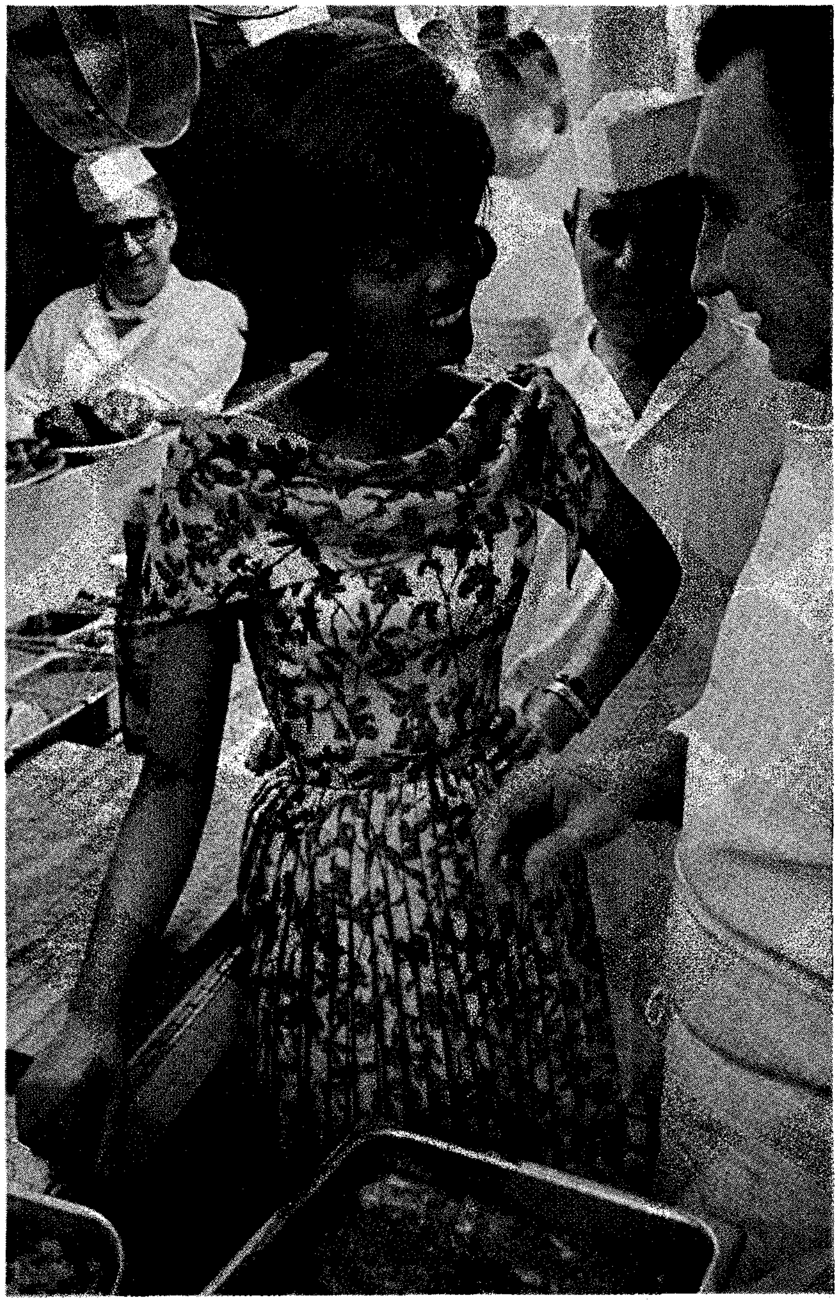

**Leslie makes great lasagne.**

"The secret to really great lasagne is in the sauce," says singer Leslie Uggams. "Simmer it carefully. Two hours is not too long. Don't add the warm water and tomato paste until your pork, oil, onion, garlic, and parsley are golden brown. Follow your natural instincts with seasoning. (I use a sprinkling of basil.) And never stop stirring your sauce. You don't want it to stick."

We were intrigued. Why should a glamorous dish like Leslie spend hours cooking a difficult dish like lasagne? Her answer was simple. "Making lasagne is very relaxing. It helps me unwind." "What else do you do to unwind?" we asked. She laughed. "I go to small Italian restaurants and eat other people's lasagne."

Well, this was more like it. For this we have the perfect dress. It's ideal for dining out because it's made with a special fiber called Fortrel polyester. Fortrel keeps it fresh and pleated through almost anything. Waiting for a waiter. Steam from lasagne. Or just plain lingering over that second espresso. Arbe's dazzling ensemble in Kolbe's easy-care honan of *Fortrel polyester.* Colors as shown. Sizes 6 to 16. About $70* at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Gidding Jenny Co., Cincinnati; Hixons, Milwaukee; Jacobson's, Michigan; L. S. Ayres & Co. of Indiana.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is usually against the rules here. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Woody Herman and his herd and Marty Napoleon's quintet bring on their firing squads. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Joy through strength, or even main force, is the objective of Gerry Mulligan's band, which has little trouble in attaining its goal. Catch-as-catch-can is the rule on Mondays, when the Mulligans are off duty. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): John Coltrane's singsong horn and quartet are moving out on Thursday, April 2. Next evening, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and their quintet come home to roost. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Such nature studies as rambles with muskrats are carefully supervised by Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Cutty Cutshall, Benny Moten, Dave Frishberg, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, whose skill at variations is such that he doesn't really need themes, will stop being a mad inventor on Sunday, April 5. He and his band, and the Walter Bishop trio, will be succeeded, on Tuesday, April 7, by Sonny Rollins' quintet and Roland Kirk's foursome. Sunday afternoons, there are four-to-eight sessions, too, by droppers-in; Mondays are assigned to the Upper Bohemia Six and David Amram's quartet. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the room noise that goes with it. On the stand is the quintet of Dizzy Gillespie, who likes his music to be delirious but suggests by word and gesture that you shouldn't take it serious. Sundays are always given over to visiting firemen. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, who is the history of jazz piano neatly wrapped up into ten small, convenient fingers, is running a trio inside the oval bar. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday by Marshall Brown, and every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea, with time out Mondays and Tuesdays, when another set of banjoists, called the Red Onion Minstrels, takes over. . . . **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-0160): An oddball enterprise, all right, now occupied by a bunch of musicians and by Morgana King, whose singing is as muffled and ambiguous as the work of any other Delphic oracle. Sundays, Benny Powell's quartet is the whole deal.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Many will be closed on Friday, April 3, in conjunction with a protest demonstration over a zoning regulation.)

### GALLERIES

**Karel Appel**—A joint exhibition by the contemporary Dutch painter: nudes at the Hahn (960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.) and object-paintings at the Jackson (32 E. 69th St.); both through April 25. (Both galleries are closed Mondays.)

**Darrel Austin**—Figures, beasts, and landscapes; through Saturday, April 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Gianfranco Baruchello**—Paintings by an Italian artist; through April 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Warren Brandt**—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 11. (Grippi & Waddell, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Braque**—Four galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (starting Wednesday, April 8) of a hundred and sixty American-owned oils, collages, gouaches, watercolors, pastels, and chalk drawings, plus twenty-eight sculptures—At the **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Fauvism and Cubism. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The Twenties. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: The Thirties. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: The late years and sculptures.

**William Brice**—Figure studies; through April 18. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

**Byron Browne** (1907-61)—Paintings; through April 14. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Doris Caesar**—Bronze nudes; through Saturday, April 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

**Ch'i Pai-shih**—Paintings by the leading figure of Chinese painting in the twentieth century, plus examples of the work of Chu Ta, Tao-chi, and other masters who influenced him; through May 2. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Sally Cook**—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 4. (Feiner, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St.)

**Corneille**—Paintings; through April 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Joseph de Martini**—Figures and seascapes; through Thursday, April 9. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

**Rosalyn Drexler**—Paintings; through Saturday, April 4. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

**Jean Dubuffet**—Paintings, assemblages, and ink drawings; through Saturday, April 11. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**Joel Falguière**—Paintings by a French artist; through Saturday, April 11. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**Martin Friedman**—Landscape paintings; through April 18. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Mildred Friedman**—Abstract paintings; through April 16. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

**Elisabeth Frink**—Bronze figures and related drawings by a young English sculptor; through Saturday, April 11. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Paul Georges**—Nude figures in landscapes; through April 25. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Sidney Goodman**—Paintings; through Saturday, April 11. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Marsden Hartley** (1877-1943)—Oils, drawings, and pastels; through April 30. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Henri** (1865-1929)—Portraits and landscapes; through April 30. (Chapellier, 21 E. 75th St.)

**Jean Ipousteguy**—Bronzes; through April 18. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

**James Kearns**—Paintings and sculptures; through April 18. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Berta Margoulies**—Figure sculptures; through Saturday, April 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Paul Matthews**—Figurative oil paintings; through April 18. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

**Frank Metz**—Semi-abstract landscapes; through April 22. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

**Stephen Pace**—Large figurative paintings; through April 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

**I. Rice Pereira**—Geometrical abstractions; through Saturday, April 4. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

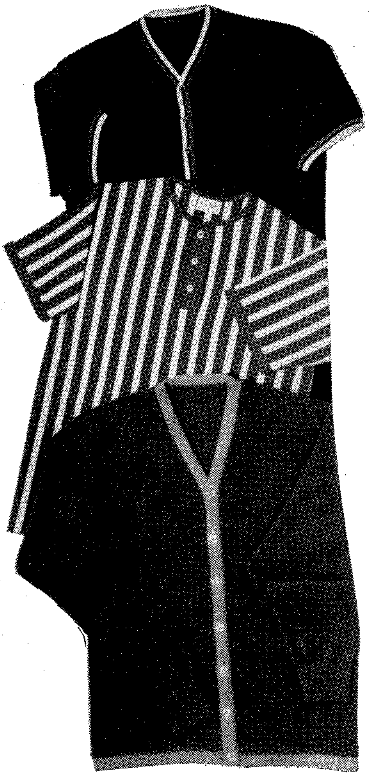
**Picasso**—Paintings done during the past three years; through Saturday, April 4. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Fairfield Porter**—Interiors, landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and figures; through Saturday, April 11. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Paul Resika**—Landscapes and figure paintings; through April 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings and Friday, April 3.)

**Jeanne Reynal**—Mosaics; through Saturday, April 11. (PVI Gallery, 173 E. 73rd St.)

**Antonio Saura**—Paintings and collages by a



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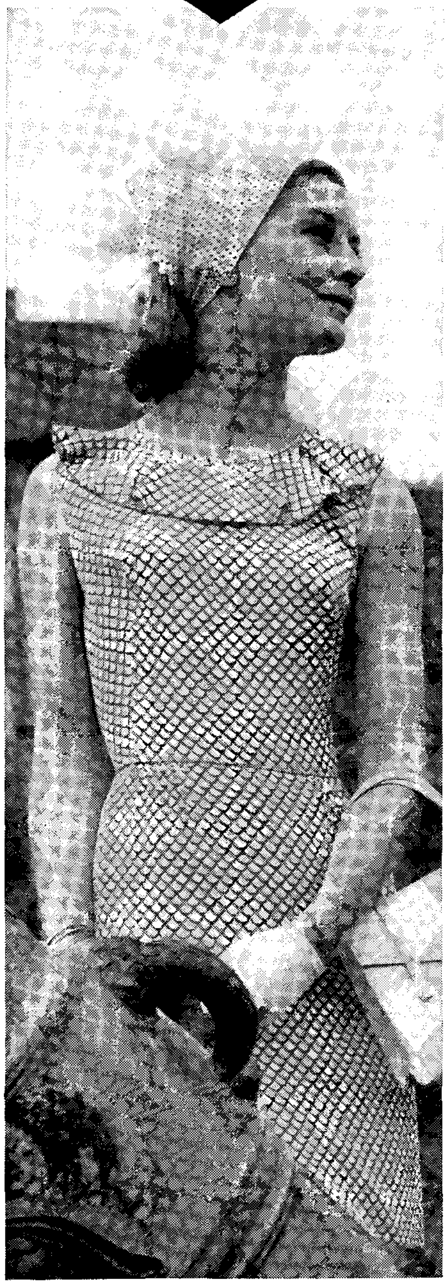

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

young Spaniard; through Saturday, April 4. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

**BILL SAWYER**—Mostly cityscapes with figures; through April 25. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

**GEORGE SEGAL**—Plaster-cast people in environments; through Saturday, April 4. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

**JOHN SLOAN AND REGINALD MARSH**—Four decades of graphics make up a show entitled "The Sidewalks of New York;" through April 15. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

**ELIZABETH SPARHAWK-JONES**—Paintings; through April 25. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**RICHARD STANKIEWICZ**—Welded-metal sculptures; through April 18. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

**THOMAS STEARNS**—Silk-hung forms; through Saturday, April 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**GEORGE SUGARMAN**—Abstract sculptures in painted laminated wood; through Saturday, April 11. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**PAVEL TCHELITCHEW**—An exhibition of watercolors and drawings that is running concurrently with the showing of his works at the Gallery of Modern Art; through April 18. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

**WILLIAM THON**—Seascapes and landscapes; through Saturday, April 11. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**CY TWOMBLY**—Abstractions; through Thursday, April 9. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JACQUES VILLON** (1875-1963)—Paintings (1909-60) by the French artist; through April 18. (Thaw, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Previously unexhibited drawings and watercolors; through April 25. (Goldschmidt, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

**JACK YOUNGERMAN**—Abstract paintings; through April 25. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ZAO WOU-KI**—Paintings by the Chinese-born Paris *abstractionist;* through April 18. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

**AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY**—The ninety-seventh annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels, by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 19. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

**AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: "Art of the Western Frontier," composed of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by such nineteenth-century artists as *Frederic Remington, George Catlin, and* Charles Russell; through April 18. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Watercolors by Childe Hassam, Ogden M. Pleissner, and Gari Melchers (to mention a few); through Saturday, April 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: "The American Conscience," an exhibit of paintings reflecting historical and social scenes, by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Mark Tobey, and others; through Saturday, April 4. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through May 2.

**AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW**—"Two Generations: Picasso to Pollock," an exhibition bringing together works by twentieth-century French artists, from Fauvism to Surrealism, with examples by leading American Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, April 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"World's Fairs—The Architecture of Fantasy," an exhibit of prints and photographs covering sixteen expositions and focussing on such structures as London's Crystal Palace in 1851, M. Eiffel's little gimmick for the Paris Fair of 1889, and the 1939 New York World's Fair's Trylon and Perisphere; through Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—The fourteenth national print exhibition, comprising a hundred and sixty-five works by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Huntington Hartford's new museum has opened with a permanent exhibition of paintings and sculptures from Mr. Hartford's own collection, including works by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein, plus an exhibit (ending April 19) of about three hundred and fifty paintings and drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the Tchelitchew showing is his exhibition at the Catherine Viviano Gallery, 42 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays *through* Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

**SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by Vincent van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A ten-year retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and *drawings* by *Jasper Johns*, a leading member of the New York School; through April 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—"A Shakespearean Tribute": Early quarto editions of the plays; the four folios; Shakespeare's source books; and forgeries of his works; through June 19. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of figures in bronze, marble, lead, and alabaster, and drawings, by the French-born American sculptor Gaston Lachaise; through Sunday, April 5. . . . ¶ Paintings by the Abstract Expressionist Jack Tworkov; through May 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Final performances of the regular season—Thursday evening, April 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Janis Martin, Franco Corelli, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Arturo Sergi, Robert Merrill, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 3: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Judith Raskin, Fernando Corena, Mario Sereni, and Luigi Alva. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 4: "Macbeth," with Birgit Nilsson, Cornell MacNeil, Barry Morell, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday *evening*, April 4: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Janis Martin, James McCracken, Anselmo Colzani, and Robert Nagy. . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 6: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Frank Guarrera, and Jess Thomas. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 7: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Judith Raskin, Geraint Evans, Mario Sereni, and Luigi Alva. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 8: "Tosca," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 9: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Janis Martin, James McCracken, Anselmo Colzani, John Alexander, and Robert Nagy. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 10: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Barry Morell, Frank Guarrera, William Walker, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 11: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Farrell, Mildred Miller, Richard Tucker, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and Franco Ghitti. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 11: "Macbeth," with Irene Dalis, Cornell MacNeil, Arturo Sergi, and Jerome Hines. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.) . . . ¶ Following a two-week tour, the company will return here for a special two-week World's Fair season starting Monday, April 27.

**BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY**—"Aïda." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 11, at 8:30.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—George Szell conducting on Thursday, April 2, at 8:30; Friday, April 3, at 2:15; Saturday, April 4, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 5, at 3 (all with Claude Frank, piano); and Tuesday, April 7, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Artur Rubinstein, piano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein directing the first New York performances of his Third Symphony, "Kaddish," plus two Brahms' works, on Thursday, April 9, at 8:30; Friday, April 10, at 2:15; Saturday, April 11, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 12, at 3 (all with Felicia Montealegre, narrator; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; the Camerata Singers; and the Columbus Boychoir).

**BOSTON SYMPHONY**—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season here, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 3, at 8:30.)

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 7, at 8:30.)

**PHILADELPHIA CHAMBER ORCHESTRA**—Anshel Brusilow conducting, with Sylvia Rosenberg, violin. The final concert of the series. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

**NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS**—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in a program of dances and waltzes. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, April 5, at 3 and 9.)

**AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Jaime Laredo, violin, and the Brearley School Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 6, at 8:40.)

**MANNES COLLEGE ORCHESTRA**—Carl Bamberger conducting, with Paul Doktor, viola, and Ilan Rogoff, piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, April 7, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

**CAMERATA SINGERS**—Abraham Kaplan directing a concert postponed from March 23. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 10, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**PHILADELPHIA STRING QUARTET**—The last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 2, at 8:30.)

**GARY GRAFFMAN**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, April 3, at 8:30.)

**CATHERINE CROZIER**—Organ, in a program of French music. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 4, at 3.)

**VAN CLIBURN**—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30.)

**HERMANN PREY**—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30.)

**NEW YORK PRO MUSICA**—A program of Elizabethan music. The final concert of the series. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

**CHARLES AZNAVOUR**—French pop singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC OF FRANCE**—The third in a series of five programs, this one performed by Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Bruce Prince-Joseph, harpsichord; Walter Trampler, viola; and a chamber orchestra, conducted by the flutist Claude Monteux. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Monday, April 6, at 8:40.)

**EUGENE ISTOMIN**—Piano, in a recital postponed

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from Feb. 14. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8:30.)

**Joseph Wolman**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8:30.)

**Rudolf Schock**—Tenor. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8:30.)

**John Wummer, Joseph Wolman, and Frances Steiner**—Flute, piano, and cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 10, at 8:30.)

**Virgil Fox**—Organ. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 11, at 3.)

**Andres Segovia**—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

**Horse Show**—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Spring Horse Show. (Darien. Saturday, April 4.)

**Hunt Racing**—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 4.)... ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 11.)... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 11.)

**Indoor Polo**—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

**Racing**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 30. The Gotham, Saturday, April 4, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 11.... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, April 25.

**Trapshooting**—The Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 4, at 11 and 1, and Sunday, April 5, at 9:30.)

**Trotting**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**Operetta**—By the CITY CENTER GILBERT & SULLIVAN COMPANY: "H.M.S. Pinafore," Thursday, April 2, at 12:30 and 5:30.... ¶ "Iolanthe," Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 2:30.... ¶ "The Mikado," Sunday, April 5, at 1.... ¶ "Patience," Sunday, April 5, at 5:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)... BLUE HILL TROUPE: A benefit performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 4, at 2:30. For tickets, call YU 8-1498, from 9:30 to 1.)

**Stage Shows**—By the CHILDREN'S REPERTORY GROUP: "Persephone." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturdays at 3.)... CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING: "Peter Rabbit." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Thursday through Sunday, April 2-5, at 2 and 3:30.)... ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... MERRI-MIMES: "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, April 11, at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday through Sunday, April 2-5, and Saturday, April 11, at 2 and 3:30.)... PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday through Saturday, April 2-4, at 2, and Sunday, April 5, at 1.)... STAGE 73: "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)... STILLING-COVER PRODUCTIONS: "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 2, at 2:30.) .. TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Pied Piper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, April 2, at 1.)

**Hayden Planetarium,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Year of the Quiet Sun," studies the sun and its influences on earth at a time when solar activity is at a minimum. (Thursday and Friday, April 2-3, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Thereafter Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

**Children's Zoos**—In CENTRAL PARK: Where the young sports may visit a pond inhabited by ducks, geese, and penguins; Jonah's whale (with an aquarium inside); a storybook castle; and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: Once again, the miniature menagerie is offering very small fry a bevy of animals that can be petted as well as admired. There are, for instance, lambs, ducklings, a crow, a myna bird, and an old friend, Rosebud the Skunk. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

**Note**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thursday and Friday, April 2-3, from 10 to 12.

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

**Poetry and Prose Readings**—Vladimir Nabokov reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, April 5, at 8:30.)

**International Automobile Show**—The eighth annual do, featuring the latest foreign and domestic cars, motorcycles, and accessories, together with a collection of classic, antique, and experimental models. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 4, through Sunday, April 12. Saturdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 8; and Monday through Friday, 11:30 to 11.)

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 1:45: French and other furniture, Georgian silver and silverplate, carvings, clocks, candelabra and chandeliers, Nanking blue and white porcelain, paintings and drawings, and Oriental and other rugs; from various owners.... ¶ Wednesday, April 8, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Boudin, Soutine, Delaunay, Vlaminck, and Braque; the property of Baron Elie de Rothschild and others. Exhibition starts Friday, April 3.

## COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

**New York World's Fair**—Opening Day, April 22.

**Baseball**—At YANKEE STADIUM: April 14, April 16, April 25-26, April 28-29, May 1-3, May 5, and May 15.... SHEA STADIUM: April 17-23, May 6-10, and May 12-14.

**Crew**—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. April 25.)... ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. May 2.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. May 2.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. May 2.)... ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. May 9.)... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. May 9.)

**Golf**—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Club, Hewlett Harbor. May 1-3.)

**Horse Shows**—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 25-26.)... ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (White Horse, Pa. May 2-3.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 8-10.)

**HUNT RACING**—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 18.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 18.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 25.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. May 2.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 9.)

**RACING**—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: April 25-May 30. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 2.

**TRACK**—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 20.) . . . ¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 24-25.)

**TRAPSHOOTING**—Amateur Championships of America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. May 9-10.)

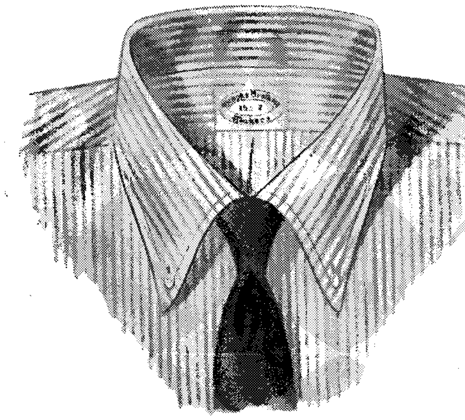
**TROTTING**—At Yonkers Raceway: May 14-July 29.

**BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS**—The New York City Ballet will open the New York State Theatre in Lincoln Center with a three-week season, April 24-May 17. . . . ¶ The Sahm-Chun-Li Dancers and Musicians of Korea, at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, April 26-27.

**THEATRE**—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Baby Want a Kiss," a play by James Costigan, starring Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and the author. . . . ¶ A musical, "Café Crown," with a book by Hy Kraft, based on his 1942 play of the same name. Albert Hague composed the score, Marty Brill wrote the lyrics, and the cast includes Sam Levene, Theodore Bikel, Tommy Rall, and Brenda Lewis. . . . ¶ James Baldwin's play, "Blues for Mr. Charlie," in which Pat Hingle, Diana Sands, and Rip Torn will appear. . . . ¶ A four-character musical, "Cool Off!," by Jerome Weidman, with music and lyrics by Howard Blankman. Stanley Holloway, Hermione Baddeley, Stuart Damon, and Sheila Sullivan make up the cast. . . . ¶ A revival of "Porgy and Bess," with William Warfield, the second offering in the New York City Center Light Opera Company's spring season. . . . ¶ "The Importance of Being Dressed," a comedy adapted by Louis S. Bardoly from a Hungarian original by Ferenc Dunai. David Brooks heads the cast. . . . ¶ Helen Hayes and Fritz Weaver in a play by A. E. Hotchner, "The White House."

**MUSIC**—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): A special two-week World's Fair season will start April 27. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ Schola Cantorum of New York, April 16. . . . ¶ Miriam Makeba, folk singer, April 18. . . . ¶ Marc Blitzstein Memorial Concert, April 19. . . . ¶ Camerata Singers, April 20. . . . ¶ Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, April 24. . . . ¶ New York Pro Musica, April 25 and May 2 and 9. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, April 29. . . . ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, May 1. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, May 3. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, May 8. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, May 10. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): Philadelphia Orchestra, April 15. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, April 16-17. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 20 and 22. . . . ¶ Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, April 25-26. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, April 28 and 30. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 1. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Orchestra San Pietro of Naples, April 16. . . . ¶ Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 17. . . . ¶ Composers' Showcase, April 29. . . . ¶ Interracial Chorale and Orchestra, May 7. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Philippe Entremont, piano, and Roman Totenberg, violin, April 17 and 24 and May 8. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (RE 7-8490): Chamber Music of France, April 20 and May 4. . . . ¶ Virtuosi di Roma, May 2.

**OTHER DATES**—Federal and New York State income-tax returns for 1963 and estimates for 1964 are due Wednesday, April 15. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, April 20-25. . . . ¶ April Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, April 22. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 26.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**America America**—A picturesque account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

**Becket**—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, plus Thursday through Sunday, April 2-5, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Cleopatra**—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

**Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb**—A superb comedy about the not at all comic subject of atomic war. Produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick, and starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

**The Fall of the Roman Empire**—makes a very loud noise indeed. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, plus Thursday through Saturday, April 2-4, at 10:30 and 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World**—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too unfunny. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, plus Thursday through Saturday, April 2-4, at 10 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

**Knife in the Water**—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski, who wrote and directed this comedy, is plainly to be watched. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 8.)

**Point of Order!**—A fine documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings, starring the late, frightening junior senator from Wisconsin. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

**The Servant**—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

**Seven Days in May**—A ruthlessly exciting melodrama about a right-wing plot to take over the government. John Frankenheimer has directed with great verve a cast that includes Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**The Silence**—Still another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's long cross-examination of God, who has proved a reluctant witness. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

**Stray Dog**—A classic Kurosawa thriller, shot in 1949 and starring a very youthful but characteristically intense Toshiro Mifune. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; through April 6.)

**To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed**—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a wistful Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 7. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through April 7, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting April 8. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 8, tentative.)

**Tom Jones**—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, every one of them first-rate. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

RKO PALACE
RKO PALACE
RKO PALACE
DANCE
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tom funk

**The World of Henry Orient**—Two attractive junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. The girls are played by Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and the poseur by Peter Sellers, and they're all splendid. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

**Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow**—A three-part comedy designed to show off the acting skills of Marcello Mastroianni and Sophia Loren. The settings pretend to be Naples, Milan, and Rome. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

### REVIVALS

**A Nous la Liberté** (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 2.)

**Ballad of a Soldier** (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 2.)

**Breakfast at Tiffany's** (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 7.)

**Chaplin Comedies**—All mementos from the silent past—Group A: "Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "The Pilgrim." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through April 6.) . . . ¶ Group B: "Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past." (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 8.)

**Fanny** (1961)—Life among the passionate Marseillais. With Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, Leslie Caron, and Horst Buchholz. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 7.)

**The 400 Blows** (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 2.)

**Gate of Hell** (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; April 2. No afternoon performances.)

**The Great Dictator** (1940)—Charlie Chaplin telling off the dictators. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

**The Horse's Mouth** (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 6-7.)

**Jules and Jim** (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 3-6.)

**Last Year at Marienbad** (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 7.)

**The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner** (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting April 8, tentative.)

**The Maltese Falcon** (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 7.)

**The Man in the White Suit** (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 7. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

**Le Million** (1931)—A René Clair farce. In French, with Annabella. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; April 2.)

**The Miracle Worker** (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through April 7.)

**The Night** (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 6-7.)

**A Night at the Opera** (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 3-6.)

**The Petrified Forest** (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 7.)

**Port of Shadows** (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront in Le Havre. In French. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; April 2.)

**Rocco and His Brothers** (1961)—A portrait of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; April 3-6. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

**Tomorrow Is My Turn** (1962)—A French picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 3-6.)

**Viridiana** (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 7.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through April 7: "The Incredible Mr. Limpet," Don Knotts.
From April 8: "From Russia with Love," Sean Connery.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**

**DeMille**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
**THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.**

**Forum**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

**Loew's Cinerama**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
**THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**

**New Embassy**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

**Palace**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through April 7: "No, My Darling Daughter," Michael Redgrave, Michael Craig.
From April 8: "Paris When It Sizzles," Audrey Hepburn, William Holden.

**Rialto**, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
**THE SILENCE** (in Swedish).

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**CLEOPATRA.**

**State**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**BECKET.**

**Toho Cinema**, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through April 6: **STRAY DOG** (in Japanese).
From April 7: "Challenge to Live" (in Japanese).

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
**DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**

**Warner Cinerama**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
**IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.**

## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
**POINT OF ORDER!**

**New Charles**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
April 2: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Playboy of the Western World," revival, Siobhan McKenna.
April 3-6: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From April 7: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

**Academy of Music**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 7: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From April 8: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

**Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 7 (tentative): "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.
From April 8 (tentative): "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala, and "The Mouse on the Moon," revival, Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through April 5: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
From April 6: "The Best Man," Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson.

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through April 7: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.
From April 8: "Paris When It Sizzles," Audrey Hepburn, William Holden.

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.**

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
**THE SILENCE** (in Swedish).

**R.K.O. 58th St.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 7: "A Summer Place," Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "Parrish," revival, Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert.
From April 8: "From Russia with Love," Sean Connery.

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
**THE GREAT DICTATOR**, revival.

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
**DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.**

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
Through April 5 (last showing at 4:20): "They All Died Laughing," Leo McKern, Janet Munro.
From April 5, at 8:30: "The Best Man," Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson. (Opening night by invitation only.)

**Cinema I** (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
**TOM JONES.**

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 6: "The Given Word" (in Portuguese).
From April 7: "Adorable Julia" (in French), Charles Boyer, Lilli Palmer.

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 7: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From April 8: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

**Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
**YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

**72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 7 (tentative): "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From April 8 (tentative): **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 7: "The Misadventures of Merlin Jones," Annette, Tommy Kirk.
From April 8: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish).

**R.K.O. 86th St.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 2: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French); revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
April 3-6: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From April 7: "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival; and "Street of Shame" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 5: "Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.
April 6-7: **THE NIGHT** (in Italian), revival; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival.
From April 8: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish); and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (Group B).

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
**AMERICA AMERICA.**

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Open the Door and See All the People," Maybelle Nash.

**Sheridan**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 7: "Kissin' Cousins," Elvis Presley; and "The Day Mars Invaded Earth," Kent Taylor.
From April 8: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson; and "The Star Fighters," Robert Dornan.

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
**TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and "The French Game" (in French), Françoise Brion.

**R.K.O. 23rd St.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 7: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and "One Man's Way," Don Murray, Diana Hyland.
From April 8: "The Incredible Mr. Limpet," Don Knotts; and "FBI Code 98," Jack Kelly, Andrew Duggan.

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.

**55th St. Playhouse**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through April 7 (tentative): **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and "The Third Lover" (in French), revival, Jacques Charrier.
From April 8: To be announced.

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
**YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian).

**57th St. Normandie**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
April 2: **LE MILLION** and **PORT OF SHADOWS** (both in French and both revivals).
From April 3: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (both in French).

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
**THE SERVANT.**

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Dimka" (in Russian).

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Of Wayward Love" (in Italian), Lilli Palmer.

**Loew's 83rd St.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 6: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (Group A).
April 7: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival.
April 8: "King of the Underworld" and "Black Legion" (both revivals, with Humphrey Bogart).

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 7: **FANNY**, revival; and "The Mouse That Roared," revival, Peter Sellers, Jean Seberg.
From April 8: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson; and another feature, to be announced.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 2: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival.
April 3-6: **JULES AND JIM** and **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (both in French and both revivals).
From April 7: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival.

**Midtown**, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
**TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and "The Third Lover" (in French), revival, Jacques Charrier.

GENERAL PUTNAM'S guide to GREENWICH

IT'S HIGH TIME

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Rotund hero of the revolution (1776), resident of Greenwich and namesake of The Putnam Trust. The General had a fondness for joke, ale, and hell-for-leather races through the woods. He would have approved of Greenwich's two hundred miles of bridle paths (1964) with a high whoop.

463 ACRES of PARKS

an infinite number of CLUBS

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28 MILES FROM MANHATTAN

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One of 25

When you send your child to a Greenwich public school, he'll be in a class of 25 students—or less. Worth noting; 10 fine private schools.

85

There are 85 trains a day. To and from New York. For snappy commuting. 45 minutes to 42 Street.

Cease

Connecticut has no state income tax so you don't have to pay any. Toot. Toot. Toot.

OUR SMALL HOMEY ZOO

Good place to bring the youngsters . . . after the museum and the Greenwich Library (over 163,000 volumes, 2 immobile branches, and 1 on wheels).

A Few Notes Of Our Own

Putnam Trust is the only independent bank in Greenwich. Our officers live here. They know the town. And they know banking. If you're moving to the New York area, drop us a line. We'll help you find the proper oak. If you already live here, stop in soon. As one friend put it, "Putnam combines the fine traditions of old New England with the sophisticated knowledge of Wall Street." Toot. Toot. Toot. Toot.

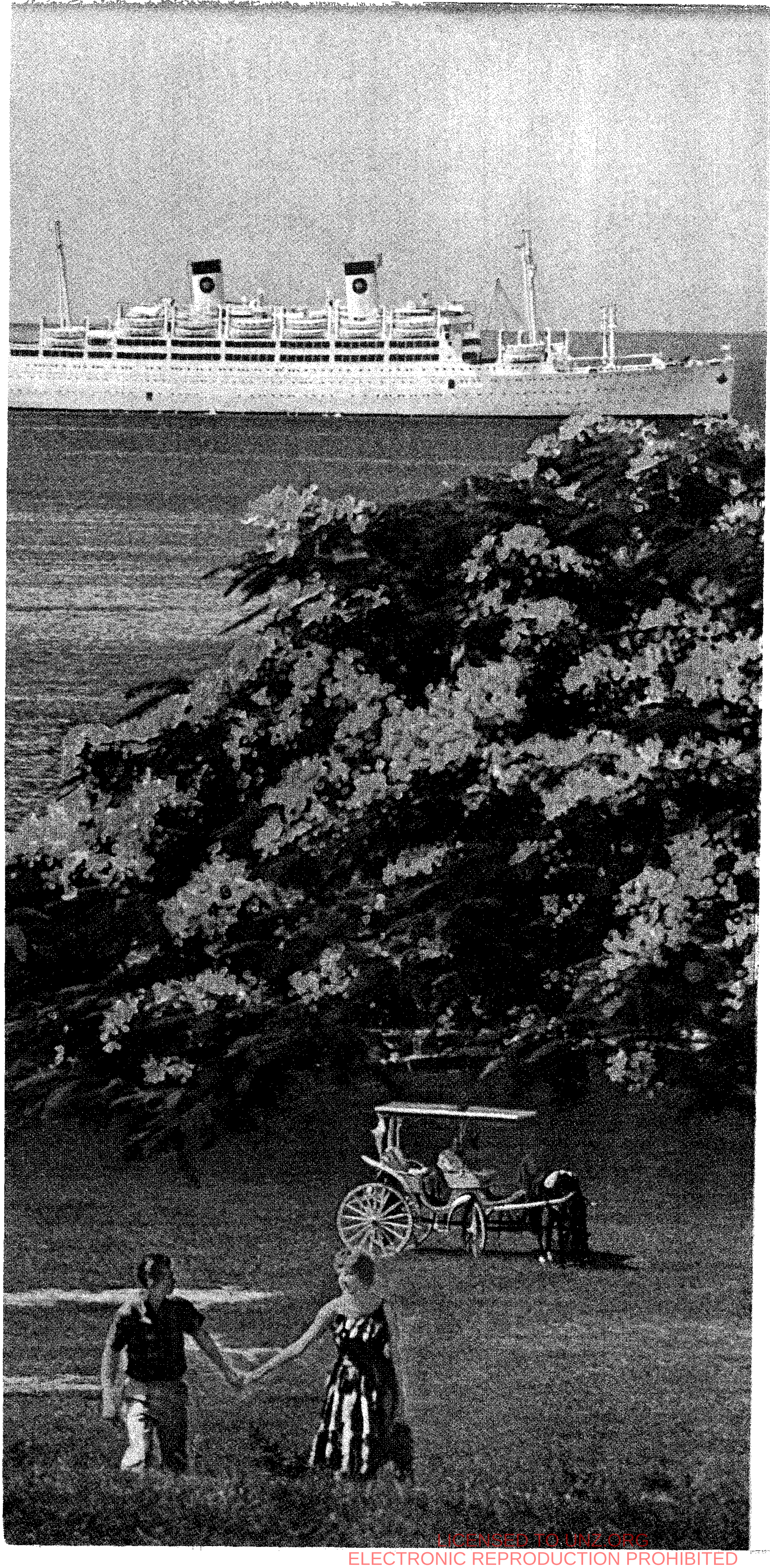
PUTNAM TRUST
THE BANK OF GREENWICH
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Sure, you can live without it.

The new Polaroid Color Pack Camera won't mow your lawn or drive you to the station.

What it will do is deliver a beautiful color picture a minute after you take it.

And bring a new kind of kick into your life.



## Even the name is flamboyant

That outrageously-coloured tree is a Royal Poinciana. It's also called the Flamboyant. It's part of the blaze of colour you're likely to find anywhere in the Bahamas.

Now's the time to plot your escape to these "Isles of Perpetual June." One way is by luxurious cruise ship like the one in the background. For the jet set, it takes just 2½ hours from New York, as little as a half hour from Miami.

The Bahamas are unforgettable. Take a buggy-ride to some grassy slope. Gaze off into the incredible blue of the world's clearest waters. Later, swim, sail, skin-dive, water-ski. Or just sun on the warm pink beaches.

Come sundown, cocktail to calypso ballads. Dine leisurely. Dance or romance under a fat Bahamian moon. Then, if the beat of the bongo drum moves you, head "over the hill" to native night clubs that swing till dawn.

Starting April 15, rates for accommodations are about one-third lower. See your Travel Agent. And for further information write Dept. BJ, Bahamas Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Telephone PL 7-1611.

*P.S. Seeing the New York World's Fair? Come on to the Bahamas. As we've said, it's easy to do.*

**Nassau AND THE Bahamas**

**BY SEA:** *From* **New York**—*7-day cruises (2 days and a night in Nassau).* The M.S. Italia sails Saturdays at 4 P.M. through April 18 from $175. The S.S. Homeric sails Saturdays at 4 P.M. starting April 25 from $175. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York 4. **From Miami**—3-day, all-expense cruises (*2 days and a night in Nassau*). The S.S. *Bahama Star* sails each Monday and Friday at 5 P.M. from $54. Eastern Steamship Corp., Miami 1.

**BY AIR:** Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (as little as 30 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.

*Photographed by Roland Rose near Fort Charlotte, just five minutes from the heart of cosmopolitan Nassau.*

# Read why we spent 80 million dollars and 5 years building a car that will sell for just $1495 equipped!

Some time ago we took a long hard look at the calibre of economy cars. Our own field was sport cars... high performance, race winning Sunbeams. Couldn't we build an economy car with sport car performance and 100,000 mile durability as well? Yes!

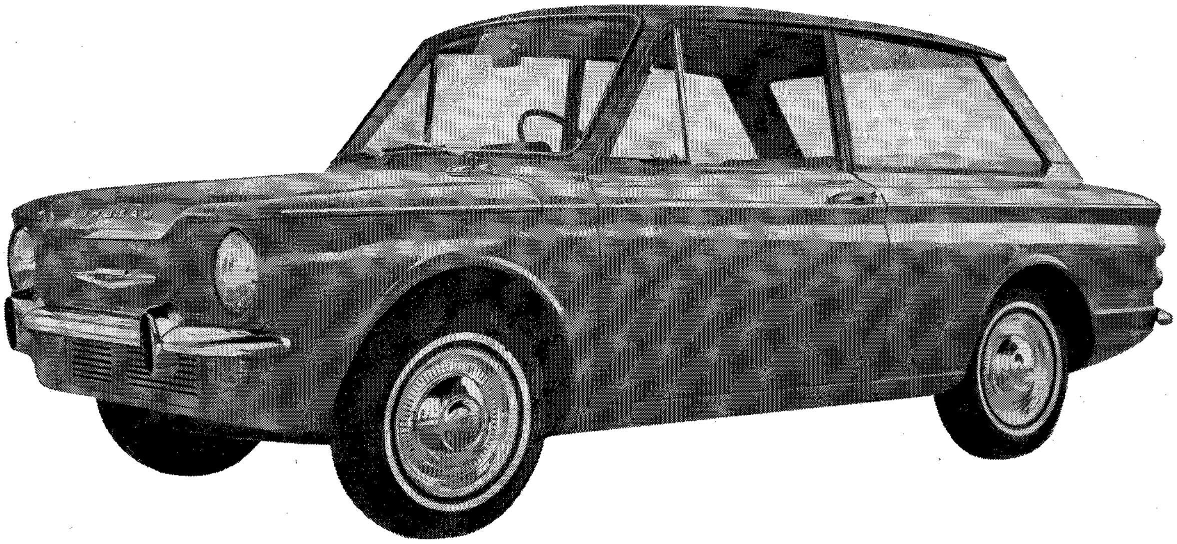
That was the start of a revolutionary economy car . . . THE IMP.

80 million dollars, 5 years, and 2½ million miles of endurance testing went into it. The end-result: a car so ahead of its time that it became the most publicized... the most sought after economy car in today's European market.

The incredible new Sunbeam Sportsedan is unlike any car you've ever driven. It beats its competition to the punch with an overhead camshaft engine (unique in its field). Cruises at over 70 m.p.h. Its "aerodynamic" design is low and handsome. Incredible economy (up to 40 miles per gal.) and no greasing points. (Service every 5000 miles only.)

Specifications: Racing-type aluminum rear engine; independent 4-wheel suspension for racing-car control; unitary steel construction. And 16 exclusive features including a tilt-up rear window and fold-down rear seat, Zip—it's a perfect station wagon!

Drive it. This Imp is a solid fun car. "The best car Rootes ever made...a mechanical miracle..." says the 1963 November issue of CAR & DRIVER. The price, complete with heater and defroster, just $1495.* Ask your Sunbeam dealer about our money-saving overseas delivery plan.



**THE SUNBEAM SPORTSEDAN** FROM THE RACING FAMILY OF SUNBEAM ALPINES BY **ROOTES**

*East POE. For information write to Rootes Motors, 505 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. or 9830 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

## *Report from the tropics:*

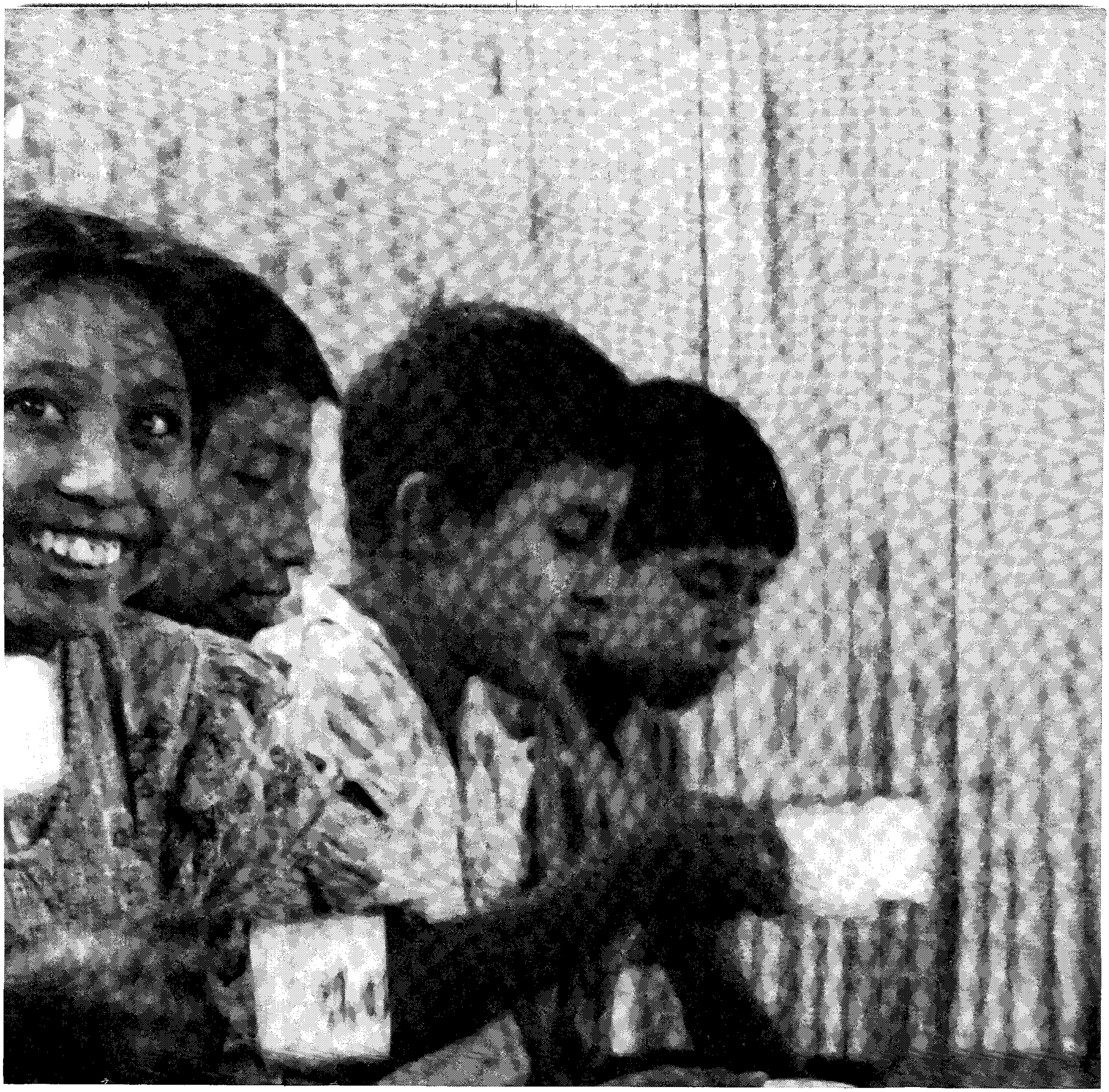
## IBM computer helps science save protein-starved children

SCIENTISTS have found an answer to protein starvation, the world's biggest killer of children. A new cereal food called Incaparina is the hero of this marvelous news. When mixed with water, it costs about a penny a glass and provides as much protein as milk.

An IBM computer helped scientists to develop this life-saving powder. Here is the story from problem to solution.

Protein starvation, known as "kwashiorkor," runs rampant through many tropical regions. Its telltale signs are the red-splotched skin, the swollen belly, the lifeless stare and defeated spirit.

It kills by lowering resistance. When infection strikes, a child's enfeebled body cannot fight back.



*Not so long ago the smiles of these Guatemalan children were listless stares. Read how Incaparina®, found with the help of an IBM computer, made this transformation possible.*

Twelve years ago, the scientists of the nstitute of Nutrition of Central Amerca and Panama (INCAP) joined forces with U.S. nutrition experts to fight this hild-killing scourge.

**Food — and an IBM computer**

For years they roamed Central American villages, accumulating data on diet, ncome, customs and available cereals. Their objective: to concoct a tasty, high-protein food from native plants and grains. Their data, entered on punched cards, was then flown to North Carolina State College for special analysis by an BM computer.

The computer analyzed this multiude of facts, and helped the scientists develop the most economical combination of plant foods with a high protein value. Without the computer, these calculations would have taken a lifetime.

The new food formula was called Incaparina. It is a vitamin-enriched compound of cottonseed flour, corn and sorghum—cheap plant foods readily grown in most tropical countries.

**Results in eight weeks**

After extensive testing, Incaparina was introduced in Guatemala. The listless children took to it at once. Three cents' worth of this food a day produced startling results. Babies near death in hospitals became well in eight weeks.

Incaparina is now being introduced in seven other countries in Central and South America. Similar compounds are being tested in Africa and Indonesia. INCAP will soon have its own IBM computer for further research.

Today, nearly half the world's population is perpetually tired, weak and vulnerable to disease—for lack of protein. Incaparina has shown how vitalizing protein can be formulated from local plant sources—readily and cheaply. As The Reader's Digest recently reported, *"Such new foods may eventually save millions from starvation."*

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**IBM®**

Open
a bottle of
Mémoire Chérie
and lose
your head to
love

In 1959, Paris lost its head over Mémoire Chérie and awarded it the coveted Coupe d'Or for "the finest fragrance ever created and acclaimed by France." Since then, knowing women the world over have worn Mémoire Chérie, won men, and lost their heads to love. Created in France, Mémoire Chérie in the Goddess of Memory bottle, shown, 12.50 to 95.00 plus tax. In the Repetition bottle, 10.00 to 42.50 plus tax. Mémoire Chérie is the captivating creation of

Elizabeth Arden

©1963 ELIZABETH ARDEN

**(In certain circles we're known as "Air-In")**

We've been told some AIR-INDIA devotees go so far as to say: "Well really—how *else* would you fly from New York to London?"

While appreciating such single-minded loyalty, we refuse to encourage the idea that flying AIR-INDIA to London is strictly an "in-group" thing to do. (If it is, the thousands of Americans who book our transatlantic flights certainly constitute the *largest* small coterie in existence.)

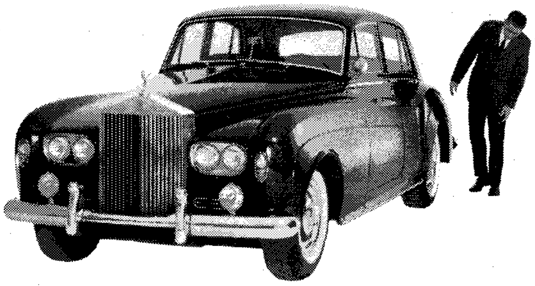
Of course, should you decide to fly AIR-INDIA on the basis of sheer *chic,* we'll be delighted. But it's much more likely you'll be aboard because you've heard such fervent praise for the unique pleasures of AIR-INDIA flights. The festive, lavish air of Eastern hospitality. The attentiveness of our delightful sari-clad hostesses. The elegant food. And, of course, the assurance of AIR-INDIA's world-wide record of dependability.

Our Boeing 707 Jets depart for London nightly at 9:30—most convenient. So come along. Be an Air-Indiavidualist.

**Jets daily to London**—*Europe and the East from New York. For reservations or information see your travel agent or ask your nearest AIR-INDIA office.*

**AIR-INDIA**

*The airline that treats you like a Maharajah*
***Over 30 Years of Flying Experience***



Rolls-Royce Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, New York Room 465
Mr. Norman Miller, Executive Vice-President

Please send me a Rolls-Royce Owner's Manual and the latest catalogs, for which I enclose a check for $6.00.

**NAME**______________________________

**ADDRESS**______________________________

**CITY**__________________**STATE**__________

# How to buy a Rolls-Royce

*Today's Rolls-Royce is thoroughly* *__modern__*. *Automatic transmission, power assisted steering and braking are standard. The car handles easily, responsively, comfortably. It's __fun__ to drive—one reason 7 out of 10 owners drive it themselves with no chauffeur. Here's how we suggest you go about buying your Rolls-Royce:*

**1. Send the coupon** and a check for $6.00 for a Rolls-Royce Owner's Manual and the latest catalogs.

The more you know about a Rolls-Royce, the more apt you'll be to buy one. The Owner's Manual—116 pages, hard cover—is the most complete single source of information available.

The catalogs will show you the basic standard and custom models—give you facts about size and color selection—things like that.

Cost: $6.00—instantly refunded when you buy a Rolls-Royce.

**2. Call your dealer** (see listing) and ask him to bring a Rolls-Royce to your home or office. Or, if you prefer, stop by his showroom.

Kick the tires. Take a good look at the outside of the car. Inspect the trunk—carpeting, fitted toolbox, tire pump. Notice the chrome-plated tail pipe. Familiarize yourself with the dashboard—rear window defroster switch, adjustable shock absorber switch, low-fuel warning light, built-in picnic tables—and all the other standard equipment on a Rolls-Royce.

**3. Take a test drive.** Adjust the armrest on the door to suit your fancy and head straight for the heaviest traffic you can find—to get rid of any old-fashioned ideas that a Rolls-Royce is hard to handle.

Maneuverability and your view of the road are incredibly good.

Acceleration is unbelievably smooth. Everything *works* beautifully.

Next, head for the open highway and a full-throttle acceleration test—0 to 60 mph in 10.5 seconds or less in most tests.

Automatic transmission, power assisted steering and braking make driving anywhere a pleasure.

**4. Let your wife take a test drive.** Many women tend to shy away from driving a Rolls-Royce—until they get in it, drive it around a bit, discover that it's a *family* car—and give their husbands an ultimatum to buy one by such and such a date—*or else.*

**SUGGESTION:** Invite your wife out for lunch or dinner while you're testing your Rolls-Royce. That's one of the best ways to discover what it would actually feel like to own a Rolls-Royce of your own—an important thing to know before you get around to laying any money out.

**5. Thoroughly investigate** all the details of buying and owning a Rolls-Royce.

Prices start around $17,000 ($300 less for a Bentley—same car, different grille) not including local taxes. You can often get immediate delivery on a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III. Custom models take longer.

Air conditioning and a host of other accessories are available at extra cost.

Check into parts and service. Investigate the possibilities of a *used* Rolls-Royce or Bentley—and don't shy away from the ones five or ten years old.

Don't hesitate to ask about any aspect of the Rolls-Royce that interests you.

Our sole objective is to sell you a Rolls-Royce or Bentley car.

We'll do anything we can to make it easy for you to buy one—and to keep you happy with it after you've bought it.

## Where to buy a Rolls-Royce

ATLANTA, GA.
Foreign Car Service, Inc.

BERKELEY, CALIF.
British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
O. Z. Hall Motors, Inc.

BOSTON, MASS.
Foreign Motors, Inc.

CHICAGO (Evanston), ILL.
Evanston Motor Company, Inc.

CINCINNATI, OHIO
Gatchett Chevrolet Co.

CLEVELAND (Shaker Heights), OHIO
Clarence Fox, Inc.

DALLAS, TEXAS
Continental Cars of Dallas, Inc.

DENVER, COLO.
The Kumpf Motor Car Co.

DETROIT, MICH.
Falvey Motor Sales Company

FORT WORTH, TEXAS
Overseas Motors Corporation

GLEN COVE, N. Y.
Rallye Motors, Inc.

GREENVILLE, S. C.
Judson T. Minyard, Inc.

HIGH POINT, N. C.
Transco, Inc.

HOUSTON, TEXAS
Wendell Hawkins, Inc.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
Brooks Motors, Inc.

KUTZTOWN, PA.
Nick Ciliberti Pontiac

LITCHFIELD, CONN.
Nelke Motor Company

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., AREA
Charles H. Hornburg, Jr., Motor Cars (Los Angeles)
Charles H. Hornburg, Jr., Motor Cars (Beverly Hills)
Brentwood Motors (Santa Monica)
Peter Satori of Calif., Inc. (Pasadena)

LOUISVILLE, KY.
Koster-Swope Imports

MIAMI, FLA.
C. R. Berry Motors, Inc.

MILLBURN, N. J.
Peter Zage and Co., Ltd.

MILWAUKEE, (Thiensville), WISC.
Milrace Motors Ltd.

MONTEREY, CALIF.
British Motors of Monterey

NASHVILLE, TENN.
E. Gray Smith

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Nelke Motor Company

NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Sport Cars, Inc.

NEWPORT BEACH, CALIF.
Roy Carver, Inc.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
J. S. Inskip, Inc.

OAKLAND, CALIF.
British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.

PALM SPRINGS, CALIF.
Lee Cowan

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Keenan Motors, Inc.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.
Stewart's of Phoenix

PORTLAND, ORE.
British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Inskip Motors, Inc.

RENO, NEV.
Modern Classic Motors

RICHMOND, VA.
Mooers Motor Car Co.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.
Oxford Motors, Ltd.

ST. LOUIS, MO.
Gruet Motor Car Company

ST. PAUL, MINN.
Schneider Motors Co.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.
Scarritt Motors, Inc.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
Smith Motor Imports

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.

SEATTLE, WASH.
British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.

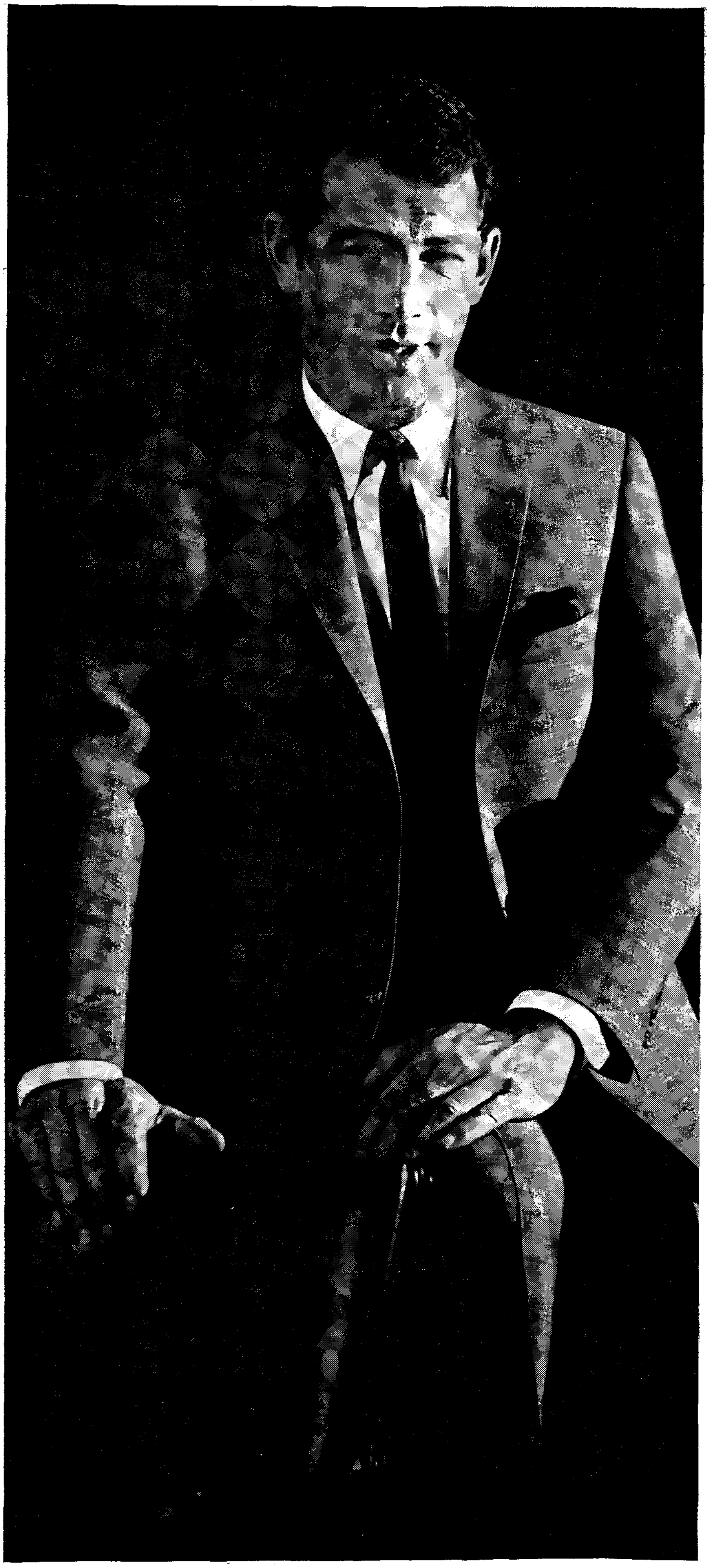
SPOKANE, WASH.
British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Midtown Motor Imports, Ltd.

WALNUT CREEK, CALIF.
British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Flood Pontiac Company

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.
Taylor Imported Motors, Inc.



# Why Fortrel?

**Ask the junior partner.**

**The one who puts in a long work day and expects his suit to match his pace.**

**Fortrel is the fiber that keeps that fresh look going strong.**

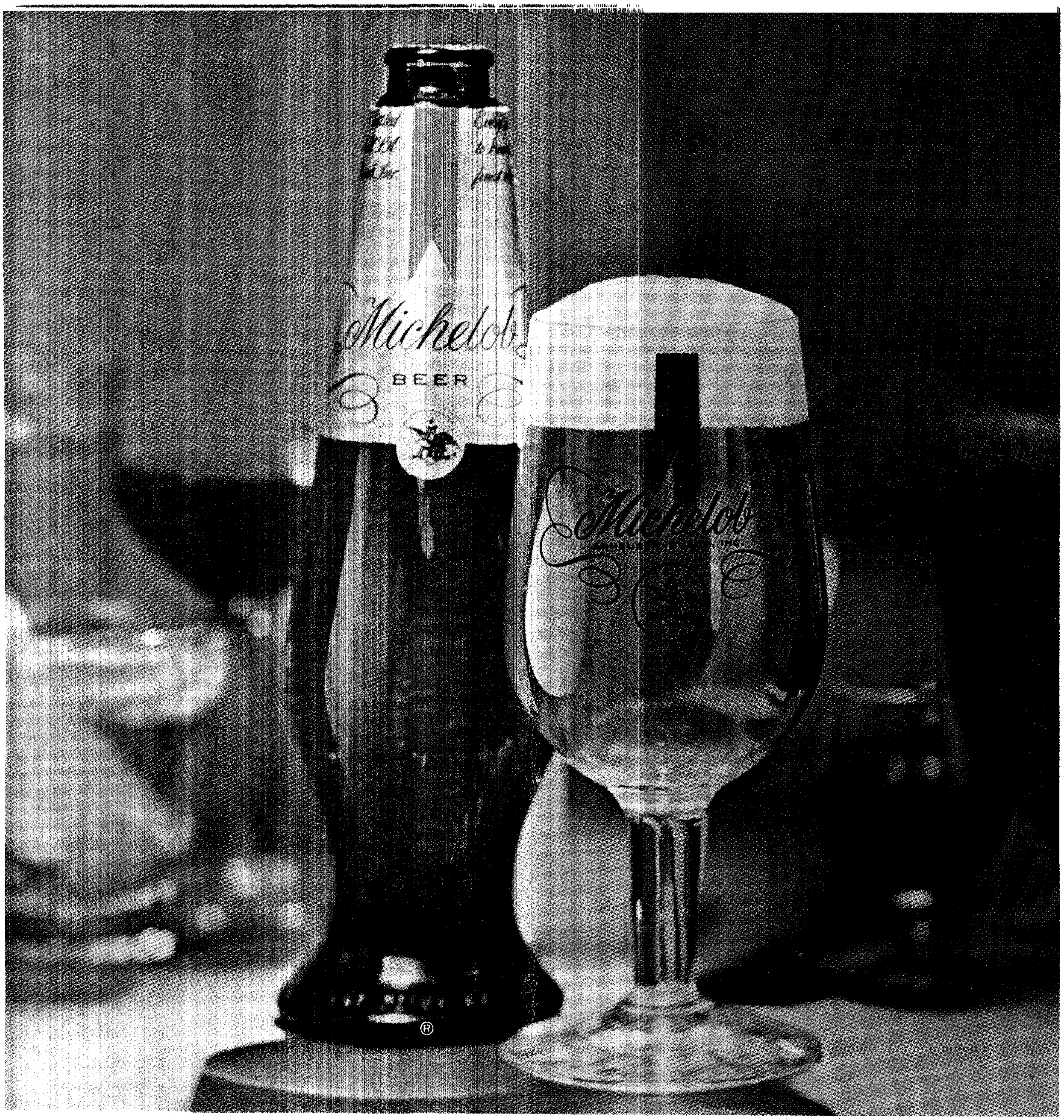
**Through an early morning conference. A long, leisurely luncheon. A budget session at 5 P. M.**

**Good reasons to look for Fortrel in all your clothing.**

**Michaels Stern's** Spiderspun suit.
In a handsome, wrinkle resistant suiting of Fortrel polyester and rayon. Natural shoulder or conventional styling. In a variety of colors. A complete size range. About $55. Available at Hudson's, Detroit; Grissoms of Abilene, Texas; Malcolm Brock, Bakersfield, California and other fine stores everywhere, or write Celanese Fibers Co., 522 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®

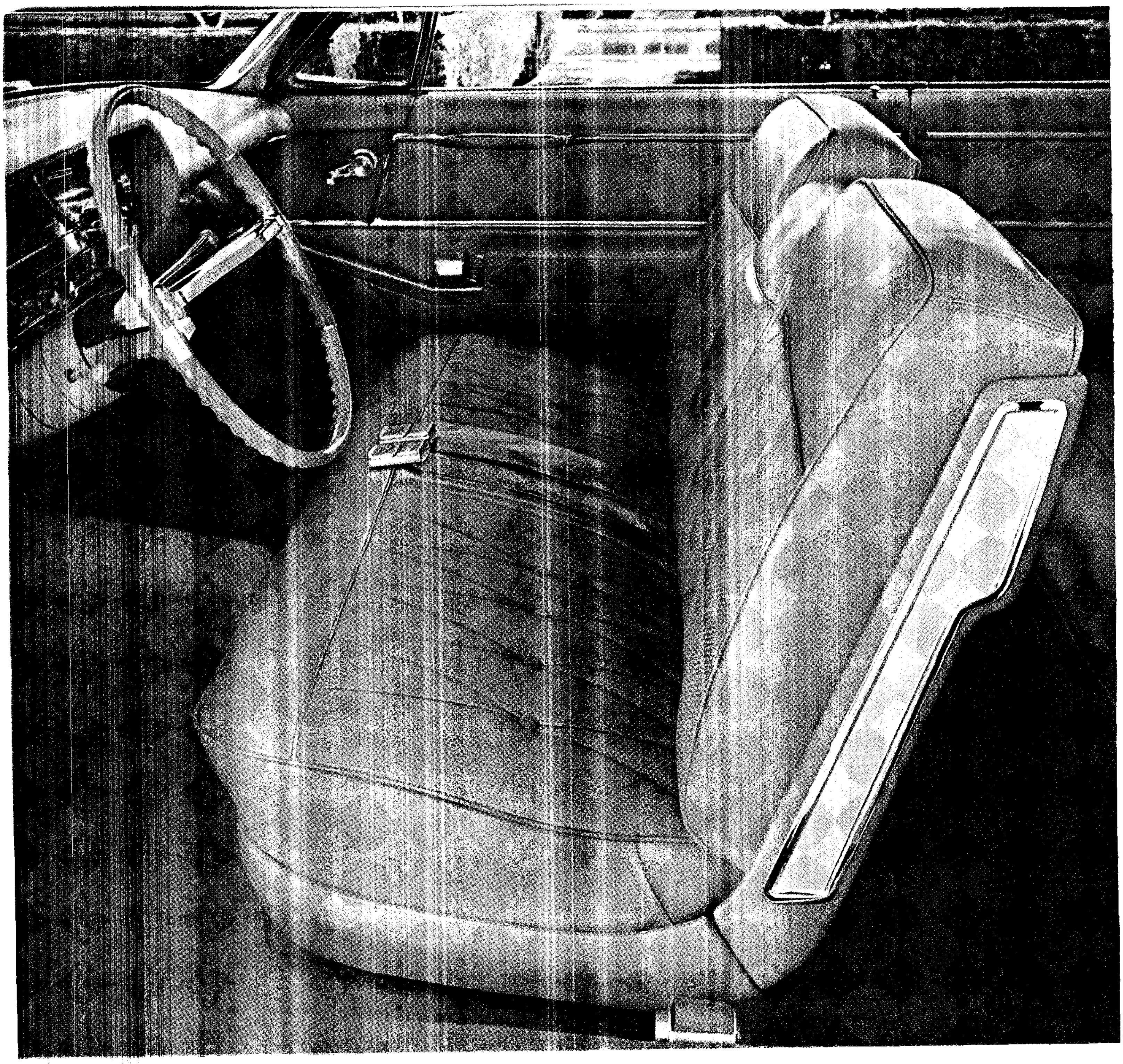


# The bottle is rather curious

When something very exceptional is developed, it would be a shame to dress it out in a rather ordinary way. Somehow it doesn't seem right that Michelob should go forth in the same container design as that of other beers. In fact, it would have been a dismal blunder. When justice is done, it should *appear* to be done.

Michelob®... *more than any other beer*

*Michelob and Budweiser are registered trademarks of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis*

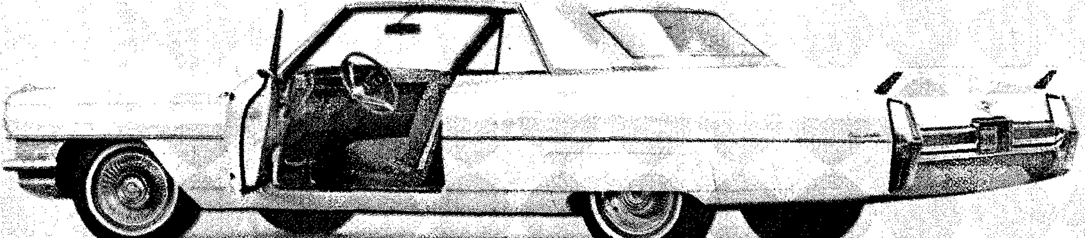


YOUR CADILLAC DEALER INVITES YOU TO BE HIS GUEST

The driver's seat of a 1964 Cadillac is reserved for your approval—*and it's more tempting than ever before!* Settle back against select fabrics and soft, perforated leathers that breathe comfort and luxury. Bring the new powerful engine to life with a turn of the key. Nudge the accelerator. Feel the smooth flow of power of the improved Hydra-Matic—or, on some models, the brilliant new Turbo Hydra-Matic. Just wait till you see all the new features Cadillac is offering this year—like the Twilight Sentinel Headlight Control* and Comfort Control*. But most of all—*just wait till you drive it!*

*Two great new extra-cost options.

Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation



# Are Pirelli tires too good for your car?

## These superb Italian tires are specifically designed for where, when and how you drive.

If you drive a lightweight compact or imported car you need a tire that complements its suspension system and helps it stay on the road. If you drive a high-powered American car you need a tire with exceptional stamina for prolonged high-speed driving. If you're prone to competition you need a tire that measures up to the spirited performance of your car.

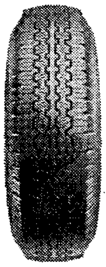
**There is no single tire that can satisfy every car and every driver's requirements.**

That's why there are six Pirelli tires... each quite distinct. One look at their beautifully sculptured treads might give you some idea about their superb quality. But tread is not enough in a tire. A tire must be built from inside out for highest performance under specific conditions.

For instance, Pirelli tires' fabled grip on a wet road is no mere accident. Or their amazing ability to corner. Or their exceptional long life. Or the secure comfort they add to your car's performance.

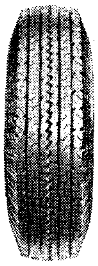
Every Pirelli tire has a different weight ...is made with different rubber compounds...different casings, different plies, different treads...for different cars and different driving patterns.

**There's Cinturato®:**



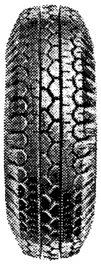
Probably the outstanding high-performance tire available today. Cinturato's unique inner-ply layout prevents squeezing or distortion of the tread under stress conditions, gives undisputed best adhesion on curves and wet surfaces. Recommended for high speed driving, rallies (true odometer readings), racing. 130mph sustained speed. 150mph in "H.S." type.

**There's Rolle:**



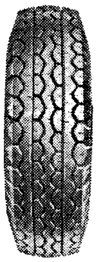
An excellent tire for lightweight compact and economy cars. Each Rolle weighs several lbs. more than a conventional tire of the same size; provides the extra margin of safety needed on curves and wet surfaces. Long tread wear and quiet ride are additional advantages. Recommended for all around driving and light sports events. Sizes to fit many cars.

**There's Stelvio:**



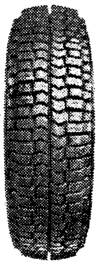
The rugged choice of many sports car owners. Its heavily sculptured tread has a tendency to hum at speed, but gives superior traction and cornering even under punishing road conditions. Can be fitted on a select number of sedans and light sports cars. Recommended for all-purpose touring and occasional sports events.

**There's Supersport:**



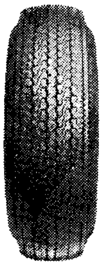
The tire experts choose for brilliant response to racing techniques such as controlled slides and drifts. Built to sustain heat and stresses of highest attainable speeds. Recommended for competition track and road racing. Should be fitted only on high performing sports and racing cars. 125-mph sustained speed. 160mph in "H.S." type.

**There's Inverno:**



The thickly barreled silent tread of this remarkable snowtire bites into mud, slush, soft or crusted snow. Flanged sidewall construction packs snow into a firm supporting track to prevent lateral skidding. High pulling power makes it suitable for winter driving on all sorts of terrain.

**There's Sempione:**



The newest of the Pirelli tires. Sempione was especially designed for the new breed of high-powered American automobiles and for the new American roads. For example, its side-grip tread virtually eliminates your car's tendency to swerve when you cross over obstacles like highway ridges or streetcar tracks. Also, we've varied the size and spacing of the blocks in Sempione's tread to make for quieter driving. On wet roads, these grooves and sipes squeeze away water, giving the tire a dry surface for good gripping. It would be hard to find a safer wet-weather tire.

Although all Sempione tires look alike, each size is actually built according to different specifications. The rubber compounds, the ply angles, the cord layouts are each changed to meet the needs of the particular automobile they're destined for. What you get is a custom product, tailored to meet your car's requirements of speed, sound dampening and road holding.

For all-around driving and light sports events on almost any size car.

**Pirelli Cinturato "HS" costs up to $57.50* but Rolle costs as little as $13.00*.**

It all depends on what you need from a tire. The best way to find out is to drive to your nearest Pirelli dealer. Talk to him. Tell him how you drive. He'll prescribe the Pirelli tire that best suits your car and your driving pattern. And, while you are there, ask him for copies of Pirelli's comprehensive selection of informative motoring literature.

For complete information and the name of the Pirelli dealer nearest you, write to:

Pirelli Sales, Incorporated—Dept. NY4
New York: 60 E. 42nd Street, N.Y.C. 17

**PIRELLI**

*PLUS FEDERAL EXCISE TAX

B Altman & Co

## This much of Italy belongs to Altman's!

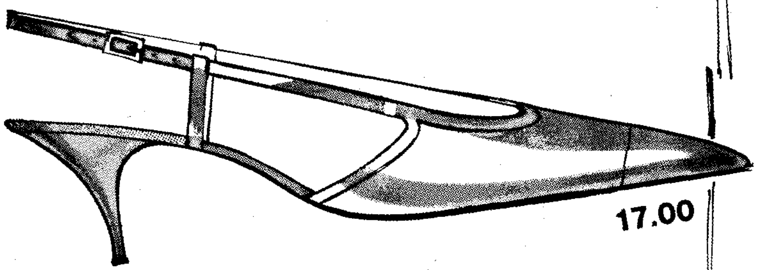
Our very own Sorrentos, made in Italy expressly for Altman's, are more colorful this year . . . more exciting than ever before! Here, four in soft calf, from our great 1964 collection. Casual Shoes, second floor, Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills.

Sling-pump: beige or black.

Woven-strap: black, navy, beige or white.

Lattice-vamp: red, beige or black.

T-strap: black patent; navy, bone, red, pastel pink, blue, yellow, rose, green or orange kid.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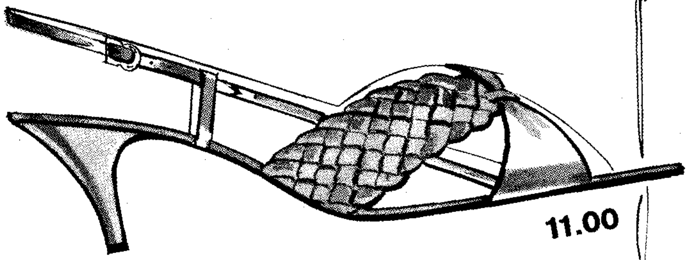
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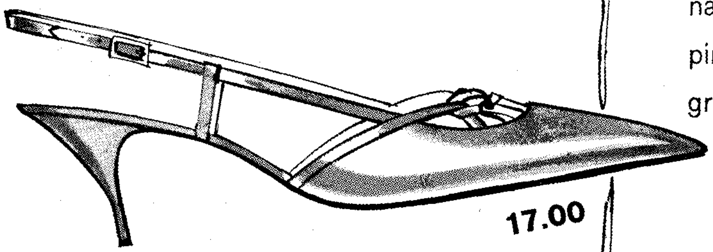
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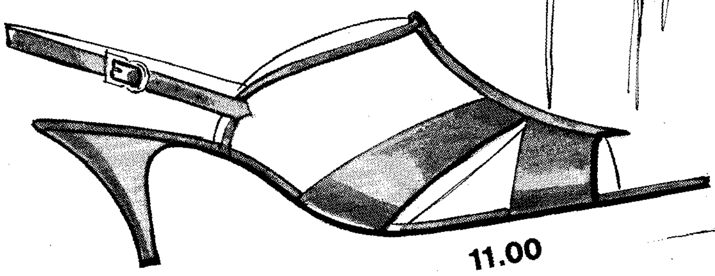
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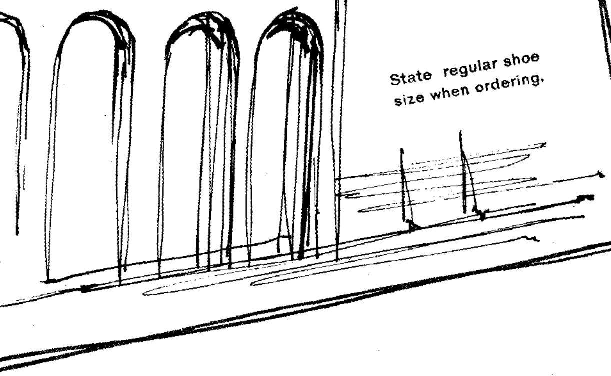

State regular shoe size when ordering.

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WE wish it weren't so, but we seem to reach for a tranquillizer whenever the Atomic Energy Commission offers words of reassurance about one of its nuclear mishaps. We had that nervous feeling again the other day, while we were reading a *Times* dispatch about an underground test in Nevada—one that had cracked the earth and allowed radioactive debris to escape into the atmosphere. The *Times* account, which was attributed to "A.E.C. scientists," included what we thought was a fair sampling of the phrases that the Commission employs in case of accident. Without doubting the data, we weren't surprised, somehow, to read that the "device," buried in a deep hole, had been of "small yield," letting only "a small amount of radiation" escape. There was also a familiar ring to the news that in the fallout over Las Vegas, seventy miles southeast of the proving ground, the radioactivity had been of "very low level." Fallout monitoring stations had recorded increases in the town's radiation that were as high as eleven and a half times the natural background level, but these increases, we were informed, had lasted no more than a day. Their total effect, we read, didn't begin to compete with the yearly amount of radiation to which nature exposes Las Vegans. Internationally, too, the news was good, for the A.E.C. scientists "emphasized" to the *Times* reporter that the United States had not violated the partial-test-ban treaty, their argument being that the fallout cloud had not floated across any borders; the liberated vapors, it appeared, had dissipated somewhere in Arizona, and thus short of Mexico. There was no mention, even in the most general terms, of why the test had been held. The Commission did say that it hadn't any idea of what had gone haywire with its explosion, but it said so in passing, as though the recognition of its fallibility were an afterthought. The chief impression one gained was that it had staged a kind of controlled experiment rather than a Western thriller, and it is this lack of self-consciousness, we suspect, that has us reaching for tranquillizers. The nuclear overseers sound—to our ears, anyway—as though they had come to take the atom for granted, as though some days at the office were apt to be better and some worse. Given these "devices," here and in other countries, it's those worse days, we think, that are on most people's minds. We say this as a maladjusted member of the atomic age—exactly the type, that is, to whom reassurance comes hard.

## *Worm Lizards*

THE latest biological novelty to be accorded the hospitality of the Museum of Natural History is a pair of two-footed amphisbaenids, or worm lizards, which were transported from La Paz, in Lower California, to Central Park West by Miss Rosalie S. Warren, a teacher at the Chapin School. The details of this hegira were disclosed to us one recent morning in the office of Mr. Charles M. Bogert, chairman and curator of the Museum's Department of Herpetology and custodian of the amphisbaenids, who told us that his new charges were holed up in a glass-walled box of damp sand on the table in front of him. "There are thought to be one hundred and thirty species of worm lizards, mostly in tropical America and Africa," he said. "They are either limbless or vestigially limbed, and only three species, including ours, which is *Bipes biporus*, retain the front legs. These three are found in western Mexico and are called '*culebritas con manitas*' by the Mexicans—'little snakes with little hands.' They live underground, in fairly permanent tunnels in the sand, and come to the surface at night and prowl around. We're feeding ours mealworms. You can't keep them on the surface without killing them, so they can't be shown in a zoo."

Mr. Bogert made no move to show his little charges even to us, and we gazed apathetically at his box of sand while he told us that *Bipes biporus* was discovered in La Paz in 1875 by an American Navy doctor who was on a survey trip, and that it was considered extremely rare until the summer before last, when Miss Hope Warren, a former New Yorker who runs a program on Station KOGO-TV in San Diego and was on vacation in La Paz, availed herself of a Lower California radio station to offer a cash prize to anyone producing a two-legged worm lizard. "Charles E. Shaw, curator of reptiles at the San Diego Zoological Society, had asked her, more or less jokingly, to get him a few of these reptiles, and what do you know! Eleven were turned in," Mr. Bogert said. "Recently, Miss Warren was again in La Paz, this time with her sister Rosalie, and as a result of a repeat radio campaign she obtained quite a few more. Mr. Shaw, for whom they were intended, generously told her to give two of them to us, and Rosalie Warren brought them here. They're the first specimens to be brought to New York alive."

As if by magic, but in fact by appointment, Rosalie Warren now appeared. She turned out to be an uncommonly pretty schoolteacher. "I flew the lizards here in a mayonnaise jar in my handbag in January," she said. "It was terribly cold, so I wrapped a mitten around the jar. I kept them in my apartment for a few days, and showed them to some of the other teachers at school—I teach seventh- and ninth-grade English—and then brought them to Mr.

Bogert. I got very fond of them and tried to make them comfortable in my apartment."

"They move in a number of different ways," Mr. Bogert said. "The front legs are functional and move the front end, but the rest of the body has several motions: a rectilinear, or caterpillar, motion; a concertina locomotion, which consists of drawing up the body, resting, and then pulling up the rear end; and, sometimes, a snakelike motion, involving lateral undulatory movements."

Mr. Bogert opened the box, poked around in the sand, drew out the two amphisbaenids, and placed them on a sheet of paper. They were five and six inches long, had ill-defined lizardlike heads with vestigial eyes in the form of black spots, and, for the rest, looked like pinkish-violet worms. "Their eyes are probably simply photosensitive cells," Mr. B. said. "They have forked tongues. We hope to learn about their hearing. Ordinarily, in the evolutionary process, the front limbs disappear first, but these creatures have lost their hind legs and retained the front ones."

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AN establishment called Van Gogh Cleaners has its premises in The Rembrandt, an apartment house on Jane Street.

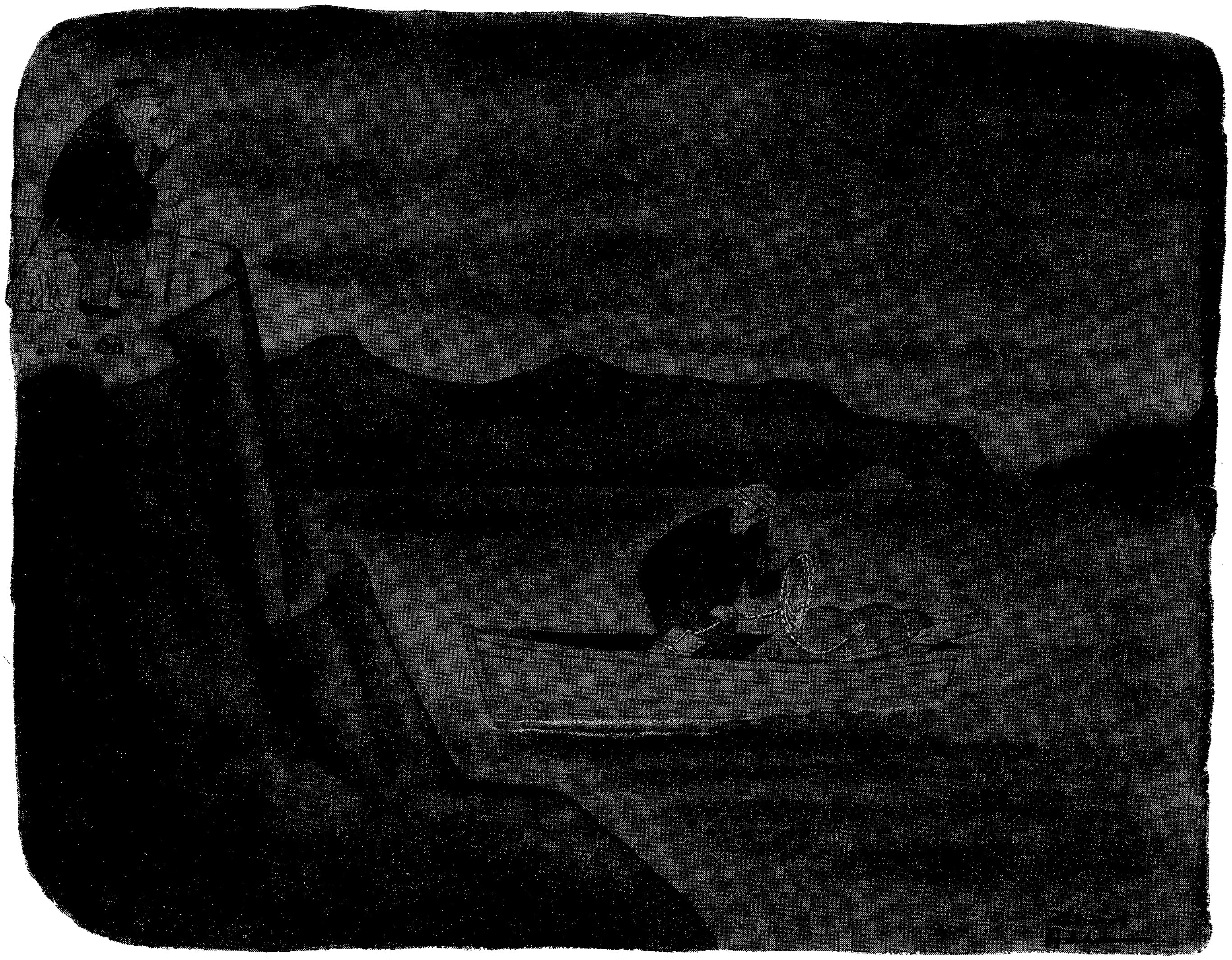
## *Our Man in Rome*

UPON reading in the Rome *Daily American* that Alberto Moravia, who was described by the paper as "probably the best known of all contemporary Italian writers," had published a new book, we looked him up in the telephone directory and called to ask if we might pay him a visit. He said that we might, and suggested a meeting late the following afternoon at his apartment, which we discovered to be on the top floor of an undistinguished, nonhistoric (circa 1935) five-story building on the avenue that runs along the edge of the Tiber on the Monte Mario side. A maid answered the doorbell, took our coat, and conducted us down a tile-floored hall, past a floor-to-ceiling bookcase, and into the living room, then retired, closing a pair of double doors behind her. The room was comfortably furnished with an overstuffed lounge and chairs, a coffee table, a large floor lamp with a circular silk shade, a bookcase containing several shelves of handsomely bound volumes and one shelf of phonograph records (all classical), a record-player, and a portable bar. At one end of the room, near the lounge, was a small fireplace, in which a fire had been laid; outside, it was drizzling and clammy, but the fire had not been lighted. At the other end of the room stood a heavy antique table made of dark wood, and around it were four rather elaborately carved high-backed chairs upholstered in tapestry. The generally sombre atmosphere was relieved by the presence on the walls of five modern paintings, two of them by Renato Guttuso, who is currently as celebrated in Italy's art world as Moravia is in its literary world.

At the precise moment that had been set for our appointment, the double doors opened, and Signor Moravia, who is fifty-six and walks with a slight limp, entered the room. He shook hands firmly and without smiling. He was wearing a dark suit, black sweater, blue-striped shirt, dark tie, and loafers. He is considerably taller than the average Italian man, and stands very straight. He has thinning steel-gray hair, thick black eyebrows speckled with gray, eyes of such a dark brown that they seem almost black, and lips that are thin and compressed. He has a lean, taut look, and gives an impression of controlled restlessness. His expression is grave. He sometimes permits himself a fleeting chuckle, though not, as far as we could observe, because a thing strikes him as funny but because it appeals to his sense of irony. He bade us be seated on the lounge, while he took a chair that was opposite and next to the fireplace. On the floor to the left of his chair was a bucket filled to overflowing with pieces of white, smooth-looking kindling wood. As soon as he had sat down, and without casting his eyes on what he was doing, he began stacking pieces of kindling, which he could reach with his left hand. At our request, and against the continuous clicking background noise produced by his gentle slapping of piece of wood upon piece of wood, he told us something about his most recent book.

"It is not a novel," Signor Moravia said. "It is a book of essays. The title is 'L'Uomo Come Fine'—in English, 'Man As an End'—which is also the title of the longest essay in the book. It is a moral essay, not philosophical but paraphilosophical. The point is this: I say that in the modern world man is not an end in himself but is used as a means to achieve the idols of the modern world, such as profit, production, power. It was written in 1946, right after the war, when things were at their lowest point—when we had seen, with the concentration camps and all, how men can be reduced to almost nothing. I didn't feel like publishing it then, so I kept it among my papers. I suppose you might say that it is an essay on the defense of the dignity of man. It is very hard to sum up. It is very long—a hundred pages. The whole book is four hundred pages, and includes many literary essays—one on Boccaccio, another on Machiavelli, and several on the art of the novel. I am not an essayist. I am a novelist and a short-story writer and a critic, but a novelist primarily. I started my first novel when I was not yet seventeen, and since then I am working on a novel always. The one I am working on now I have written three times already. Now I am rewriting it completely again. I don't know when it will be finished. I am not a writer who writes easily. I mean, to write causes me a lot of pain."

Now and then while he was talking, a few pieces of kindling wood slipped from his stacks and fell to the floor. As he unconcernedly picked them up and resumed the stacking operation, he said that he is a Roman by birth, the son of an architect. "We were well off but not rich," he explained. "It was a literary house. We had a library with all the classics, particularly Shakespeare and Molière. I never went to school. When I was a boy, from the age of eight to the age of seventeen I was very ill with tuberculosis of the leg bone. I spent five of those years in bed, two of them in a sanatorium in the Alps. At home, I had a succession of governesses, who spoke English, French, and German, and I learned to read in all those languages. I didn't have tutors. I just read. Usually, a boy has to study a lot of things he isn't keen about. I studied only the things I liked." He went on to say that in the sanatorium he often read seven or eight books a week, and that it was there that he started his first novel. He continued working on it after being released from the sanatorium, in 1925, and during his convalescence. At length, he completed the work, which he titled "Gli Indifferenti." (It was published in New York as "Time of Indifference.") "The book was refused by every publisher, and I had to pay to have it published," Signor Moravia said. "That cost about the equivalent of fifteen hundred dollars. The book was published in 1929, when I was twenty-two. It was an immense success. It was a best-seller for those days, when a book in Italy was lucky to sell three hundred copies. Mine sold four thousand. My latest novel, 'The Empty Canvas,' has sold four hundred thousand—about half that number in Italy. That is enormous progress. I don't mean my progress but the progress of reading."



*"Forgive me for butting in, but this cove's bone-dry at low tide."*

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Although Moravia established a reputation with his first novel, it did not, he told us, make a hit with the Fascist authorities. "I have always been political-minded and left-wing, but I am not in any party," he said. "I don't think any parties are any good. I was anti-Fascist, and the Fascists knew it. That made a great deal of difficulty. Fascism was not cruel; it was boring. I had to present my books for censorship. Very often they were suspended. Then they banned the sale of my books and forbade the critics to speak about them. Since I was not allowed to write for the newspapers or anywhere else, I wrote clandestinely. Using a pseudonym, I wrote magazine articles, and I worked in the cinema, writing scripts. I hated it. After the pact with the Germans, everything went from bad to worse. In 1943, when the Fascist regime fell and the Germans occupied the country, I had to flee to avoid being arrested. I fled with my wife into the mountains. From September to May, we lived in a pigsty on top of a mountain near Cassino. It was very cold, and there was no food, and so on. There was terrible bombing all the time. Soon after the Americans arrived—the Fifth Army—I came back to Rome. That was in 1945, and since then I've been always in Rome, working. So far, I have written fifteen books. Ten of them are novels, and the rest are books of short stories. I like the short-story medium better than any other."

Signor Moravia stopped his kindling construction and turned to look outside. The rain had let up, and he invited us to see the view from his terrace. Outdoors, as we scanned the misty skyline across the Tiber, which was narrow and brown and flowing slowly within its stone-walled banks, Signor Moravia remarked that he liked his apartment not only because it afforded an uncluttered view from the terrace but also because neither the building nor the neighborhood was burdened with antiquity. "I'm Roman, and most Romans don't like history or Rome," he said. "It is sad. Americans like Old Rome. They like to live in old *palazzi*. I wouldn't want to, because of all that history. It is something like a presence. It intrudes on your work and on your life."

Back in the living room, we asked Signor Moravia how he goes about his work.

"I get up about seven, have tea, and go to work about eight," he said. "I write with a typewriter. I write the way some modern painters paint—what they call Action painters. I don't think about what I'm going to write. To start, I take a word—'bottle,' 'candle,' 'book,' 'paper,' any word. I just take that word and go on. It is a way of getting started. In writing a novel, there is in the beginning what I would call a theme. It's not an idea but a feeling. Then this feeling goes on developing and unravelling itself, like a rope. That is why I say that a novel writes itself. One writes a novel in order to know why one writes it. It is the same with life. You live not for some end but in order to know why you live. I work until noon, and then I have lunch. Most Italians sleep after lunch. I don't. I sleep very little—only five hours at night. I don't like to sleep. After lunch, I read aloud to my wife—my second wife. My first wife was a very well-known and important writer, Elsa Morante, one of our best. She is a very talented woman, and I am a very great friend to her. We were married in 1941. My present wife is also a writer. Very brilliant. Her name is Dacia Maraini. She is twenty-six. Every day, after lunch, we read—usually the classics. Today, for example, we read Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra.' "

Signor Moravia said that after spending part of the afternoon reading aloud, he might spend the rest writing letters or taking a walk or, on occasion, seeing a friend. "I don't see many people," he said. "I have perhaps seven or ten friends in all. In the evening, we go out with friends and have dinner. You know, Rome is a very traditional town. If you read the memoirs of Cellini, for example, you find that artists lived the same life in the sixteenth century that they live now. You go to a restaurant, eat, and talk. That's all. Then you go home. Occasionally, you can go to the movies. I like the movies. For the last twenty-five years, I have been a movie critic. Every week, I write movie criticism for *Espresso*, a weekly magazine. Many of my novels have been made into movies. Most of them have been moderately good. Well, not bad. I have nothing to do with the production of the movies. I sell the book, and that's all. I hate the set. It's boring. I see the picture for the first time in a movie house. I am usually not displeased with what the director has done. You see, literature and movies are two things apart. You can't expect a director to be faithful to your book. He has to change it to make a good movie. Otherwise, he would actually be damaging your book. So I am not against a movie that is different from my book. I am against a movie that is inferior to my book."

A tea tray was brought in by the maid, and Dacia Maraini, an attractive blonde who was wearing a sweater and skirt, entered the room unobtrusively. After Signor Moravia had introduced us, she poured the tea, and we chatted for a while about the paintings in the room. She smiled pleasantly and made a few comments, but mostly she listened. After drinking a cup of tea, she excused herself.

"We are going this spring to New York, where I am to give a lecture on the cinema," Signor Moravia said, resuming the stacking of the kindling.

We asked if he was looking forward to the trip.

"Yes and no," he replied. "I lived in New York once for a year—in 1936, at the time of the Ethiopian War—and I've been there twice since. I like New York. I think it's one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Yes, definitely beautiful. But I don't like to travel much in civilized countries. People are interesting everywhere, but modern life in civilized countries is so much the same it is boring."

Since it was now time for us to go, we rose and thanked Signor Moravia, who put down three pieces of kindling he had been stacking and restacking, shook hands, and showed us to the door.

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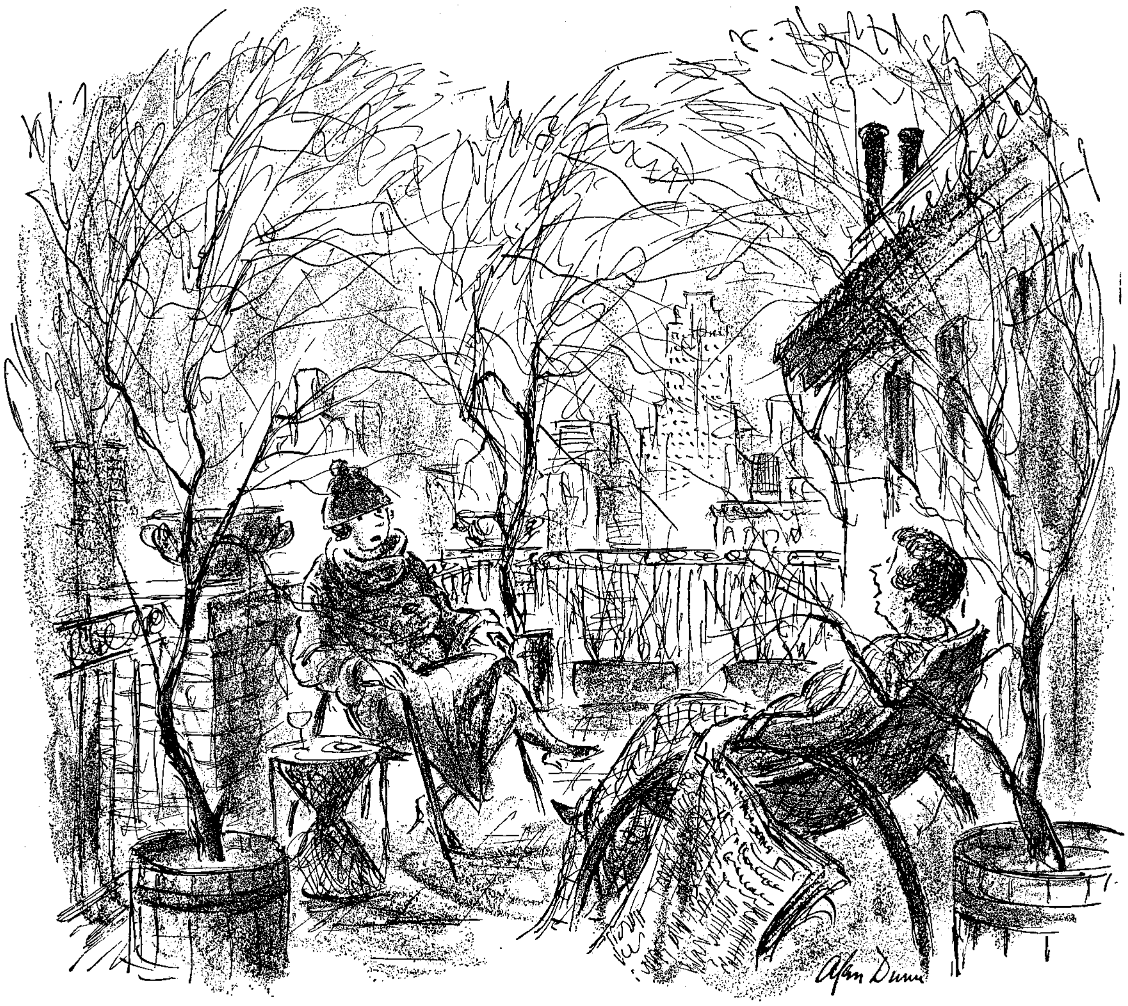
THE Department of Commerce Building in Washington has automatic elevators in its main lobby (where visiting businessmen enter) and manually operated elevators on the rest of the premises; the Department of Labor Building, across the street, has manually operated ones in *its* main lobby (where visiting union men enter) and automatic ones everywhere else.



*"I never thought I'd see the day when I'd have to add General de Gaulle to my list of worries."*

### *World's Fair Fare*

ONE of the few counter-inflationary manifestations in town, or just out of town, is the Terrace Club, which adjoins the Top of the Fair Restaurant, high up in the Port Authority Heliport and Exhibit Building, generally referred to in World's Fair circles as the aerial gateway to the Fair. We lunched at the club the other Saturday as the guest of Mr. George Hyam and Mr. Robert D. L. Gardiner, its (and the restaurant's) prime movers, who reported that the dues are twelve hundred and fifty dollars, whereas those of the 1939 Fair's Perisphere Club were thirty-five hundred. "And the dollar was worth a lot more then than today, as you know," Mr.

*"Yeah, yeah! King of the jungle!"*

Gardiner said as we admired a commanding view of the Chrysler Pavilion, the General Motors Pavilion, and neighboring installations. "The idea of the restaurant and the club was George's. I financed most of it; I put up almost two million of my own money. We've leased the space—two stories of dining rooms, cocktail lounges, and kitchens under the heliport, and a basement, given over to offices, storage rooms for provisions, a bakery, a wine cellar, and an employees' cafeteria—from the Port of New York Authority, and we're being operated by the Knott Hotels Corporation. I helped with the décor. Our chandeliers came from Burano, and that mural on the northwest wall shows the first World's Fair—the Crystal Palace Exhibition, in London, in 1851—along with an equestrian statue of Prince Albert, who suggested it. We've got Raymond over from the Pavillon as maître d'hôtel. All our pastry is made *sur place.*"

"This place is completely soundproofed and air-conditioned," Mr. Hyam said. "You don't hear the helicopters when they land on the roof. The club has fourteen hundred members and is still growing. We propose to have three thousand. The restaurant, which has been open since October for lunch and dinner, seats eleven hundred at a time, and when the Fair starts, it will open at eight for breakfast and stay open until two in the morning. We're prepared to serve thirty thousand meals a day. We have a staff of four hundred and fifty, which will grow to seven hundred and fifty when the Fair opens. We've installed escalators for the waiters; they're lifted up bearing their trays. Imagine! The luxury is fantastic."

"George and I went out to the Seattle Fair to get ideas," Mr. Gardiner said after ordering a Puligny-Montrachet '60 to go with our Long Island Peconic Bay Scallops. "So many people were standing in line waiting to get into the restaurant there, the Space Needle, that the management smuggled us up with the empty garbage cans from the basement. That mural back of you, by William Linzee Prescott, is called 'Project Moses' and is a picture of all the things Robert Moses has done—Jones Beach, the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, the parkways, and so on. He uses the club for official dinners; this section can be partitioned off from the rest of the room. George is the club's president and I'm the treasurer, and we're president and executive vice-president, respectively, of the Top of the Fair Restaurant. All our equipment will be depreciated over a period of two years. A fabulous tax write-off! I enjoy this venture because it's something new—not just fooling around with a fake Williamsburg, like the Rockefellers."

We asked Mr. Gardiner to tell us about some of his other activities, and he said, "I'm the sixteenth Lord of the Manor of Gardiners Island, which Lion Gardiner bought from the Indians in the sixteen-thirties. Its title was later confirmed to my family in a grant from Charles I. We've also had property on Long Island for over three hundred years, on which, at Bay Shore, I've erected a twelve-million-dollar shopping center, the Gardiner Manor Shopping Center. My legal papers were all pre-Revolutionary—an Indian deed and a grant from William and Mary. I'm the only Lord of the Manor who still owns his manor. John Pell is a Lord of the Manor, but the Pells don't own Pelham any more, and Newbold Morris would be the Lord of the Manor of Morrisania, but the Morrises don't own that section of the Bronx any more. I'm trying to show that old money can be venturesome and not stick-in-the-mud."

In answer to some questions, Mr. Gardiner told us that Gardiners Island covers just under four thousand acres and has twenty-seven miles of beach, a thousand deer, twelve thousand pheasants, five hundred wild turkeys, the biggest collection of ospreys in the world, cactus "that doesn't grow anywhere else," and the largest white-oak virgin forest on the Atlantic seaboard. "Winston Guest once rented it from us and paid his bill at '21' in venison that he shot there," Mr. Gardiner said. "There are a lot of fresh-water ponds there, and my great-great-grandmother kept a gondola on one of them. She was the great-great-granddaughter of Giovanni Diodati, a Swiss Calvinist whose family had gone to Geneva from Lucca, in Italy; he was a professor of theology, translated the Bible into Italian, and was a great friend of Milton. Milton wrote an acrostic sonnet to him. His grandson settled in New Haven and had a daughter who married the eighth proprietor of Gardiners Island."

"Would you like to see our plant?" Mr. Hyam asked when we had finished our zabaglione, and down we went to the basement.

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A TABLE in "The Adolescent," published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, lists problems brought by Harvard sophomores to the college counselling service. One problem bears the heading "Extreme Wealth;" another is more ominously headed "Revolt Against New England."

# CAFÉ FILTRE

SHE said she'd let him drive her car, a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud convertible, and Tullio, who didn't have a license, applied for one at once. He failed the test the first time, took it again, passed it, and phoned her. "I have a license now," he said.

"Oh, good, Tuti," she replied.

Her name was Janet. She lived with her husband, Ronald, at the Hotel Pierre—or, rather, she shared an apartment with him there. They were half estranged, and Tullio never met him, though he saw him at the theatre once, from the balcony—a thin, older man, with sparse hair and thick glasses, sitting next to her down in the orchestra. Tullio had gone to the play especially to take a look at him. Another time, Tullio saw him on TV in her apartment; he was giving a political speech somewhere downtown. Janet and Tullio laughed. "He can't be in two places at once," she said.

"What if the speech is filmed and he turns up?" Tullio asked.

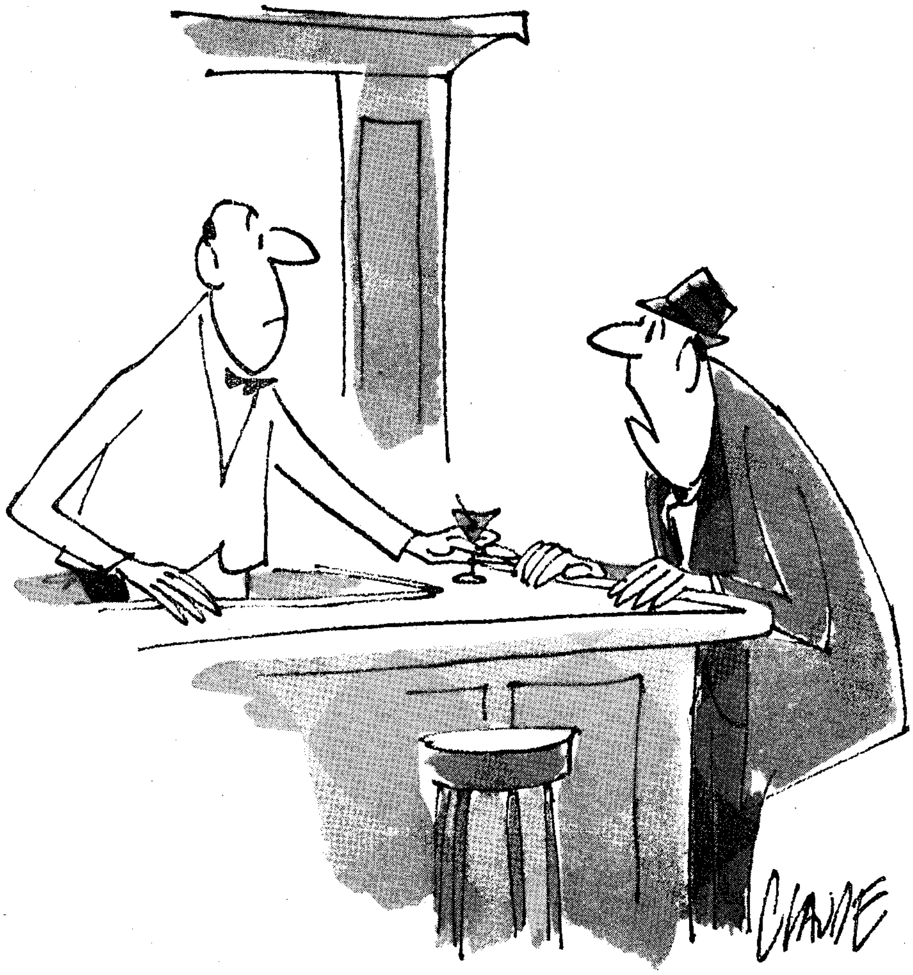
"It's live," she said. "Anyway, you could hide behind the curtains, then slip out the kitchen door."

Like a mouse, he thought.

She was self-confident and lighthearted—just the sort of person he was not.

They had met on a commuters' train just out of Grand Central. He was sitting next to a lady, on a wide seat for three. There was room for one more. Janet came down the aisle—blondish, small (though she would never admit it: "I can't complain about my height," she once said to him), with large, green eyes, looking for a seat. There were plenty. She passed him, then came back to the front end of the car and turned again. Down the aisle she came, looking to this side and to that, not at the seats this time but at the heads. She'll sit beside me, he thought. She did. He looked at her and at the woman sitting by the window. The woman sitting by the window was taller, broader, and not the talkative kind. He could tell by the mouth, the eyes. She was not interested in him. Interested in the scenery only, and her magazine. The new girl was much livelier.

She glanced at the window. Outside were the old Harlem tenement houses.



*"Remember, Charlie, if I start getting happy, no more for me."*

"Soon there'll be trees," he said.

"Yes."

"But this time I won't be looking at them," he said, smiling and keeping his head turned toward her.

"*Muy honrada*," she said, haltingly but gaily. She thought he was Spanish.

He told her he was from Italy.

She had been there, she said, and from then on their conversation seemed to have wings. She was going to Greenwich, he to Mamaroneck, where relatives had invited him to lunch. When the train stopped there, he left with her office address, her telephone number, and the promise that they would meet again in a few days.

His relatives knew him as a rather sad young man. "What's come over you?" they asked him that day. "What ever has come over you?" He felt almost giddy from his happy encounter. The fact was that he had been feeling pretty lonely ever since, several weeks before, he had come from Italy to do a year's medical research in New York—so lonely in his little hotel room on Madison Square that he had bought a fiasco of Chianti, not so much to drink it as to remind him of home. Now he didn't need it any more.

Janet worked—though she had no financial need to—as fashion editor of a magazine. Janet was part of her pen name, the one she had given him on the train and the one he always called her by. For weeks, she didn't tell him she was married. Then once, when he had telephoned her at her office, a secretary said, "Who? Oh, you want Mrs. Dixon."

"No," he said, and repeated her pen name.

There was a meaningful silence at the other end, then the secretary told him to hold on.

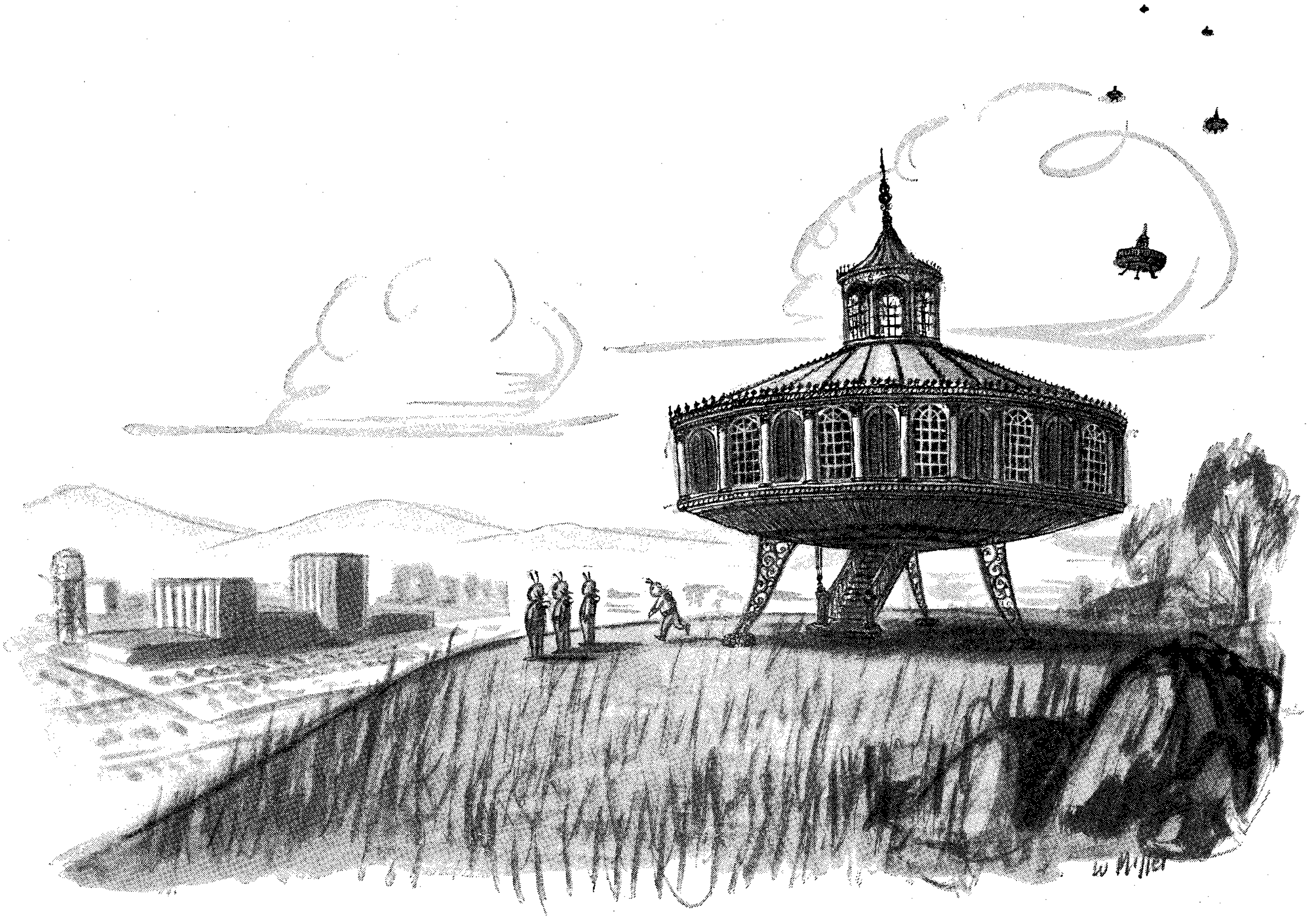
"Who is Mrs. Dixon?" he said to Janet with a smile that evening, on the street.

She blushed. She almost cried. There was something about her very childlike. She had never wanted him to know, she said.

He said he sort of knew it all along, and it was inevitable that she should be married. "You are lively," he said. "And you have such a sea-clear face and such green eyes."

"But I don't think of him as my husband, Tuti," she said then. "He's not. Not really. Or, rather, he is and I wish he weren't. But he won't be much longer. He ignores me. It's worse than that. He's mean to me. Last night, for instance, he typed till early morning, just to keep me awake."

He thought of the old boy at his



typewriter. Tullio, too, typed late into the night.

"For my birthday," she went on, "he could only think of giving me a gift certificate."

"A gift certificate isn't so bad," Tullio said.

"So impersonal, so unimaginative. Better give money! He never thinks of something I might like. He doesn't try to. He doesn't want to. And he never brings me flowers, or ever says nice things."

Tullio did. He certainly did take flowers and say nice things to her. Saying nice things—it was a form of conversation with him, perhaps the only one he was proficient at.

"You are responsive, that's what I like about you," she used to say to him. She would take him into a store, touchingly, to impress him, and buy herself maybe a dozen pairs of gloves, and she would always ask him if he liked this or that. She said his comments helped her in her work. But it was mainly that she longed for appreciation, for she got none whatever from her husband. "Imagine Ronald ever looking at this ruffle, let alone saying anything nice about it!" she would say, and Tullio was left with the impression of a stiff and wooden man. Appreciative Tullio was, if nothing else.

From his small hotel room he moved to an apartment in the West Village, beyond Ninth Avenue. It was on the top floor of a little red brick building. From a window, he could see the spire of a Village church, and behind it that of the Empire State Building. Fairly often, she would come to see him. Once, she appeared after the opera, all clothed in gold and silver. She stood still by the door, like a showpiece. Another time, she came in tears, like a little girl who had been scolded. "My husband is a devil," she said. "Wicked. Wicked. Why do I call him my husband? We live under the same roof, that's all. He's clever. He knows me well—he knows where it will hurt, and says the cruelest things." Her eyes closed as she pressed her little face against Tullio's chest.

"Marry me," he said.

It wasn't the first time that he had asked her. He asked her regularly, though she never answered yes. She said that she wanted—needed—him to ask her, and that it made her feel well. "You haven't asked me to marry you," she would say if a week passed without a proposal.

"Will you marry me?"

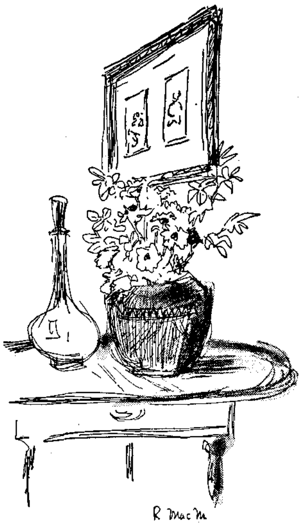
She laughed, her happiness restored. "You must always ask me."

"But you never say yes."

"Ask me, ask me, ask me," she said. "Ask me nevertheless."

She was staying with her husband; she wasn't leaving him yet, because she couldn't seem to do without a large quantity of money at her disposal. This lust in her for luxury, for "crystal chandeliers," as she used to say, Tullio found easy to understand. She looked like a doll who is at her best in frills—the richer the frills, the better. She had to have money, and plenty of it. Her need reminded him of Manon Lescaut. He understood it and usually overlooked it, yet sometimes, especially when she wasn't around, he brooded over it and was annoyed. What was all this love of money? If she really loved him, why didn't she leave her husband? Sometimes he half despised her—her and her wealth. Her car, too, and the way she wanted him to offer to pay for the gas. And he resented the secrecy of their relationship, their having to meet slyly, and her looking round his apartment for a tape recorder that a detective working for her husband might have set. He felt that she suspected her husband of ideas he never entertained and schemes he had no intention of putting into effect. Tullio thought it was silly of him to devote his time in New York only to her. He was meeting no one else. Pleasure was the only end—she would never marry him. She loved money too much. But pleasure as an end seemed quite acceptable. Still, sometimes he longed for someone ready to abandon everything for love.

ONE day, Janet phoned and asked him if he would drive her Rolls-Royce to her brother's house in New Canaan and leave it with him for a day or two. "He's very keen on cars," she said, "and wants to try it out. I told him I'd let him have it this weekend. I wish I could come with you, Tuti. You know how I love driving Gwendolyn"—that's what she called the car—"with you, but today I can't find the time to leave the city. Would you mind?"



"No, I'll drive it over gladly."

"Oh, good. He'll take you back to the station."

"Fine. I'll come meet you and pick it up now, shall I?"

"Would you, *cocchino*?" This last was an Italian term of endearment he had taught her. She was a most affectionate and thoughtful girl; very articulate, too. On top of all her other activities, she was taking courses at an evening school—one of them in Italian, just to please him.

"Yes," he said.

Off he went quite happily to get the car, always glad of a chance to drive that powerful thing, and especially glad to drive it alone. He took along a road map, and in the subway going uptown he looked it over. He would take the Whitestone Bridge, he thought. He could already see himself racing over the blue waters in the Silver Cloud.

He met Janet at the garage. Again she said how sorry she was she couldn't go with him, gave him her brother's address—his name was Mr. Lyall—and the car keys, and waved goodbye.

Well, it was a nice drive. The car didn't disappoint him, nor the sight of New York becoming more and more distant as he went, nor Long Island Sound, nor New Canaan—but her brother did. Twice the size of his sister and looking old enough to be her father, with hoary hair, and patches of leather on his jacket, he was unfriendly from the start. Tullio sensed immediately that he didn't approve of him and his relationship with his sister.

Tullio asked when there was a train back to New York.

Mr. Lyall looked at his watch—a chronometer with half a dozen dials and a hundred little figures. "You just missed it," he said.

"When is the next one, do you know?"

"In fifty-five minutes."

"Is there a bus to the station?"

"I'll drive you over when the time comes. It doesn't take long."

"Oh, thank you. Do you want me to show you the controls of the car?"

"No," he said.

His wife appeared at the front door, then went inside again. Mr. Lyall didn't invite Tullio into the house. So he lingered on the lawn, like a chauffeur. The house was in a residential district. There were no stores, bars, or cafés around. None. Janet's brother began clipping some rosebushes, pruning them. Tullio watched for a moment, then sauntered off. Soon he repaired behind a corner of the house; at any moment, he feared, a request might come flying for him to mow the lawn or something of the sort. Better be out of sight. In a little while, he went around the house looking for the kitchen, with the intention of asking for a glass of water. They couldn't refuse him that, he thought. He opened the back door and looked in.

A very pretty, winsome brunette in a white apron said hello.

"Hello," he said, "I . . . I brought the car from New York for Mr. Lyall."

She seemed to know. "Come in. Would you like a cup of coffee?" she said, speaking with a pronounced French accent.

"How nice," he said. And indeed how very nice to be received into the house through the back door instead of through the front, and by this sweet maid rather than by the lady he had seen. "*Vous êtes Française*?"

She said that she was from near Paris, and would he like it if she made a *café filtre*.

"Oh," he said, "a *café filtre!* I like it even more than an *espresso*." He watched her heat the water and set the filter.

"I brought it all the way from France," she said.

How lucky he was, he couldn't help thinking, to be with this warm girl. "Do you like it here?" he asked her.

"There are beautiful lawns here. But it is such a long way out, and there is nothing going on."

"You are right," he said. "New York is the place for you. All these lawns—they are all right for children."

"You see, they brought me over from France—paid for my ticket. I feel obliged to stay."

"Leave," he whispered in a conspiring tone. "Leave and work in the city, where the lights are shining high, high up."

She looked up with the love Europeans have for skyscrapers. "In a few months, perhaps," she said.

"I have an apartment in New York. Come there."

She laughed. "I would never work for Monsieur."

"You wouldn't have to do any work. I would work for you."

She dismissed his proposition with a laugh.

The door opened and Mr. Lyall came in. "It's time to go to the station," he said.

Tullio rose from his chair. "I don't know your name," he said to the pretty maid.

"Suzanne."

"Goodbye, Suzanne. I hope to see you again, and thank you for the best cup of coffee of my life."

"YOUR brother doesn't approve of our relationship," he said to Janet that evening in New York. For hours he had been thinking of her only as Mr. Lyall's sister. It was an image he wanted to get rid of, but couldn't. "He was pretty cool, and his wife didn't say a word."

"Tuti, after you had driven the car all that distance for them! You wait, I am going to call them." She picked up the telephone with anger.

"No, no, please. It wasn't that bad."

But she was furious; she wanted to call.

He put his hand over the dial. "Please don't. I was given a terrific cup of coffee—the best ever. Honest, the best ever."

"Is it enough for you if *I* love you?" she said, looking at him with her green and vehement eyes.

She was again what she had been. The image of her brother receded into the background, and they went on as before, with Tullio proposing to her every week. Yet from time to time the French maid would come to his mind, and he could see her standing by the kitchen door, the light in her eyes and the light behind her hair. “That French girl at your brother's in New Canaan, is she still there?” he once asked Janet, trying to sound as casual as he could.

“I think so.”

He repeated the same question a couple of months later.

“No, she left.”

“Oh, where did she go?”

“She found a job here in New York somewhere—in a restaurant, I think.”

He would have been happier with more specific information, but he could see Janet didn't have it, and, of course, he didn't want to sound too interested. A few days later, though, without asking, he got the information. He couldn't say that it really made him happy. He and Janet had gone for a long drive and stopped at her brother's in New Canaan on the way. Perhaps it was that he was with Janet, perhaps she had spoken to them about his last visit after all, or perhaps Janet's husband, rich though he was, had finally become undesirable even in their eyes—at any rate, they were friendly this time.

“Oh, we went to the most marvellous French restaurant the other night,” Mrs. Lyall said enthusiastically at one point. “The Café de Lyon. Do you know who works there? Suzanne. She's getting married soon.”

“LET'S go to the Café de Lyon,” Tullio said to Janet when they next went out together in New York. “You know, that restaurant your sister-in-law was telling us about.”

“Where Suzanne works.”

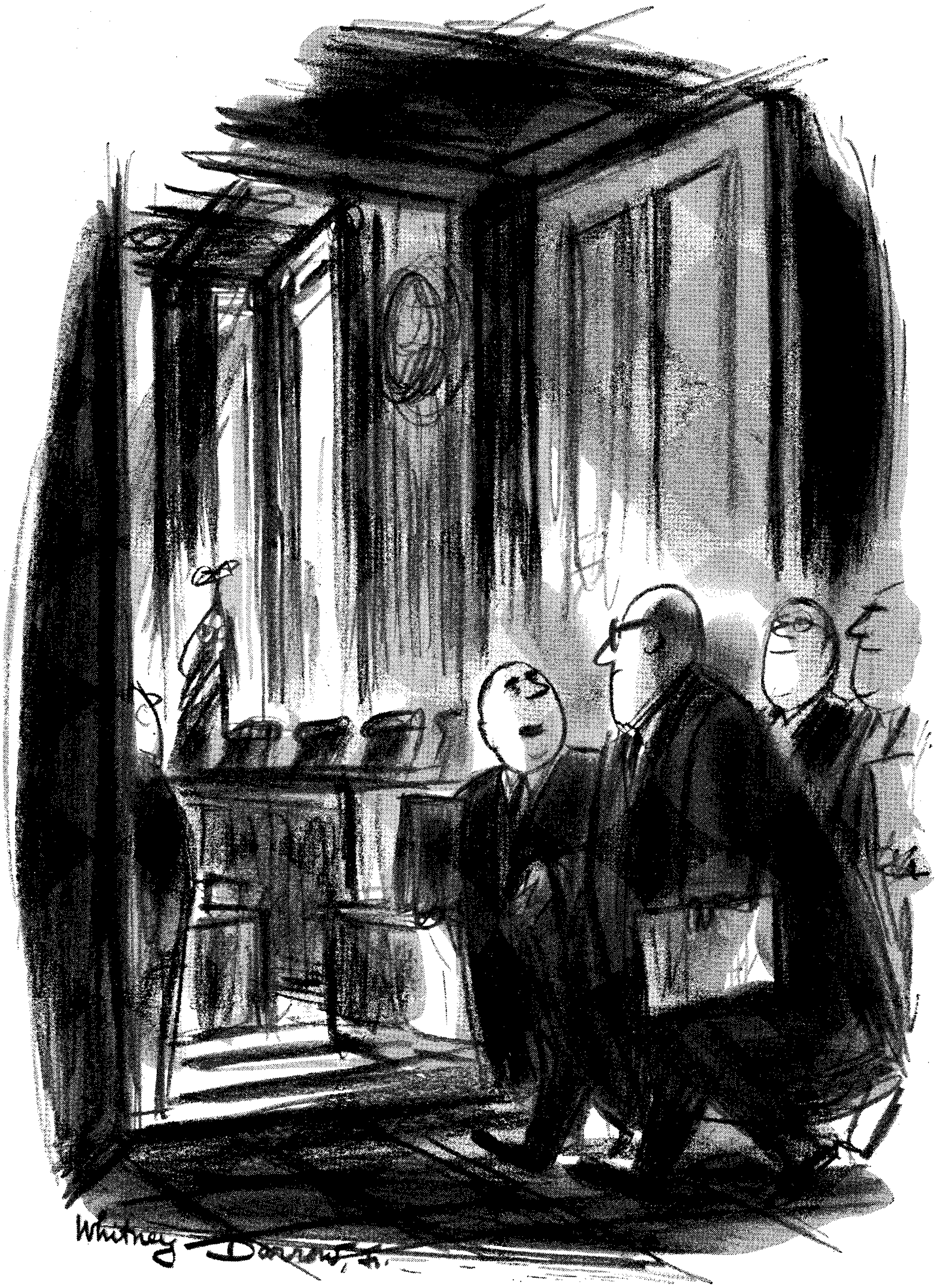
“Yes, that one.”

The Café de Lyon was a busy place on the West Side. It occupied the ground floor of what must once have been somebody's home. There were three or four little rooms and many corners. They were led to a vacant table. All through dinner, he looked for Suzanne but didn't see her. Later, they asked their waitress for her. At last she appeared, looking very alert, tired though she must have been.

“Hello, Suzanne. Do they keep you busy here?” Janet said to her.

Suzanne stood like a ballet dancer in a resting pose. “Ah, yes,” she said. Her glance darted at the table. She saw their empty coffee cups. “Let me get you another demitasse,” she said, and she was off. Very soon she was back with two full cups.

“I'll never forget the *café filtre* you gave me,” Tullio said. Then, taking advantage of Janet's rather sketchy


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*“Decisions, decisions, decisions!”*

knowledge of French, he added, "*Cela a été pour moi un philtre d'amour.*"

She laughed.

"I hear you are getting married," Janet said.

Suzanne blushed. She looked most lovely then, full of a strange awareness of life. "Yes," she said. "Next week."

"Who is he?" Janet asked.

"I will get him for you." She rushed away blithely, and in a moment came back with a young man holding a trayful of dirty dishes. "Maurice," she said. "He asked me to marry him on April 1st—April Fool's Day, you say?—but he meant it."

Maurice nodded to them with a bright smile, and left.

"I must go now," she said, and followed him quickly.

On their way home, as they were walking along Central Park South toward Fifth Avenue, Janet became grumpy.

"What's the matter?" Tullio said.

"You haven't asked me . . ." she said, letting go of his arm, stopping, looking at the pavement, her face tightening till it seemed very small.

"When Maurice asked Suzanne to marry him," he said, "she answered yes. Not like you."

"Ask me."

He asked her, and for a moment he thought she might say yes, but she remained looking vacuously at him, just like the other times.

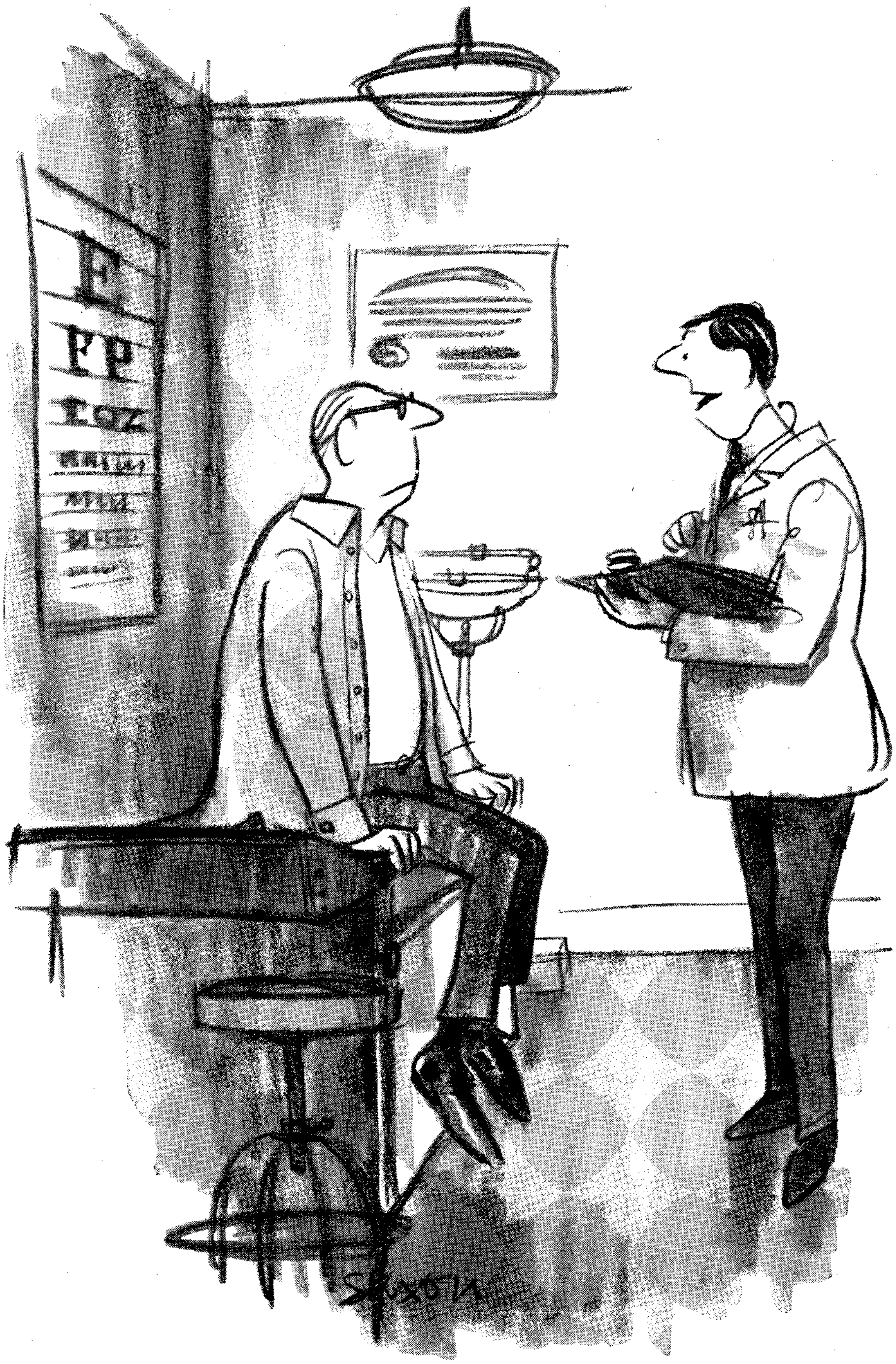
"I'll never ask you again," he said bitterly. "It's humiliating—your silence. Always."

Her eyes became tearful. Again she seemed like a little girl. At the Pierre, without once looking at him, she went inside, and he walked toward the West Village, taking corners almost at every block—first right, then left, as on a checkerboard. When he reached home, he found her at his apartment door. She had taken a taxi.

"Promise me you'll keep asking me to marry you," she said, "even if I never answer."

"I promise," he said, and lifted her in his arms across the threshold, like a bride.

—Arturo Vivante



*"You'll have to slow down a little. You're not a junior executive any more, you know."*

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## SEED LEAVES

To R. F.

I

Here something stubborn comes,
Dislodging the earth crumbs
And making crusty rubble.
It comes up bending double
And looks like a green staple.
It could be seedling maple,
Or artichoke, or bean;
That remains to be seen.

II

Forced to make choice of ends,
The stalk in time unbends,
Shakes off the seedcase, heaves
Aloft, and spreads two leaves
Which still display no sure
And special signature.
Toothless and fat, they keep
The oval form of sleep.

III

This plant would like to grow
And yet be embryo;
Increase, and yet escape
The doom of taking shape;
Be vaguely vast, and climb
To the tip end of time
With all of space to fill,
Like boundless Yggdrasill
That has the stars for fruit.
But something at the root
More urgent than that urge
Bids two true leaves emerge,
And now the plant, resigned
To being self-defined
Before it can commerce
With the great universe,
Takes aim at all the sky
And starts to ramify.

—Richard Wilbur

# UP ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE; SNOW AND SLUSH; IS HOPKINS OUTMODED? $215,600 FOR A MONET!

(A Handy All-Purpose Art Column)

INCLEMENT weather is sometimes more ambiguous than not. The curious coincidence that hurls at our intelligence, as well as at our hearts, the fact that Pop Art, the painter, represents a mystery of nomenclature in a day when pop art, the art, is not infrequently given its head without any reins at all at such galleries as Fox, not to mention Stranglewood, leads one, betimes, to venture to correlate such romantic realists as Robert Henri, Guy Pène du Bois, Maurice and Charles Prendergast, Florine Stettheimer, Thomas Dewing, Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Anshutz, and Thomas E. Dewey. But still, as we wended our way about town, *sans* galoshes, the contemporary scene sometimes suggested a visionary Armageddon on the one level (Matta, Pearlstein, Cajori, Manso, Wojciechowsky, and Puccinelli), while, on the lower level, were to be found extreme parapop, Pleasantville and Chappaqua. All this, of course, is (in a way) not by any means to be disassociated from the splendid splashes of ineluctable color, nor must we neglect Kip Rhinelander in the semi-annual, and only semi-private, showing of overt portraiture by foremost antediluvians at the Millennium Club hard by. And so one may now say "One two three go and *avaunt*," with expressions of meteorological harassment tra-la.

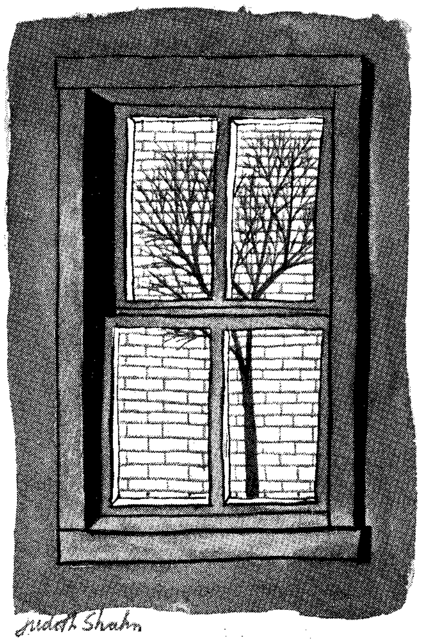
### *From Ancient Chelsea*

The presentation at the Metropolitan of the 4,117 hypersensitive watercolors dating from 1882 to 1964 by that grand but not old Humphrey B. Robinson, the notorious native of Toledo, Ohio, can hardly have come at a more auspicious moment, especially since his paintings of the last decade, accomplished as they were in his spacious studio on the top floor of the venerable Hotel Chelsea, on West Twenty-third Street near Seventh Avenue—after his desertion of Toledo on a Rumpelmayer grant—are mostly in his trapeze mood. Our thanks go wholeheartedly to Mr. and Mrs. Langford X. Bellamy-Burns, to Miss Barbara Tufts (and to her paternal uncle, Mr. Barbizon Tufts), and, of course, to Mr. and Mrs. Turner Catledge for making possible the extrication of these modern Robinsons from the irrepressible nonagenarian's place in spite of the hoary painter's protestations that the Seven Santini Brothers, the ancient movers, would inevitably tend to interrupt the intra-rhythmical sway and swing so necessary to the proper completion of his works-in-progress.

Robinson was, of course, the first domestic artist since the impact of Richard Halliburton to employ not only the up swing and the down swing but also the side swing and the roundabout swing. And I might mention—though this *really* belongs in the purlieu of our music critic—that Robinson is concentrating these days on a series "painted" to the accompaniment of understated *picti*, which, as played by Hortense Abbleby, never degenerates into bop, much less into bebop or *ukla*, and that he is following in all this the tried-and-true Robinson rule that the brush must *always* be applied with implacable spontaneity at the apex of each pendulum stroke and each whirlaround of the *trapezion*, which is, of course, Greek.

### *Deductible Old Masters*

In considering the contemporary question of whether or not Hopkins is outmoded, far be it from me to say that the $65,000 paid for Andrew Wyeth's "Her Room" by the William Farnsworth Museum was too *much*, for one must consider that sum in the shadow (or should one say in the perspective?) of the delicately rounded $58,000 relinquished on Lincoln's Birthday the year before last for the super-realistic Wyeth y-clept "That Gentleman" by the economical Austin Museum of Fine Arts. The relation of the true dollar to true art, and vice versa, with interlinear overtones of cut flowers and wisteria in the spring of the year, with neither profit nor loss, continues to *obsess* our collectors, for who could have said in May that in December a de Kooning would rake in a deeply moving $35,000 or guess that the Internal Revenue Service would accept it, and evaluate it, on the basis of actuarial escalator retail percentages for purchase of pulp, as a deductible $45,000, with placid seals in a foreground overshadowed by sand and wind on a beach, when compared with the cool, refreshing $600,000 nabbed by the Parke-Bernet Galleries for a Franz Hals, without coat or hat, or the $260,000 whammed away in London for a reversible Rembrandt showing two stages in the coming-of-age of a cluster of arboreal pleasantries, not to mention the $215,600 paid for a Monet landscape? At last, this question has been answered.



Judith Shahn

### *Fabulous*

The Gallery of Hyper-modern Art is to be congratulated for its fabulous sensitivity and foresight in providing us at this season with two and one-half floors devoted exclusively to the one-man show of ineluctable self-portraits by the proliferous Miss Gertrude Groats, who hails, if I am not mistaken, from Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Whereas most talented young painters would have tended, when they entered their fourth decade on this earth, to get outside themselves, frequently to their own bewilderment, Miss Groats has forged courageously ahead in the rich introspective vein she likes best, with the result, for example, that her six subtly dissimilar studies of her three-quarter view of herself at sunrise, taking in some of the throat, naturally, but focussing largely on the straight horizontal line of the dark beetling eyebrows that sit like a single crowbar across, and only slightly above, the rather protuberant eyes and the almost invisible nose, literally take—what other phrase is there for it?—the breath away and cause one's own hair on the back of one's own neck to rise and sometimes to tingle, especially when one is viewing without batting one's own eyes for three or four minutes at a time the dominant self-portrait on the museum's mezzanine floor, which, as one approaches it closer and closer from where one steps off the escalator, appears to consist entirely of the exterior outlines and the deep, darkening interior of her right ear, into which (until one pinches one's self and leaves the building by the nearest exit) one seems to have plunged, losing one's own sense of identity—as, perhaps, one has.

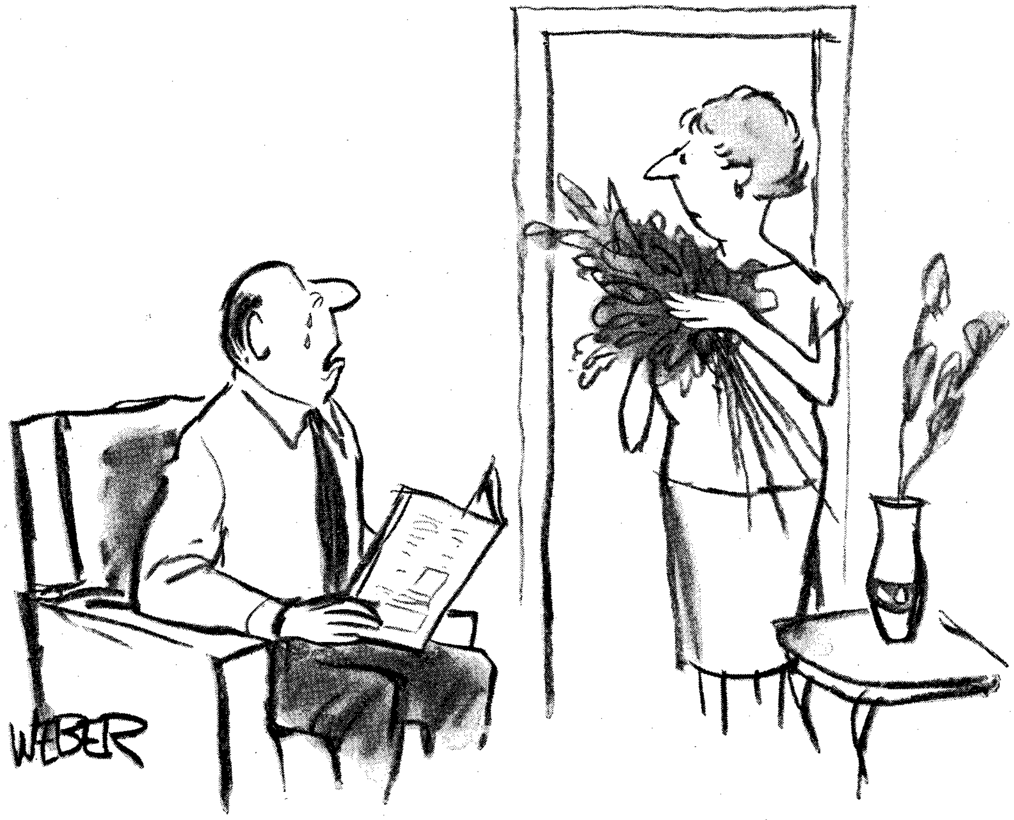
—St. Clair McKelway

# THE CHRISTIAN ROOMMATES

ORSON ZIEGLER came straight to Harvard from the small South Dakota town where his father was the doctor. Orson, at eighteen, was half an inch under six feet tall, with a weight of 164 and an I.Q. of 152. His eczematous cheeks and vaguely irritated squint—as if his face had been for too long transected by the sight of a level horizon—masked a definite self-confidence. As the doctor's son, he had always mattered in the town. In his high school he had been class president, valedictorian, and captain of the football and baseball teams. (The captain of the basketball team had been Lester Spotted Elk, a full-blooded Chippewa with dirty fingernails and brilliant teeth, a smoker, a drinker, a discipline problem, and the only boy Orson ever had met who was better than he at anything that mattered.) Orson was the first native of his town to go to Harvard, and would probably be the last, at least until his son was of age. His future was firm in his mind: the pre-med course here, medical school either at Harvard, Penn, or Yale, and then back to South Dakota, where he had his wife already selected and claimed and primed to wait. Two nights before he left for Harvard, he had taken her virginity. She had cried, and he had felt foolish, having, somehow, failed. It had been his virginity, too. Orson was sane, sane enough to know that he had lots to learn, and to be, within limits, willing. Harvard processes thousands of such boys and restores them to the world with little apparent damage. Presumably because he was from west of the Mississippi and a Protestant Christian (Methodist), the authorities had given him as a freshman roommate a self-converted Episcopalian from Oregon.

When Orson arrived at Harvard on the morning of Registration Day, bleary and stiff from the series of airplane rides that had begun fourteen hours before, his roommate was already installed. "H. Palamountain" was floridly inscribed in the upper of the two name slots on the door of Room 14. The bed by the window had been slept in, and the desk by the window was neatly loaded with books. Standing sleepless inside the door, inertly clinging to his two heavy suitcases, Orson was conscious of another presence in the room without being able to locate it; optically and mentally, he focussed with a slight slowness.

The roommate was sitting on the floor, barefoot, before a small spinning wheel. He jumped up nimbly. Orson's first impression was of the wiry quickness that almost magically brought close to his face the thick-lipped, pop-eyed face of the other boy. He was a head shorter than Orson, and wore, above his bare feet, pegged sky-blue slacks, a lumberjack shirt whose throat was dashingly stuffed with a silk foulard, and a white cap such as Orson had seen before only in photographs of Pandit Nehru. Dropping a suitcase, Orson offered his hand. Instead of taking it, the roommate touched his palms together, bowed his head, and murmured something Orson didn't catch. Then he gracefully swept off the white cap, revealing a narrow crest of curly blond hair that stood up like a rooster's comb. "I am Henry Palamountain." His voice, clear and colorless in the way of West Coast voices, suggested a radio announcer. His handshake was metallically firm and seemed to have a pinch of malice in it. Like Orson, he wore glasses. The thick lenses emphasized the hyperthyroid bulge of his eyes and their fishy, searching expression.



*"'Consumer Reports' says our new car stinks."*

"Orson Ziegler," Orson said.

"I know."

Orson felt a need to add something adequately solemn, standing as they were on the verge of a kind of marriage. "Well, Henry"—he lamely lowered the other suitcase to the floor—"I guess we'll be seeing a lot of each other."

"You may call me Hub," the roommate said. "Most people do. However, call me Henry if you insist. I don't wish to diminish your dreadful freedom. You may not wish to call me anything at all. Already I've made three hopeless enemies in the dormitory."

Every sentence in this smoothly enunciated speech bothered Orson, beginning with the first. He himself had never been given a nickname; it was the one honor his classmates had withheld from him. In his adolescence he had coined nicknames for himself—Orrie, Ziggy—and tried to insinuate them into popular usage, without success. And what was meant by "dreadful freedom"? It sounded sarcastic. And why might he not wish to call him anything at all? And how had the roommate had the time to make enemies? Orson asked irritably, "How long have you *been* here?"

"Eight days." Henry concluded every statement with a strange little pucker of his lips, a kind of satisfied silent click, as if to say, "And what do you think of *that*?"

Orson felt that he had been sized up as someone easy to startle. But he slid helplessly into the straight-man role that, like the second-best bed, had been reserved for him. "That *long*?"

"Yes. I was totally alone until the day before yesterday. You see, I hitchhiked."

"From *Oregon*?"

"Yes. And I wished to allow time

enough for any contingency. In case I was robbed, I had sewed a fifty-dollar bill inside my shirt. As it turned out, I made smooth connections all the way. I had painted a large cardboard sign saying 'Harvard.' You should try it sometime. One meets some very interesting Harvard graduates."

"Didn't your parents worry?"

"Of course. My parents are divorced. My father was furious. He wanted me to fly. I told him to give the plane fare to the Indian Relief Fund. He never gives a penny to charity. And, of course, I'm old. I'm twenty."

"You've been in the Army?"

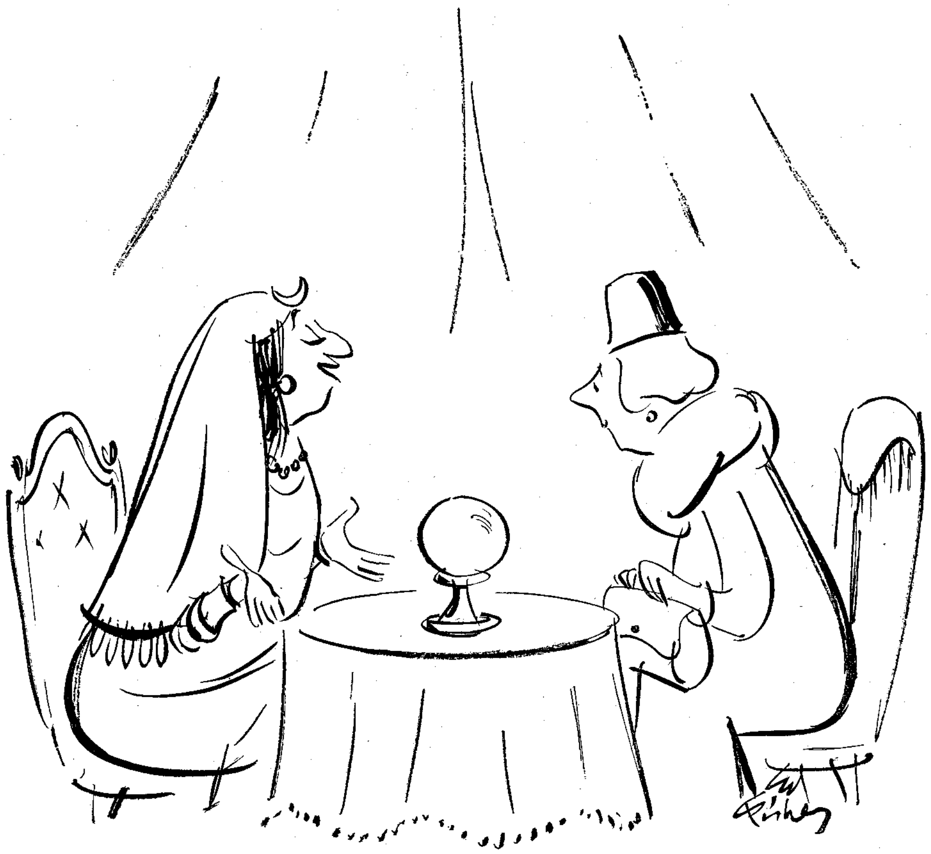
Henry lifted his hands and staggered back as if from a blow. He put the back of his hand to his brow, whimpered "Never," shuddered, straightened up smartly, and saluted. "In fact, the Portland draft board is after me right now." With a preening tug of his two agile hands—which did look, Orson realized, old: bony and veined and red-tipped, like a woman's—he broadened his foulard. "They refuse to recognize any conscientious objectors except Quakers and Mennonites. My bishop agrees with them. They offered me an out if I'd say I was willing to work in a hospital, but I explained that this released a man for combat duty and if it came to that I'd just as soon carry a gun. I'm an excellent shot. I mind killing only on principle."

The Korean War had begun that summer, and Orson, who had been nagged by a suspicion that his duty was to enlist, bristled at such blithe pacifism. He squinted and asked, "What *have* you been doing for two years, then?"

"Working in a plywood mill. As a gluer. The actual gluing is done by machines, but they become swamped in their own glue now and then. It's a kind of excessive introspection—you've read 'Hamlet'?"

"Just 'Macbeth' and 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

"Yes. Anyway. They have to be cleaned with solvent. One wears long rubber gloves up to one's elbows. It's very soothing work. The inside of a gluer is an excellent place for revolving Greek quotations in your head. I memorized nearly the whole of the Phaedo that way." He gestured toward his desk, and Orson saw that many of the books were green Loeb editions of Plato and Aristotle, in Greek. Their spines were worn; they looked read and reread. For the first time, the thought of being at Harvard frightened him. Orson had been standing between his suitcases and now he moved to unpack. "Have you left me a bureau?"



*"And that will be the week that will be."*

• •

"Of course. The better one." Henry jumped on the bed that had not been slept in and bounced up and down as if it were a trampoline. "And I've given you the bed with the better mattress," he said, still bouncing, "and the desk that doesn't have the glare from the window."

"Thanks," Orson said.

Henry was quick to notice his tone. "Would you rather have my bed? My desk?" He jumped from the bed and dashed to his desk and scooped a stack of books from it.

Orson had to touch him to stop him, and was startled by the tense muscularity of the arm he touched. "Don't be silly," he said. "They're exactly alike."

Henry replaced his books. "I don't want any bitterness," he said, "or immature squabbling. As the older man, it's my responsibility to yield. Here. I'll give you the shirt off my back." And he began to peel off his lumberjack shirt, leaving the foulard dramatically knotted around his naked throat. He wore no undershirt.

Having won from Orson a facial expression that Orson himself could not see, Henry smiled and rebuttoned the shirt. "Do you mind my name being in the upper slot on the door? I'll remove it. I apologize. I did it without realizing how sensitive you would be."

Perhaps it was all a kind of humor. Orson tried to make a joke. He pointed and asked, "Do I get a spinning wheel, too?"

"Oh, *that*." Henry hopped backward on one bare foot and became rather shy. "That's an experiment. I ordered it from Calcutta. I spin for a half hour a day, after Yoga."

"You do Yoga, too?"

"Just some of the elementary positions. My ankles can't take more than five minutes of the Lotus yet."

"And you say you have a bishop."

The roommate glanced up with a glint of fresh interest. "Say. You listen, don't you? Yes. I consider myself an Anglican Christian Platonist strongly influenced by Gandhi." He touched his palms before his chest, bowed, straightened, and giggled. "My bishop hates me," he said. "The one in Oregon, who wants me to be a soldier. I've introduced myself to the bishop here and I don't think he likes me, either. For that matter, I've antagonized my adviser. I told him I had no intention of fulfilling the science requirement."

"For God's sake, why *not*?"

"You don't really want to know."

Orson felt this rebuff as a small test of strength. "Not really," he agreed.

"I consider science a demonic illusion of human *hubris*. Its phantasmal nature

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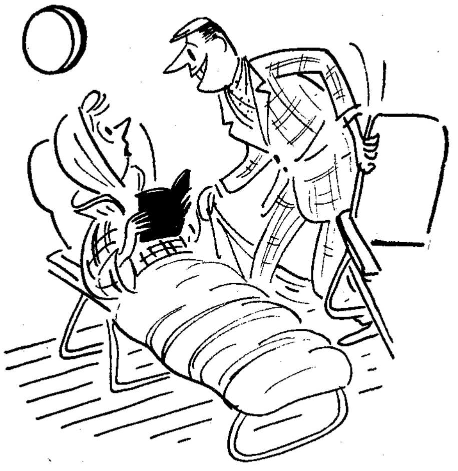

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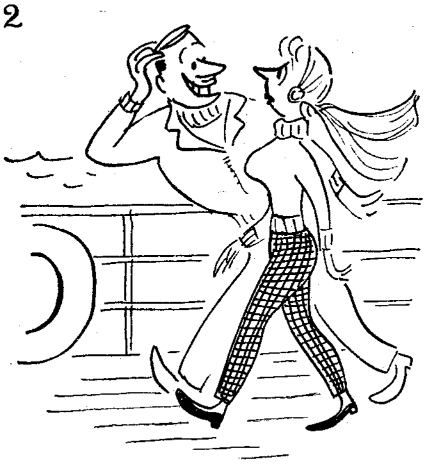

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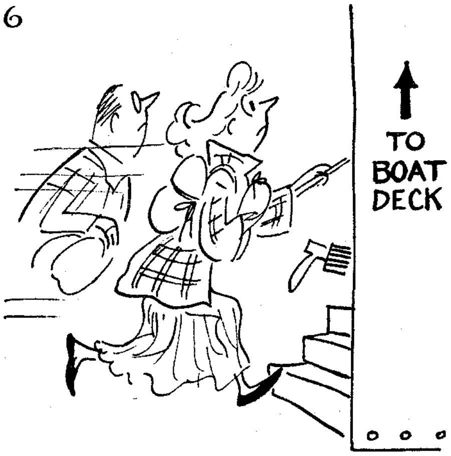

is proved by its constant revision. I asked him, 'Why should I waste an entire fourth of my study time, time that could be spent with Plato, mastering a mass of hypotheses that will be obsolete by the time I graduate?' "

"My Lord, Henry," Orson exclaimed, indignantly defending the millions of lives medical science has saved, "you can't be serious!"

"Please. Hub. I may be difficult for you, and I think it would help if you were to call me by my name. Now let's talk about you. Your father is a doctor, you received all A's in high school—I received rather mediocre grades myself—and you've come to Harvard because you believe it affords a cosmopolitan Eastern environment that will be valuable to you after spending your entire life in a small provincial town."

"Who the hell told you all this?" The recital of his application statement made Orson blush. He already felt much older than the boy who had written it.

"University Hall," Henry said. "I went over and asked to see your folder. They didn't want to let me at first, but I explained that if they were going to give me a roommate, after I had specifically requested to live alone, I had a right to information about you, so I could minimize possible friction."

"And they *let* you?"

"Of course. People without convictions have no powers of resistance." His mouth made its little satisfied click, and Orson was goaded to ask, "Why did *you* come to Harvard?"

"Two reasons." He ticked them off on two fingers. "Raphael Demos and Werner Jaeger."

Orson did not know these names, but he suspected that "Friends of yours?" was a stupid question, once it was out of his mouth.

But Henry nodded. "I've introduced myself to Demos. A charming old scholar, with a beautiful wife."

"You mean you just went to his house and pushed yourself *in*?" Orson heard his own voice grow shrill; his voice, rather high and unstable, was one of the things about himself he liked least.

Henry blinked, and looked unexpectedly vulnerable, so slender and bravely dressed, his ugly, yellowish, flat-nailed feet naked on the floor, which was uncarpeted and painted black. "That isn't how I would describe it. I went as a pilgrim. He seemed pleased to talk to me." He spoke carefully, and his mouth abstained from clicking.

That he could hurt his roommate's feelings—that this jaunty apparition had feelings—disconcerted Orson more deeply than any of the surprises he had been deliberately offered. As quickly as he had popped up, Henry dropped to the floor, as if through a trapdoor in the plane of conversation. He resumed spinning. The method apparently called for one thread to be wound around the big toe of a foot and to be kept taut by a kind of absent-minded pedal motion. While engaged in this, he seemed hermetically sealed inside one of the gluing machines that had incubated his garbled philosophy. Unpacking, Orson was slowed and snagged by a complicated mood of discomfort. He tried to remember how his mother had arranged his bureau drawers at home—socks and underwear in one, shirts and handkerchiefs in another. Home seemed infinitely far from him, and he was dizzily conscious of a great depth of space beneath his feet, as if the blackness of the floor were the color of an abyss. The spinning wheel steadily chuckled. Orson's buzz of unease circled and settled on his roommate, who, it was clear, had thought earnestly about profound matters, matters that Orson, busy as he had been with the practical business of being a good student, had hardly considered. It was also clear that Henry had thought unintelligently. This unintelligence ("I received rather mediocre grades myself") was more of a menace than a comfort. Bent above the bureau drawers, Orson felt cramped in his mind, able neither to stand erect in wholehearted contempt nor to lie down in honest admiration. His mood was complicated by the repugnance his roommate's physical presence aroused in him. An almost morbidly clean boy, Orson was haunted by glue, and a tacky ambience resisted every motion of his unpacking.

The silence between the roommates continued until a great bell rang ponderously. The sound was near and yet far, like a heartbeat within the bosom of time, and it seemed to bring with it into the room the muffling foliation of the trees in the Yard, which to Orson's prairie-honed eyes had looked tropically tall and lush; the walls of the room vibrated with leaf shadows, and many minute presences—dust motes, traffic sounds, or angels of whom several could dance on the head of a pin—thronged the air and made it difficult to breathe.

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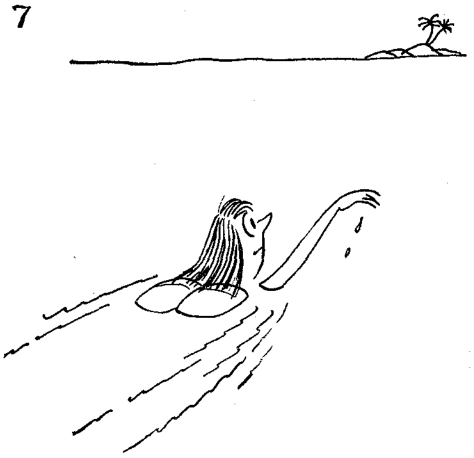

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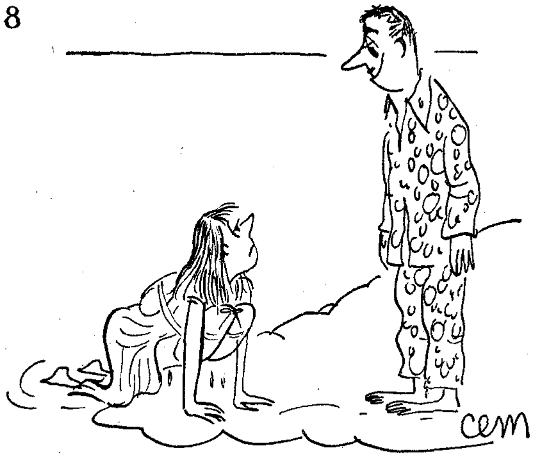


The stairways of the dormitory rumbled. Boys dressed in jackets and neckties crowded the doorway and entered the room, laughing and calling "Hub. Hey, Hub."

"Get up off the floor, dad."

"Jesus, Hub, put your shoes on."

"Pee-*yew*."

"And take off that seductive sarong around your neck."

"Consider the lilies, Hub. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

"Amen, brothers!"

"Fitch, you should be a preacher."

They were all strangers to Orson. Hub stood and smoothly performed introductions.

IN a few days, Orson had sorted them out. That jostling conglomerate, so apparently secure and homogeneous, broke down, under habitual exposure, into double individuals: roommates. There were Silverstein and Koshland, Dawson and Kern, Young and Carter, Petersen and Fitch.

Silverstein and Koshland, who lived in the room overhead, were Jews from New York City. All Orson knew about non-Biblical Jews was that they were a sad race, full of music, shrewdness, and woe. But Silverstein and Koshland were always clowning, always wisecracking. They played bridge and poker and chess and Go and went to the movies in Boston and drank coffee in the luncheonettes around the Square. They came from the "gifted" high schools of the Bronx and Brooklyn respectively, and treated Cambridge as if it were another borough. Most of what the freshman year sought to teach them they seemed to know already, and they romped like park seals transferred from one pool to another. As winter approached, Koshland went out for basketball, and he and his teammates made the floor above bounce to the thump and rattle of scrimmages with a tennis ball and a wastebasket. One afternoon, a section of ceiling collapsed on Orson's bed.

Next door, in Room 12, Dawson and Kern wanted to be writers. Dawson was from Ohio and Kern from Pennsylvania. Dawson had a sulky, slouching bearing, a certain puppyish facial eagerness, and a terrible temper. He was a disciple of Anderson and Hemingway and himself wrote as austerely as a newspaper. He had been raised as an atheist, and no one in the dormitory incited his temper more often than Hub. Orson, feeling that he and Dawson came from opposite edges of that great pyschological realm called the Midwest, liked him. He felt less at ease with Kern, who seemed Eastern and subtly vicious. A farm boy driven by an unnatural sophistication, riddled with nervous ailments ranging from conjunctivitis to hemorrhoids, Kern smoked and talked incessantly. He and Dawson maintained between them a battery of running jokes. At night Orson could hear them on the other side of the wall keeping each other awake with improvised parodies and musical comedies based on their teachers, their courses, or their fellow-freshmen. One midnight, Orson heard Dawson sing, "I come from South Dakota, South Dakota is my state." There was a pause, then Kern sang back, "I do everything by quota"—Dawson howled with anticipatory laughter, and Orson didn't quite hear the final line.

Across the hall, in 15, lived Young and Carter, Negroes. Carter was from Detroit and very black, very clipped in speech, very well dressed, and apt to collapse, at the jab of a rightly angled joke, into a spastic giggling fit that left his cheeks gleaming with tears; Kern was expert at breaking Carter up. Young was a lean, malt-pale colored boy from North Carolina, here on a national scholarship, out of his depth, homesick, and cold. Kern called him Br'er Possum. He slept all day and at night sat on his bed playing the mouthpiece of a trumpet to himself. At first, he had played the full horn in the afternoon, flooding the dormitory and its green envelope of trees with golden, tremulous versions of languorous tunes like "Sentimental Journey" and "The Tennessee Waltz." It was nice; Orson hadn't imagined that a Negro could play so badly. But Young's sombre sense of tact—a slavish drive toward self-effacement that the shock of Harvard had awakened in him—soon cancelled these harmless performances. He took to hiding from the sun, and at night the furtive spitting sound from across the hall seemed to Orson, as he struggled into sleep, music smothered by

# THE REPORT

### I

When I wake up again, when I wake up
Ready for small talk and a coffee cup,
Hearing the noise of time and break of dawn
In distinct alarms and a common yawn,
I wonder how those days will pass that do,
Though seldom exactly as I want them to;
And rise again and drink and eat and go
Down the hall, down the elevator and, so,
Out. Buildings stand out, a pigeon-gray,
And a gray street climbs the hill to Broadway.
I climb it. I slip into the people
And, like a lot of them, pick the hole
At Ninety-sixth Street to walk into.
And down, leaving the sky behind, we go—
Swallowed up without a bite
By a mouth without an appetite.

### II

I come up seeing the same pigeons and different people
Or the same people and different pigeons that I left uptown.
They seem inescapable, grumpy or affable,
Brown, gray, plump, gray or brown.
The same things still seen on the same level.
We are not used to change.

In my office building there are four ranks of elevators.
Lobby captains, the idle brass of automation, stand
Ready for the nothing that usually occurs,
Looking alert, lost, grand,
As if I were a guest, they the waiters.
At what strange banquet, pray?

There are others. We go up in a scattered, speechless
cluster,
Swung up in the humming air. The machine is impatient,
Closing its rubber-lipped doors anxiously after
Each of us has left—sent,
Delivered to our proper floor,
To open our own black door.

I open my own black door, walk in feeling rather dapper,
Feeling at home almost, master in that cubicle,
Free enough to sit and finish the morning paper,
And wheel my swivel
To the window where the flat skyscraper
Is half of what I see.

Two-thirds of the other half is equally fat and tall.
Hundreds of windows and a continual repetition
Of straight lines and the buildings are interchangeable.
The miscalculation
Of the sky stands out, blue, against that wall—
The park, a gap of green.

Tell me whether, when you, when you look out on such a
scene,
The windows all the same and each repeating the same hard
gaze
That yours repeats to them, you too feel there must be one
Behind which stares a face
And sits a body in all ways like your own,
That turns now as you turn.

I turn to work, to do what others in my building do.
I hear—through walls that are thin, dun, easily removable—
Others at work, as perhaps I am intended to.
Perhaps it makes us feel
As one—this listening, being listened to—
Although we rarely meet.

We see each other in a corridor. The smiles come.
Ride up together to another floor. What is there to say?
We live together, minor, in a gigantic home.
We criticize. We stay.
It is a world within a world for some.
For most, security.

And yet on evenings when I stay till ten, almost alone,
Saunter the halls and pay the automat that, hit, spits coffee
In a cup—there's a high-pitched, keen, whistling overtone
As elevators, empty,
Their affable, bland music playing on,
Rise in their shafts and fall,

Ecstatically mechanical, as if, if that place
Had a spirit, it rode there singing in the emptiness.
I listen, drink, and then return to my office,
Where, by night, I feel less
Single than during the days, when faces
Have voices and the rooms hum.

### III

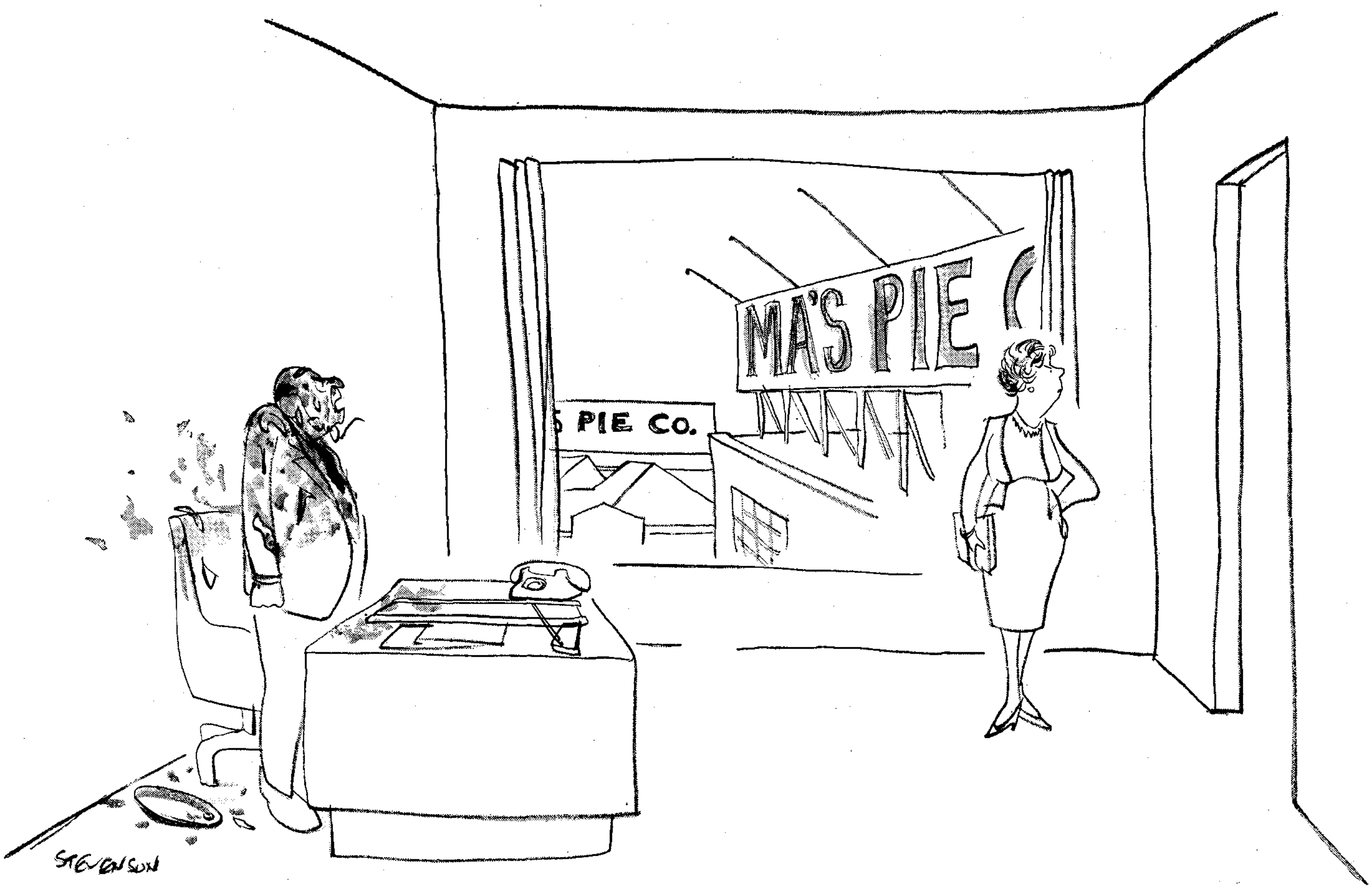
I shall not stay forever. I will go,
Someday, when I can afford to go,
Will leave that stiff, repetitive view
That still suggests there is another who,
With a similar, patient irony,
With the same wishes and glasses, looks at me
As I look out my window, as I wait
For him to move before it grows too late
To move, and walk, decisive, down the hall
To push the button and wait to fall,
And so continue, travelling in air,
Suspended, but moving downward in there,
Stepping out when the quick doors yawn
That close the minute we are gone—
Like a mouth without an appetite.
And, after the subway, walk up to the night.

—Jon Swan

• •

shame. Carter always referred to his roommate as "Jonathan," mouthing the syllables fastidiously, as if he were pronouncing the name of a remote being he had just learned about, like Rochefoucauld or Demosthenes.

Cattycorner up the hall, in unlucky 13, Petersen and Fitch kept a strange household. Both were tall, narrow-shouldered, and broad-bottomed; physiques aside, it was hard to see what they had in common, or why Harvard had put them together. Fitch, with dark staring eyes and the flat full cranium of Frankenstein's monster, was a child prodigy from Maine, choked with philosophy, wild with ideas, and pregnant with the seeds of the nervous breakdown he was to have, eventually, in April. Petersen was an amiable Swede with a transparent skin that revealed blue veins in his nose. For several summers he had worked as a reporter for the Duluth *Herald*. He had all the



*"Damn it all, why is it that no one in this company ever submits his resignation in writing?"*

• •

newsman's tricks: the side-of-the-mouth quip, the nip of whiskey, the hat on the back of the head, the habit of throwing still-burning cigarettes onto the floor. He did not seem quite to know why he was at Harvard, and in fact did not return at the end of the freshman year. But, while these two drifted toward their respective failures, they made a strangely well-suited couple. Each was strong where the other was helpless. Fitch was so uncoördinated and unorganized he could not even type; he would lie on his bed in pajamas, writhing and grimacing, and dictate a tangled humanities paper, twice the requested length and mostly about books that had not been assigned, while Petersen, typing with a hectic two-finger system, would obligingly turn this chaotic monologue into "copy." His patience verged on the maternal. When Fitch appeared for a meal wearing a coat and tie, the joke ran in the dormitory that Petersen had dressed him. In return, Fitch gave Petersen ideas out of the superabundance painfully cramming his big flat head. Petersen had absolutely no ideas; he could neither compare, contrast, nor criticize St. Augustine and Marcus Aurelius. Perhaps having seen, so young, so many corpses and fires, policemen and prostitutes, had prematurely blighted his mind with distrust. At any rate, mothering Fitch gave him something practical to do, and Orson envied them.

He envied all the roommates, whatever the bond between them—geography, race, ambition, physical size—for between himself and Hub Palamountain he could see no link except forced cohabitation. Not that living with Hub was superficially unpleasant. Hub was tidy, industrious, and ostentatiously considerate. He rose at seven, prayed, did Yoga, spun, and was off to breakfast, often not to be seen again until the end of the day. He went to sleep, generally, at eleven sharp. If there was noise in the room, he would insert rubber plugs in his ears, put a black mask over his eyes, and go to sleep anyway. During the day, he kept a rigorous round of appointments: he audited two courses in addition to taking four, he wrestled three times a week for his physical-training requirement, he wangled tea invitations from Demos and Jaeger and the Bishop of Massachusetts, he attended free evening lectures and readings, he associated himself with Phillips Brooks House and spent two afternoons a week supervising slum boys in a Roxbury redevelopment house. In addition, he had begun to take piano lessons in Brookline. Many days, Orson saw him only at meals in the Union, where the dormitory neighbors, in those first fall months when their acquaintance was crisp and young and differing interests had not yet scattered them, tended to regroup around a long table. In these months there was often a debate about the subject posed under their eyes: Hub's vegetarianism. There he would sit, his tray heaped high with a steaming double helping of squash and lima beans, while Fitch would try to locate the exact point at which vegetarianism became inconsistent. "You eat eggs," he said.

"Yes," Hub said.

"You realize that every egg, from the chicken's point of reference, is a newborn baby?"

"But in fact it is not unless it has been fertilized by a rooster."

"But suppose," Fitch pursued, "as sometimes happens—which I happen to know, from working in my uncle's henhouse in Maine—an egg that *should* be sterile has in fact been fertilized and contains an embryo?"

"If I see it, I naturally don't eat that particular egg," Hub said, his lips making that satisfied concluding snap.

Fitch pounced triumphantly, spilling a fork to the floor with a lurch of his hand. "But *why*? The hen feels the same pain on being parted from an egg whether sterile or fertile. The embryo is unconscious—a vegetable. As a vegetarian, you should eat it with special relish." He tipped back in his chair so hard he had to grab the table edge to keep from toppling over.

"It seems to me," Dawson said, frowning darkly—these discussions, clogging some twist of his ego, often spilled him into a vile temper—"that psychoanalysis of hens is hardly relevant."

"On the contrary," Kern said lightly, clearing his throat and narrowing his pink, infected eyes, "it seems to me that there, *in the tiny, dim, shyly innocent mind of the hen*—the minimal mind, as it were—is where the tragedy of the universe achieves a pinpoint focus. Picture the emotional life of a hen. What does she know of companionship? A flock of pecking, harsh-voiced gossips. Of shelter? A few dung-bespattered slats. Of food? Some flecks of mash and grit insolently tossed on the ground. Of love? The casual assault of a polygamous cock. Then, into this heartless world, there suddenly arrives, as if by magic, an egg. An egg of her own. An egg, it must seem to her, that she and God have made. How she must cherish it, its beautiful baldness, its gentle lustre, its firm yet somehow fragile, softly swaying weight."

Carter *had* broken up. He bent above his tray, his eyes tight shut, his dark face contorted joyfully. "Puhleese," he gasped at last. "You're making my stomach hurt."

"Ah, Carter," Kern said loftily, "if that were only the worst of it. For then, one day, while the innocent hen sits cradling this strange, faceless, oval child, its little weight swaying softly in her wings"—he glanced hopefully at Carter, but the colored boy bit his lower lip and withstood the jab—"an enormous man, smelling of beer and manure, comes and tears the egg from her grasp. And why? Because *he*"—Kern pointed, arm fully extended, across the table, so that his index finger, orange with nicotine, almost touched Hub's nose—"*he*, Saint Henry Palamountain, wants more eggs to eat. 'More eggs!' he cries voraciously, so that brutal steers and faithless pigs can continue to menace the children of American mothers!"

Dawson slammed his silver down, got up from the table, and slouched out of the dining room. Kern blushed. In the silence, Petersen put a folded slice of roast beef in his mouth and said, chewing, "Jesus, Hub, if somebody else kills the animals you might as well eat 'em. They don't give a damn any more."

"You understand nothing," Hub said simply.

"Hey, Hub," Silverstein called down from the far end of the table. "What's the word on milk? Don't calves drink milk? Maybe you're taking milk out of some calf's mouth."

Orson felt impelled to speak. "*No*," he said, and his voice seemed to have burst, its pitch was so unsteady and excited. "As anybody except somebody from New York would know, milch cows have weaned their calves. What I wonder about, Hub, is your shoes. You wear leather shoes."

"I do." The gaiety left Hub's defense of himself. His lips became prim.

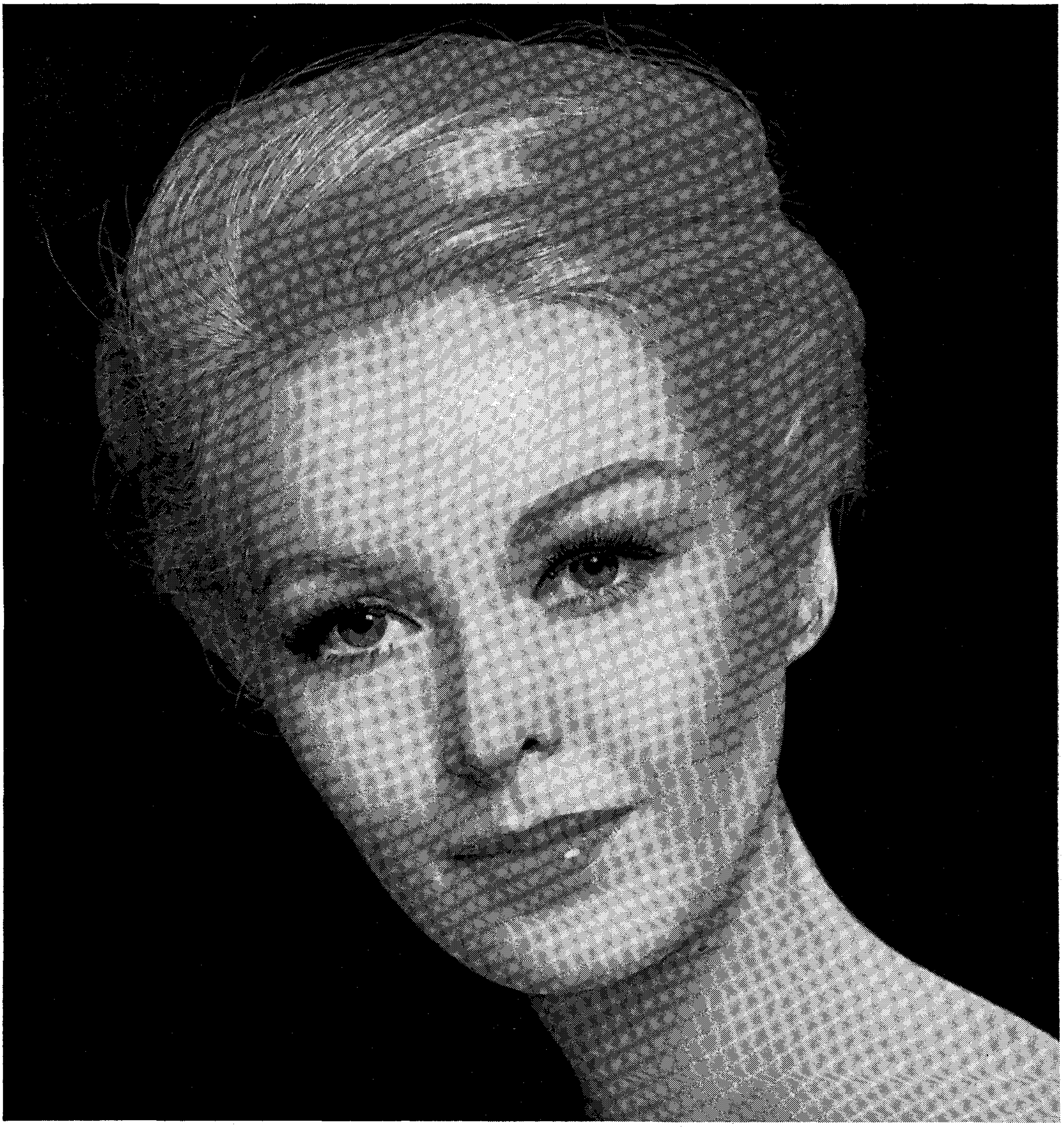
"Leather is the skin of a steer."

"But the animal has already been slaughtered."

"You sound like Petersen. Your purchase of leather goods—what about your wallet and belt, for that matter?—encourages the slaughter. You're as much of a murderer as the rest of us. More of one—because you think about it."

Hub folded his hands carefully in front of him, propping them, almost in prayer, on the table edge. His voice became like that of a radio announcer, but an announcer rapidly, softly describing the home stretch of a race. "My belt, I believe, is a form of plastic. My wallet was given to me by my mother years ago, before I became a vegetarian. Please remember that I ate meat for eighteen years and I still have an appe-

*"I think you're funny, the court thinks you're funny, but the Queen doesn't think you're funny."*



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tite for it. If there were any other concentrated source of protein, I would not eat eggs. Some vegetarians do not. On the other hand, some vegetarians eat fish and take liver extract. I would not do this. Shoes are a problem. There is a firm in Chicago that makes non-leather shoes for extreme vegetarians, but they're very expensive and not comfortable. I once ordered a pair. They killed my feet. Leather, you see, 'breathes' in a way no synthetic substitute does. My feet are tender; I have compromised. I apologize. For that matter, when I play the piano I encourage the slaughter of elephants, and in brushing my teeth, which I must do faithfully because a vegetable diet is so heavy in carbohydrates, I use a brush of pig bristles. I am covered with blood, and pray daily for forgiveness." He took up his fork and resumed eating the mound of squash.

Orson was amazed; he had been impelled to speak by a kind of sympathy, and Hub had answered as if he alone were an enemy. He tried to defend himself. "There are perfectly wearable shoes," he said, "made out of canvas, with crêpe-rubber soles."

"I'll look into them," Hub said. "They sound a little sporty to me."

Laughter swept the table and ended the subject. After lunch Orson walked to the library with the beginnings of indigestion; a backwash of emotion was upsetting his stomach. There was a growing tangle inside him he could not resolve. He resented being associated with Hub, and yet felt attacked when Hub was attacked. It seemed to him that Hub deserved credit for putting his beliefs into practice, and that people like Fitch and Kern, in mocking, merely belittled themselves. Yet Hub smiled at their criticism, took it as a game, and fought back in earnest only at Orson, forcing him into a false position. Why? Was it, somehow, because in being also a Christian he alone qualified for serious rebuke? But Carter went to church, wearing a blue pin-striped suit with a monogrammed handkerchief in the breast pocket, every Sunday; Petersen was a nominal Presbyterian; Orson had once seen Kern coming out of Mem Chapel; and even Koshland observed his holidays, by cutting classes and skipping lunch. Why, therefore, Orson asked himself, should Hub pick on him? And why should he care? He had no real respect for Hub. Hub's handwriting was childishly large and careful and his first set of hour exams, even in the course on Plato and Aristotle, had yielded a batch of C's. Orson resented being condescended to

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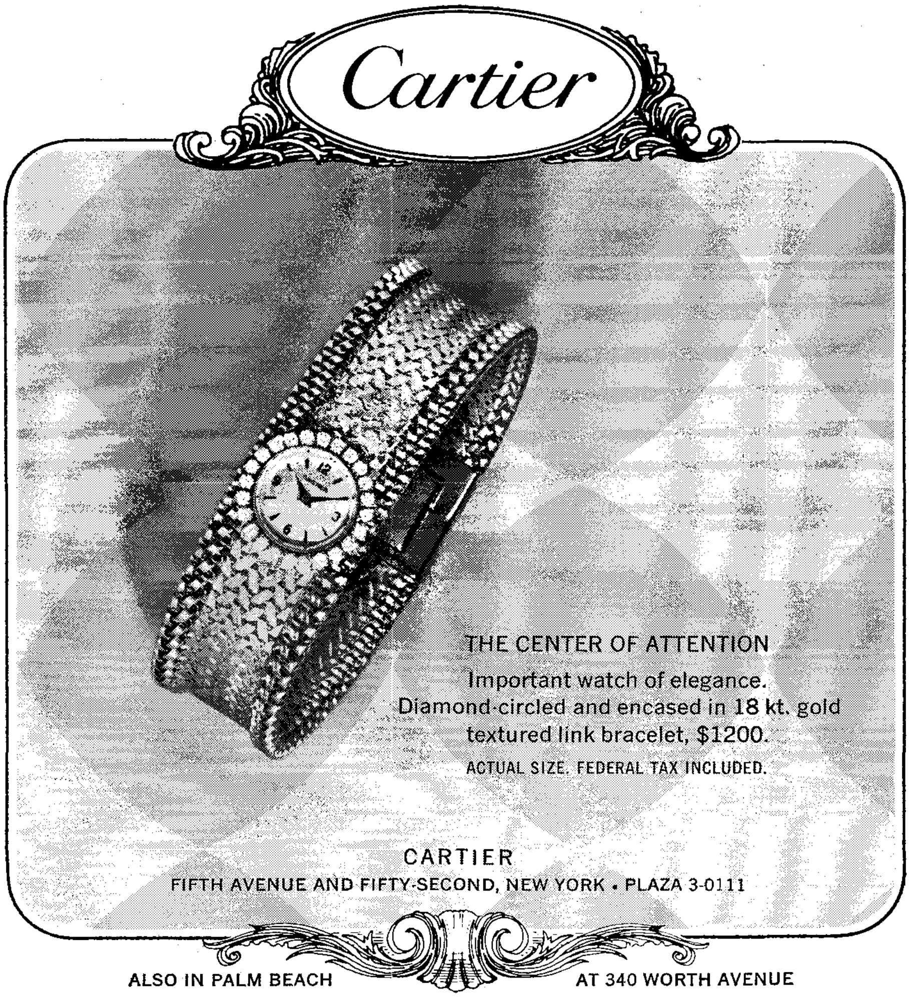

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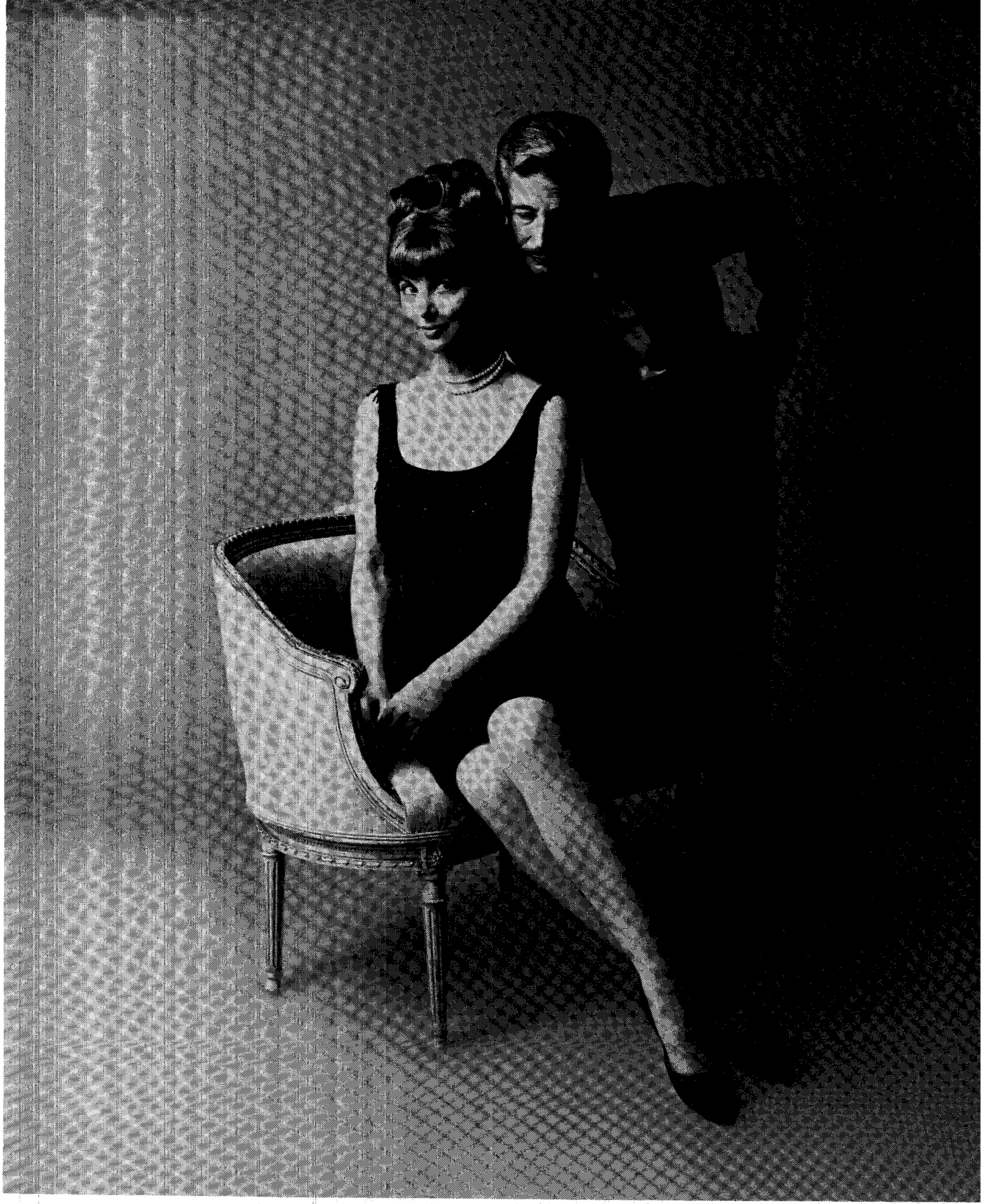

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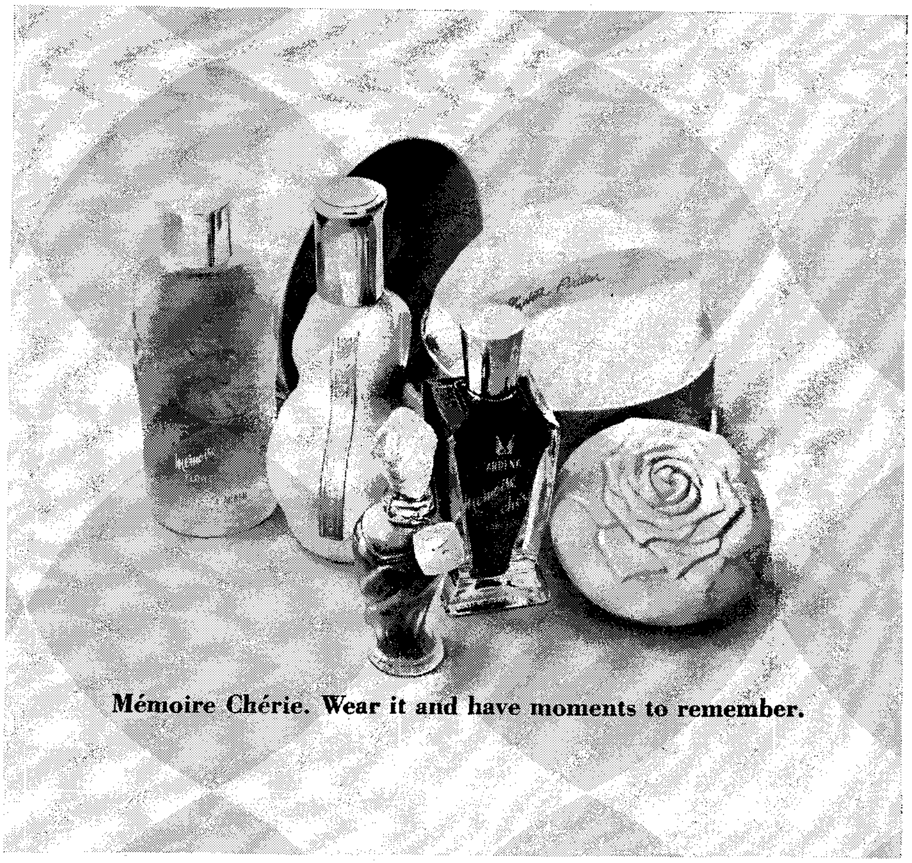
by an intellectual inferior. The knowledge that at the table he had come off second best galled him like an unfair grade. His situation with Hub became in his head a diagram in which all his intentions curved off at right angles and his strengths inversely tapered into nothing. Behind the diagram hung the tuck of complacence in Hub's lips, the fishy impudence of his eyes, and the keenly irksome shape and tint of his hands and feet. These images—Hub disembodied—Orson carried with him into the library, back and forth to classes, and along the congested streets around the Square; now and then the glaze of an eye or the flat yellowish nail of a big toe welled up distinctly through the pages of a book and, greatly magnified, slid with Orson into the unconsciousness of sleep. Nevertheless, he surprised himself, sitting one February afternoon in Room 12 with Dawson and Kern, by blurting, "I hate him." He considered what he had said, liked the taste of it, and repeated, "I hate the bastard. I've never hated anybody before in my life." His voice cracked and his eyes warmed with abortive tears.

They had all returned from Christmas vacation to plunge into the weird limbo of reading period and the novel ordeal of midyear exams. This was a dormitory, by and large, of public-school graduates, who feel the strain of Harvard most in their freshman year. The private-school boys, launched by little Harvards like Exeter and Groton, tend to glide through this year and to run aground later on strange reefs, foundering in alcohol, or sinking into a dandified apathy. But the institution demands of each man, before it releases him, a painful sacrifice of ballast. At Christmas, Orson's mother thought he looked haggard, and set about fattening him up. On the other hand, he was struck by how much his father had aged and shrunk. Orson spent his first days home listening to the mindless music on the radio, hours of it, and driving through farmland on narrow straight roads already banked bright with plowed snow. The South Dakota sky had never looked so open, so clean; he had never realized before that the high dry sun that made even sub-zero days feel warm around noon was a local phenomenon. He made love to his girl again, and again she cried. He said to her he blamed himself, for ineptitude; but in his heart he blamed her. She was not helping him. Back in Cambridge, it was raining, raining in January, and the entryway of the Coop was full of gray



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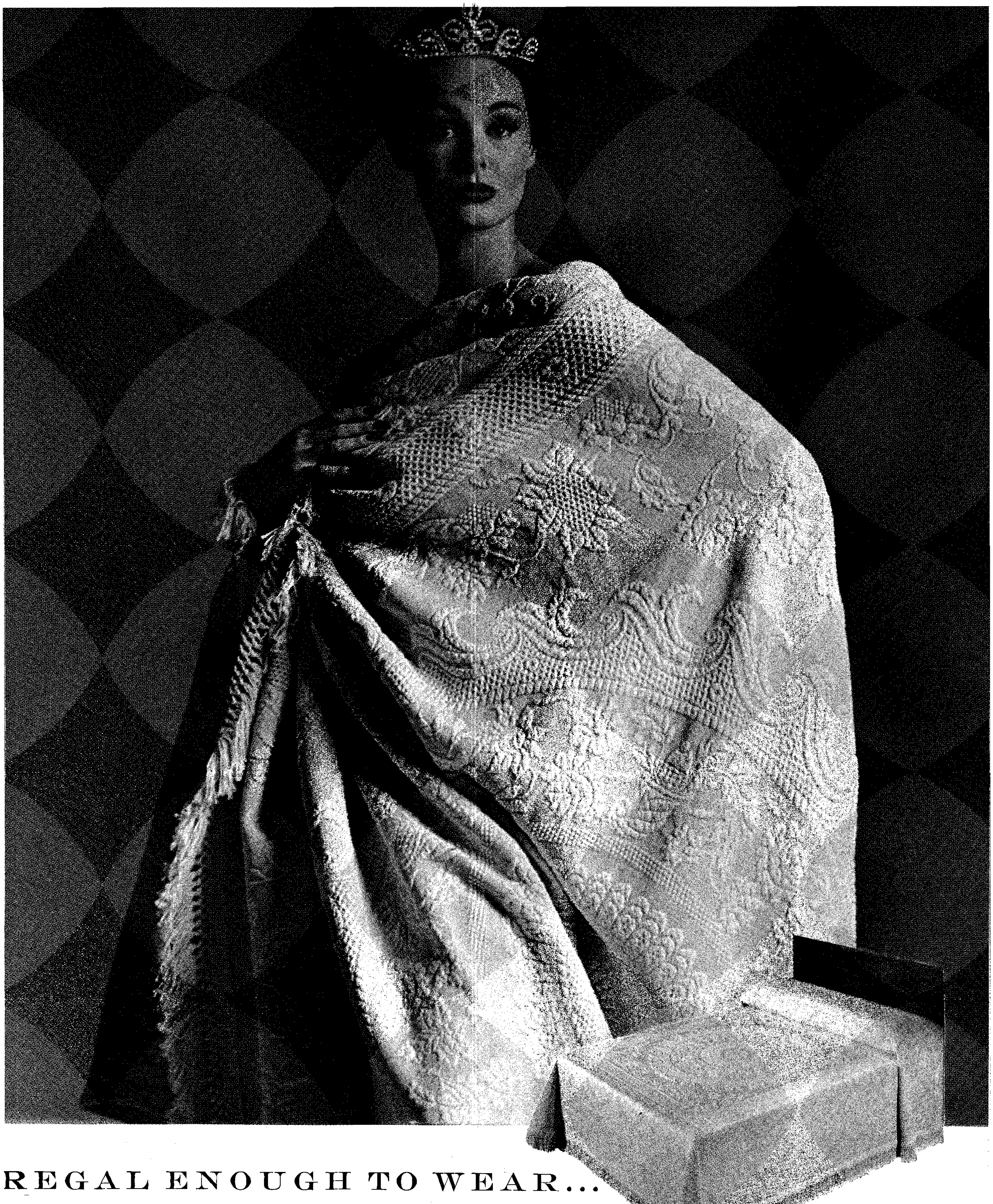

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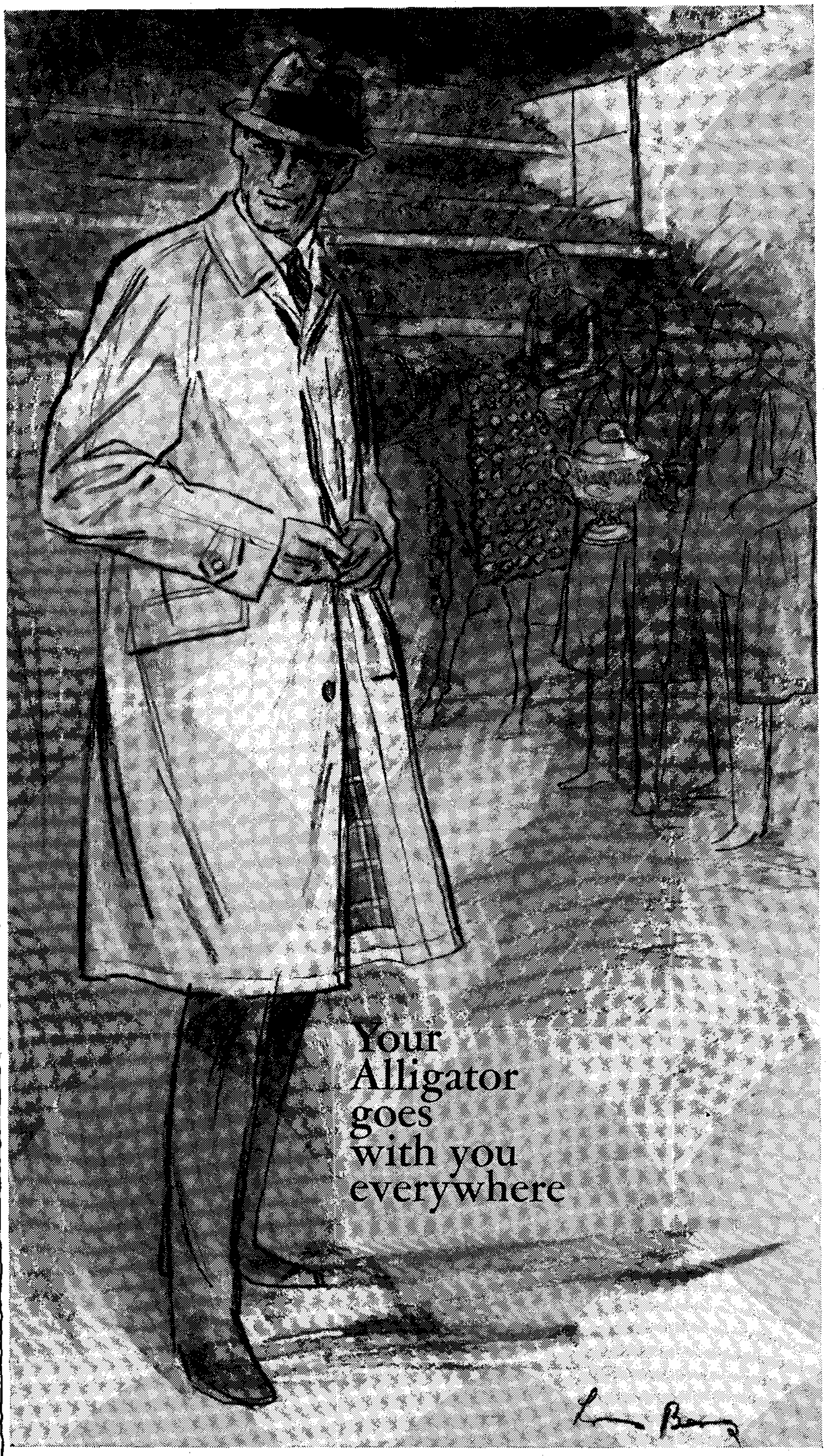
In the monotonous, almost hallucinatory month of rereading, outlining, and memorizing, Orson perceived how little he knew, how stupid he was, how unnatural all learning is, and how futile. Harvard rewarded him with three A's and a B. Hub pulled out two B's and two C's. Kern, Dawson, and Silverstein did well; Petersen, Koshland, and Carter got mediocre grades; Fitch flunked one subject, and Young flunked three. The pale Negro slunk in and out of the dorm as if he were diseased and marked for destruction; he became, while still among them, a rumor. The suppressed whistling of the trumpet mouthpiece was no longer heard. Silverstein and Koshland and the basketball crowd adopted Carter and took him to movies in Boston three or four times a week.

After exams, in the heart of the Cambridge winter, there is a grateful pause. New courses are selected, and even the full-year courses, heading into their second half, sometimes put on, like a new hat, a fresh professor. The days delicately lengthen; there is a snowstorm or two; the swimming and squash teams lend the sports pages of the *Crimson* an unaccustomed note of victory. A kind of foreshadow of spring falls bluely on the snow. The elms are seen to be shaped like fountains. The discs of snow pressed by boots into the sidewalk by Albiani's seem large precious coins; the brick buildings, the arched gates, the archaic lecterns, and the barny mansions along Brattle Street dawn upon the freshman as a heritage he temporarily possesses. The thumbworn spines of his now familiar textbooks seem proof of a certain knowingness, and the strap of the green book bag tugs at his wrist like a living and lightly fierce thing. The letters from home dwindle in importance. The hours open up. There is more time. Experiments are made. Courtships begin. Conversations go on and on; and an almost rapacious desire for mutual discovery possesses acquaintances. It was in this atmosphere, then, that Orson made his confession.

Dawson turned his head away as if the words had menaced him personally. Kern blinked, lit a cigarette, and asked, "What don't you like about him?"

"Well"—Orson shifted his weight uncomfortably in the black but graceful, shapely but hard Harvard chair—



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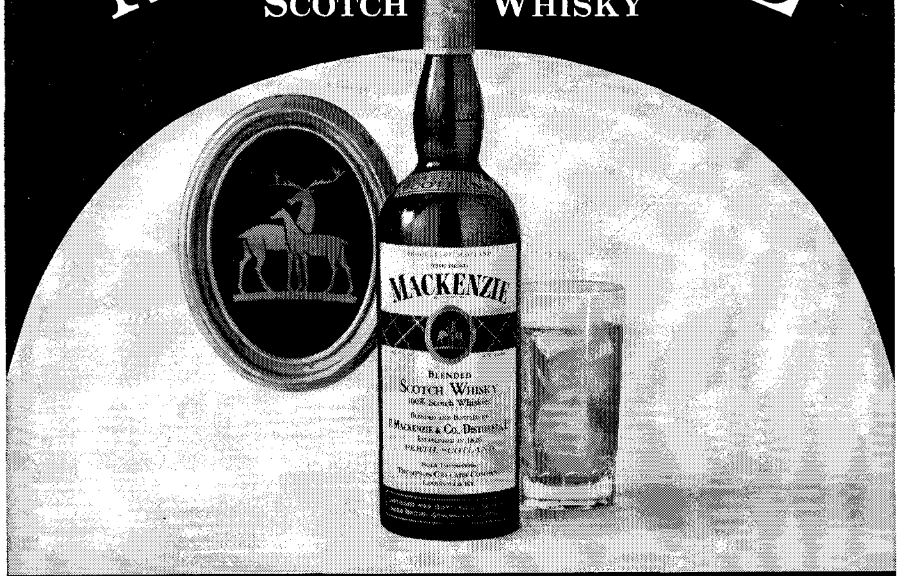

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"it's little things. Whenever he gets a notice from the Portland draft board, he tears it up without opening it and scatters it out the window."

"And you're afraid that this incriminates you as an accessory and they'll put you in jail?"

"No—I don't know. It seems exaggerated. He exaggerates everything. You should see how he prays."

"How do you know how he prays?"

"He shows me. Every morning, he gets down on his knees and *throws* himself across the bed, his face in the blanket, his arms way out." He showed them.

"God," Dawson said. "That's marvellous. It's medieval. It's more than medieval. It's Counter-Reformation."

"I mean," Orson said, grimacing in realization of how deeply he had betrayed Hub, "I pray, too, but I don't make a show of myself."

A frown clotted Dawson's expression, and passed.

"He's a saint," Kern said.

"He's *not*," Orson said. "He's not intelligent. I'm taking Chem 1 with him, and he's worse than a child with math. And those Greek books he keeps on his desk, they look worn because he bought them second-hand."

"Saints don't have to be intelligent," Kern said. "What saints have to have is energy. Hub has it."

"Look how he wrestles," Dawson said.

"I doubt if he wrestles very *well*," Orson said. "He didn't make the freshman team. I'm sure if we heard him play the piano, it'd be awful."

"You seem to miss the point," Kern said, eyes closed, "of what Hub's all about."

"I know goddam well what he thinks he's all about," Orson said, "but it's fake. It doesn't go. All this vegetarianism and love of the starving Indian—he's really a terribly cold bastard. I think he's about the coldest person I've ever met in my life."

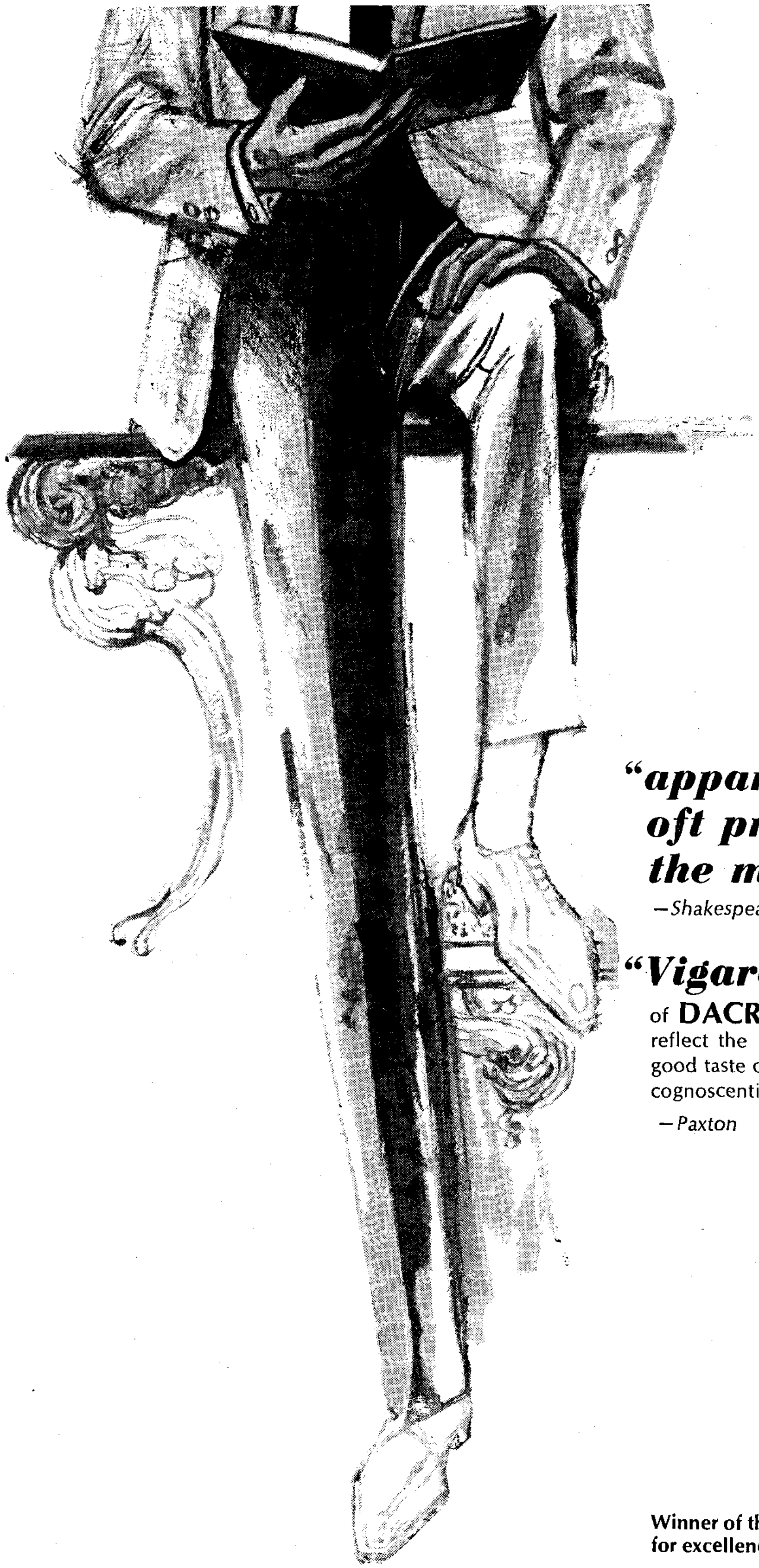
"I don't think Orson thinks that; do you?" Kern asked Dawson.

"No," Dawson said, and his puppyish smile cleared his cloudy face. "That's not what Orson the Parson thinks."

Kern squinted. "Is it Orson the Parson, or Orson the Person?"

"I think Hub is the nub," Dawson said.

"Or the rub," Kern added, and both burst into grinding laughter. Orson felt he was being sacrificed to the precarious peace the two roommates kept between themselves, and left, superficially insulted but secretly flattered to have



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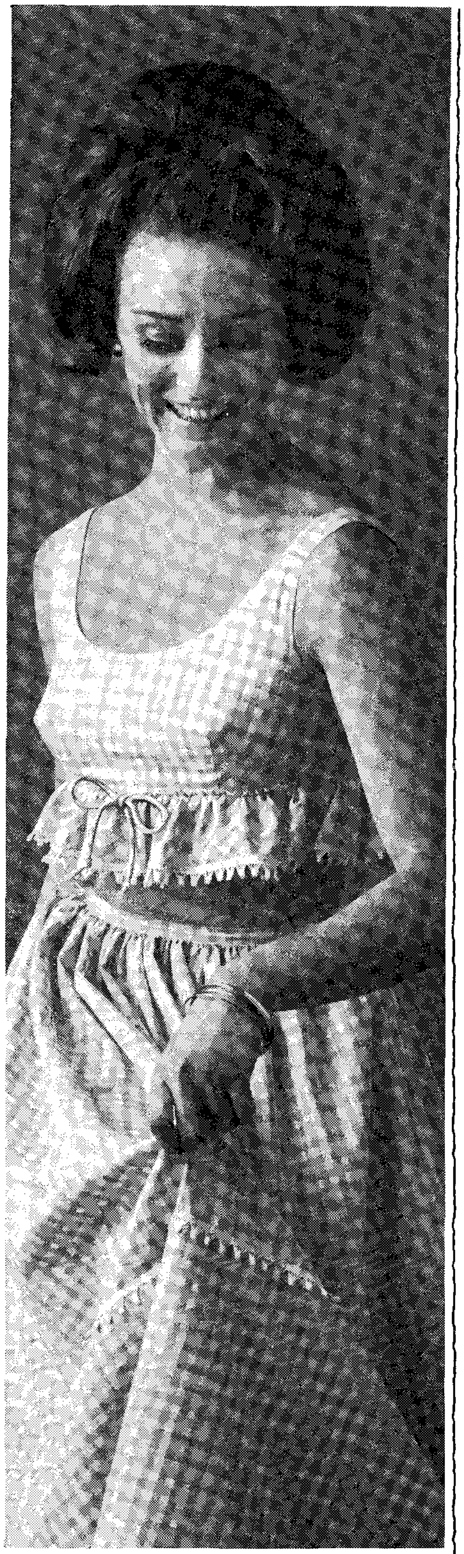

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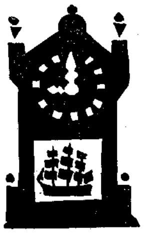
been given, at last, a nickname of sorts. Orson the Parson.

SEVERAL nights later they went to hear Carl Sandburg read in New Lecture Hall—the four adjacent roommates, plus Fitch. To avoid sitting next to Hub, who aggressively led them into a row of seats, Orson delayed, and so sat the farthest away from the girl Hub sat directly behind. Orson noticed her immediately; she had a lavish mane of coppery red hair which hung down loose over the back of her seat. The color of it, and the abundance, reminded him, all at once, of horses, earth, sun, wheat, and home. From Orson's angle she was nearly in profile; her face was small, with a tilted shadowy cheekbone and a pale prominent ear. Toward the pallor of her profile he felt an airily orgasmatic surge; she seemed suspended in the crowd and was floating, a crest of whiteness, toward him. She turned away. Hub had leaned forward and was saying something into her other ear. Fitch overheard it, and gleefully relayed it to Dawson, who whispered to Kern and Orson: "*Hub said to the girl, 'You have beautiful hair.'*"

Several times during the reading, Hub leaned forward to add something more into her ear, each time springing spurts of choked laughter from Fitch, Dawson, and Kern. Meanwhile, Sandburg, his white bangs as straight and shiny as a doll's cap of artificial fibre, incanted above the lectern and quaintly strummed a guitar. Afterward, Hub walked with the girl into the outdoors. From a distance Orson saw her white face turn and crumple into a laugh. Hub returned to his friends with the complacent nick in the corner of his mouth deepened, in the darkness, to a gash.



It was not the next day, or the next week, but within the month that Hub brought back to the room a heap of red hair. Orson found it lying like a diaphanous corpse on a newspaper spread on his bed. "Hub, what the hell is this?"

Hub was on the floor playing with his spinning wheel. "Hair."

"*Human* hair?"

"Of course."

"Whose?"

"A girl's."

"What happened?" The question sounded strange; Orson meant to ask, "What girl's?"

Hub answered as if he had asked that question. "It's a girl I met at the Sandburg reading; you don't know her."

"This is *her* hair?"

"Yes. I asked her for it. She said she was planning to cut it all off this spring anyway."

Orson stood stunned above the bed, struggling against an urge to bury his face in the hair and revive it with his breath. "You've been *seeing* her?" This effeminate stridence in his voice: he despised it and only Hub brought it out.

"A little. My schedule doesn't allow for much social life, but my adviser has recommended that I relax now and then."

"You take her to movies?"

"Once in a while. She pays her admission, of course."

"Of *course*."

Hub took him up on his tone. "Please remember I'm here on my savings alone. I have refused all financial assistance from my father."

"Hub"—the very syllable seemed an expression of pain—"what are you going to do with her hair?"

"Spin it into a rope."

"A *rope*?"

"Yes. It'll be very difficult; her hair is terribly fine."

"And what will you do with the rope?"

"Make a knot of it."

"A *knot*?"

"I think that's the term. I'll coil it and secure it so it can't come undone and give it to her. So she'll always have her hair the way it was when she was nineteen."

"How the hell did you talk this poor girl into it?"

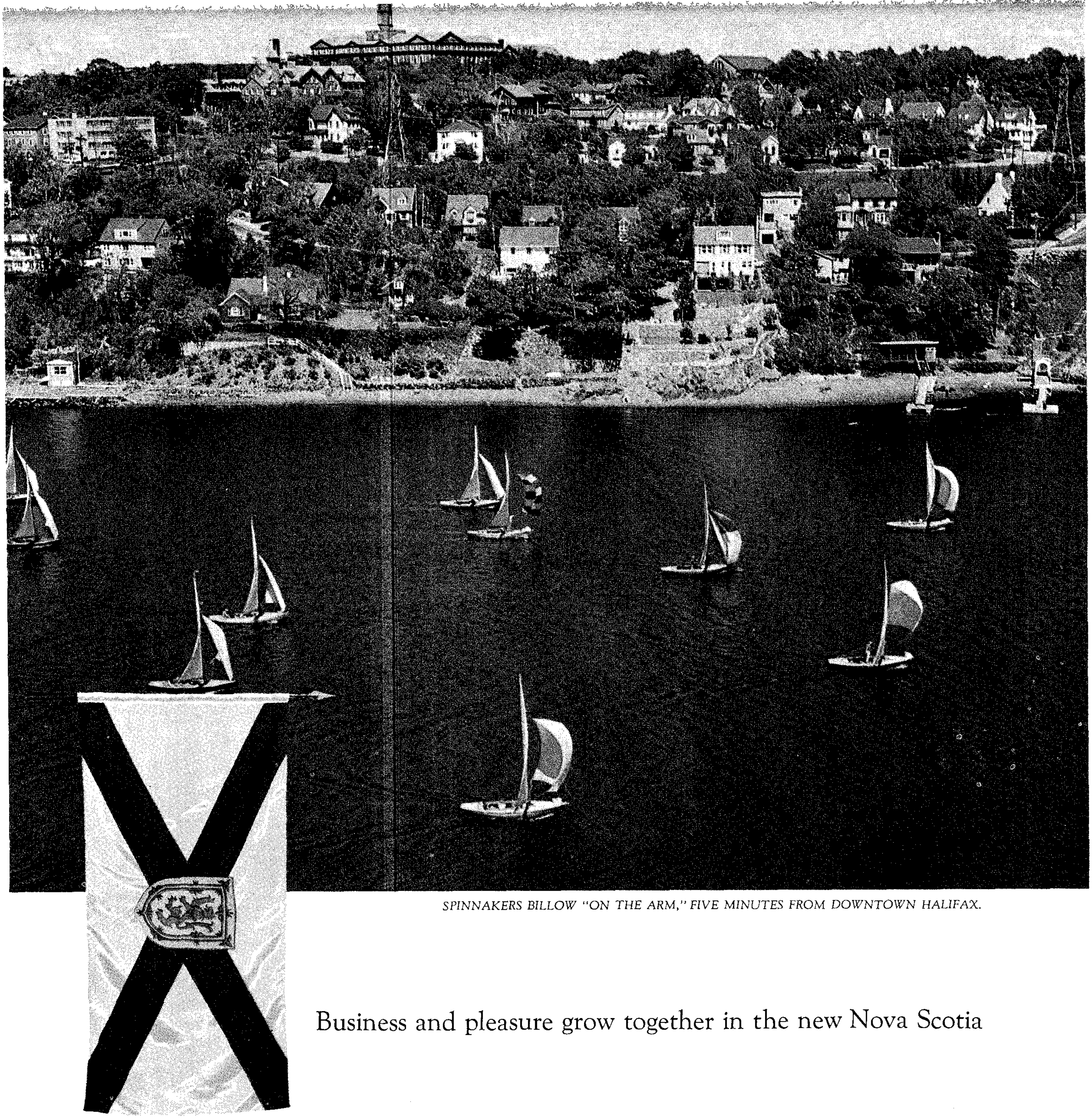
"I didn't talk her into it. I merely offered, and she thought it was a lovely idea. Really, Orson, I don't see why this should offend your bourgeois scruples. Women cut their hair all the time."

"She must think you're insane. She was humoring you."

"As you like. It was a perfectly rational suggestion, and my sanity has never been raised as an issue between us."

"Well *I* think you're insane. Hub, you're a *nut*."

Orson left the room and slammed the door, and didn't return until eleven, when Hub was asleep in his eye mask. The heap of hair had been transferred to the floor beside the spinning wheel, and already some strands were entangled with the machine. In time a rope was produced, a braided cord as thick as a woman's little finger, about a foot long, weightless and waxen. The earthy, horsy fire in the hair's color had been quenched in the process. Hub carefully coiled it and with black thread



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and long pins secured and stiffened the spiral into a disc the size of a small saucer. This he presented to the girl one Friday night. The presentation appeared to satisfy him, for as far as Orson knew Hub had no further dates with her. Once in a while Orson passed her in the Yard, and without her hair she scarcely seemed female, her small pale face fringed in curt tufts, her ears looking enormous. He wanted to speak to her; some obscure force of pity, or hope of rescue, pushed him to greet this wan androgyne, but the opening word stuck in his throat. She did not look as if she pitied herself, or knew what had been done to her.

Something magical protected Hub; things deflected from him. The doubt Orson had cast upon his sanity bounced back onto himself. As spring slowly broke, he lost the ability to sleep. Figures and facts churned sluggishly in an insomniac clamor. His courses became four parallel puzzles. In mathematics, the crucial transposition upon which the solution pivoted consistently eluded him, vanishing into the chinks between the numbers. The quantities in chemistry became impishly unstable; the unbalanced scales clicked down sharply and the system of interlocked elements that fanned from the lab to the far stars collapsed, as if a Devil defying measurement had been permitted to infiltrate the Universe. In the history survey course, they had reached the Enlightenment, and Orson found himself disturbingly impressed by Voltaire's indictment of God, though the lecturer handled it calmly, as one more dead item of intellectual history, neither true nor false. And in German, which Orson had taken to satisfy his language requirement, the words piled on remorselessly, and the existence of languages other than English, the existence of so many, each so vast, intricate, and opaque, seemed to prove cosmic dementia. He felt his mind, which was always more steady than quick, grow slower and slower. His chair threatened to adhere to him, and he would leap up in panic. Sleepless, stuffed with information he could neither forget nor digest, he became prey to obsessive delusions; he became convinced that his girl in South Dakota had taken up with another boy and was making love to him happily, Orson having shouldered the awkwardness and blame of taking her virginity. In the very loops that Emily's ball-point pen described in her bland letters to him he read the pleased rotundity, the inner fatness of a well-loved woman. He even knew the man. It was Spotted Elk, the black-nailed Chippewa, whose impas-

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sive nimbleness had so often mocked Orson on the basketball court, whose terrible ease and speed of reaction had seemed so unjust, and whose defense—he recalled now—Emily had often undertaken. His wife had become a whore, a squaw; the scraggly mute reservation children his father had doctored in the charity clinic became, amid the sliding transparencies of Orson's mind, his own children. In his dreams—or in those limp elisions of imagery which in the absence of sleep passed for dreams—he seemed to be rooming with Spotted Elk, and his roommate, who sometimes wore a mask, invariably had won, by underhanded means, the affection and admiration that were rightfully his. There was a conspiracy. Whenever Orson heard Kern and Dawson laughing on the other side of the wall, he knew it was about him, and about his most secret habits. This ultimate privacy was outrageously invaded; in bed, half-relaxed, he would suddenly see himself bodily involved with Hub's lips, Hub's legs, with Hub's veined, vaguely womanish hands. At first he resisted these visions, tried to erase them; it was like trying to erase ripples on water. He learned to submit to them, to let the attack—for it was an attack, with teeth and sharp acrobatic movements—wash over him, leaving him limp enough to sleep. These dives became the only route to sleep. In the morning he would awake and see Hub sprawled flamboyantly across his bed in prayer, or sitting hunched at his spinning wheel, or, gaudily dressed, tiptoeing to the door and with ostentatious care closing it softly behind him; and he would hate him—hate his appearance, his form, his manner, his pretensions with an avidity of detail he had never known in love. The tiny details of his roommate's physical existence—the wrinkles flickering beside his mouth, the slightly withered look about his hands, the complacently polished creases of his leather shoes—seemed a poisonous food Orson could not stop eating. His eczema worsened alarmingly.

By April, Orson was on the verge of going to the student clinic, which had a department called Mental Health. But at this point Fitch relieved him by having, it seemed, his nervous breakdown for him. For weeks, Fitch had been taking several showers a day. Toward the end he stopped going to classes and was almost constantly naked, except for a towel tucked around his waist. He was trying to complete a humanities paper that was already a month overdue and twenty pages too long. He left the dormitory only to eat and to take more books from the library. One

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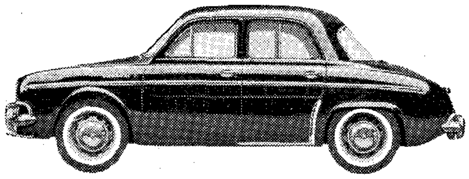

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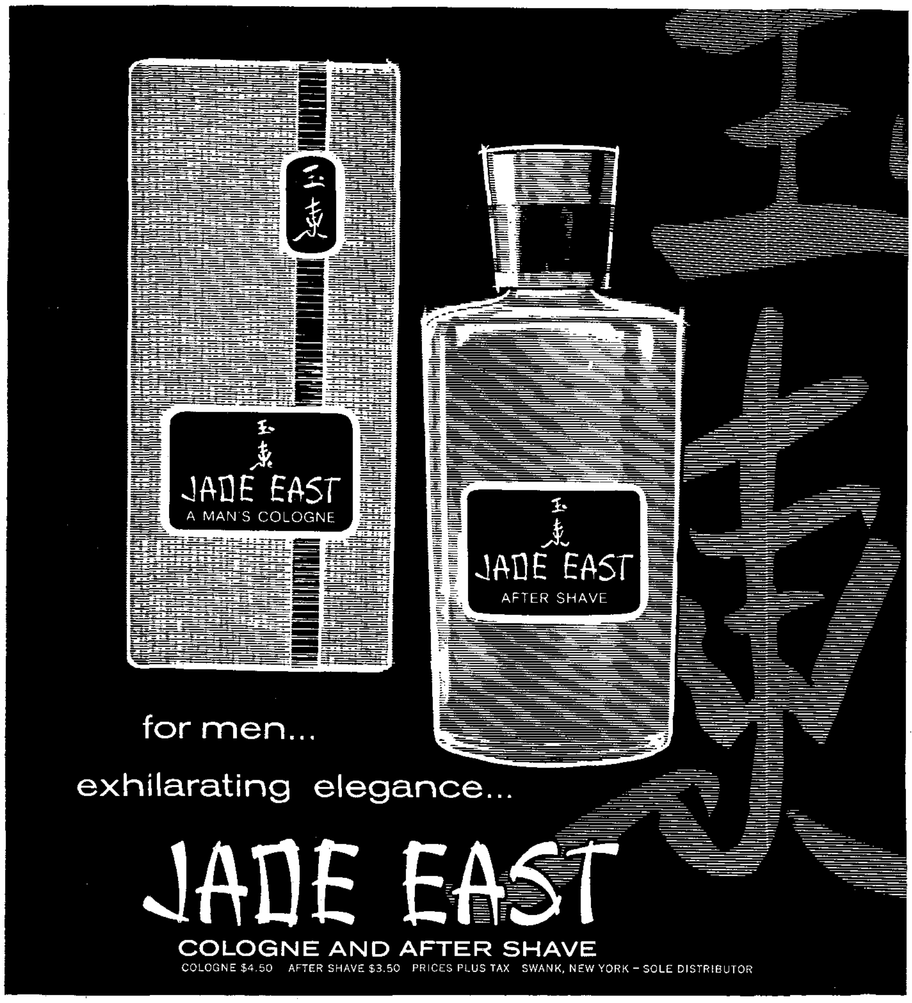

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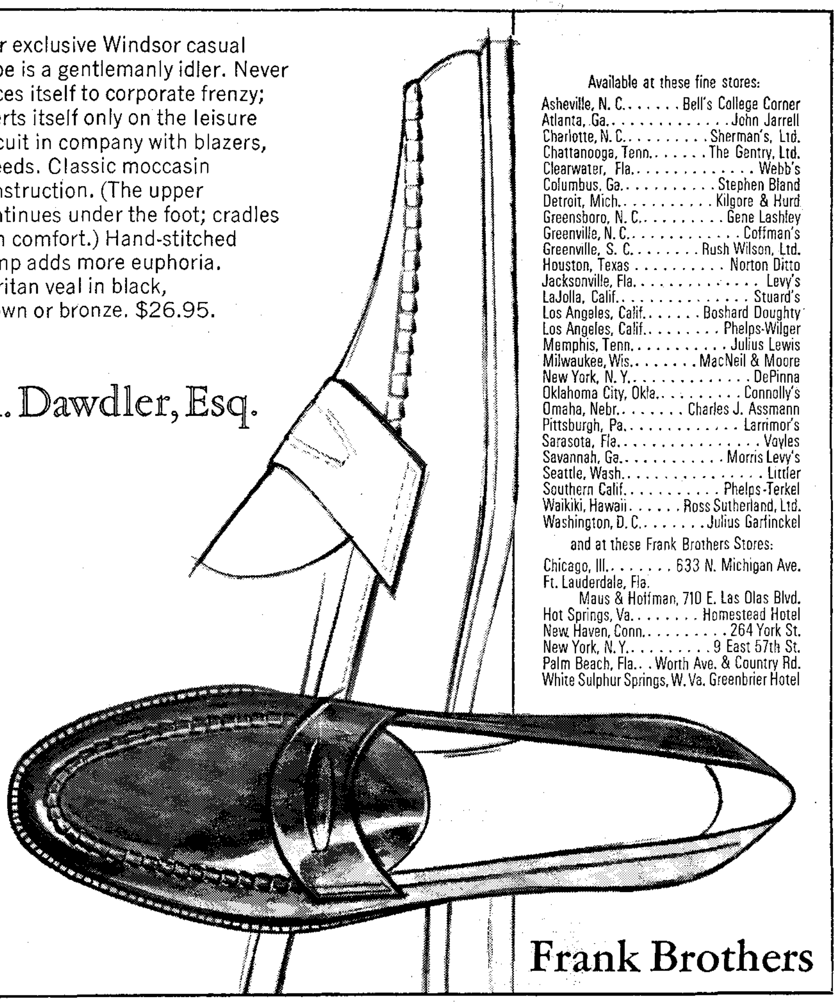

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night around nine, Petersen was called to the phone on the second-floor landing. The Watertown police had picked Fitch up as he was struggling through the underbrush on the banks of the Charles four miles away. He claimed he was walking West, where he had been told there was enough space to contain God, and proceeded to talk with wild animation to the police chief about the differences and affinities between Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. Hub, ever alert for an opportunity to intrude in the guise of doing good, went to the hall proctor—a spindly and murmurous graduate student of astronomy engaged, under Harlow Shapley, in an endless galaxy count—and volunteered himself as an expert on the case, and even conferred with the infirmary psychologist. Hub's interpretation was that Fitch had been punished for *hubris*. The psychologist felt the problem was fundamentally Oedipal. Fitch was sent back to Maine. Hub suggested to Orson that now Petersen would need a roommate next year. "I think you and he would hit it off splendidly. You're both materialists."

"I'm *not* a materialist."

Hub lifted his dreadful hands in half-blessing. "Have it your way. I'm determined to minimize friction."

"Dammit, Hub, all the friction between us comes from *you*."

"How? What do I do? Tell me, and I'll change. I'll give you the shirt off my back." He began to unbutton, and stopped, seeing that the laugh wasn't going to come.

Orson felt weak and empty, and in spite of himself he cringed inwardly, with a helpless affection for his unreal, unreachable friend. "I don't know, Hub," he admitted. "I don't know what it is you're doing to me."

A paste of silence dried in the air between them.

Orson with an effort unstuck himself. "I think you're right, we shouldn't room together next year."

Hub seemed a bit bewildered, but nodded, saying, "I told them in the beginning that I ought to live alone." And his hurt eyes bulging behind their lenses settled into an invulnerable Byzantine stare.

ONE afternoon in middle May, Orson was sitting stumped at his desk, trying to study. He had taken two exams and had two to go. They stood between him and release like two towering walls of muddy paper. His position seemed extremely precarious: he was unable to retreat and able to advance only along a very thin thread, a high wire of sanity

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on which he balanced above an abyss of statistics and formulae, his brain a firmament of winking cells. A push would kill him. There was a hurried pounding up the stairs, and Hub pushed into the room carrying cradled in his arm a metal object the color of a gun and the size of a cat. It seemed to have a red tongue. Hub slammed the door behind him, snapped the lock, and dumped the object on Orson's bed. It was the head of a parking meter, sheared from its post. A keen quick pain cut through Orson's groin. "For God's sake," he cried, falsetto, "what's *that*?"

"It's a parking meter."

"I *know*, I can *see* that. Where the hell did you *get* it?"

"I won't talk to you until you stop being hysterical," Hub said, and crossed to his desk, where Orson had put his mail. He took the top letter, a special delivery from the Portland draft board, and tore it in half. This time, the pain went through Orson's chest. He put his head in his arms on the desk and the whirling and groping in the black-red darkness there might have been prayer. His body was frightening him; his nerves listened for a third psychosomatic slash.

There was a rap on the door; from the force of the knock, it could only be the police. Hub nimbly dashed to the bed and hid the meter under Orson's pillow. Then he pranced to the door and opened it.

It was Dawson and Kern. "What's up?" Dawson asked, frowning as if the disturbance had been created to annoy him.

"It sounded like Ziegler was being tortured," Kern said.

Orson pointed at Hub and explained, "He's castrated a parking meter!"

"I did not," Hub said. "A car went out of control on Mass. Avenue and hit a parked car, which knocked a meter down. A crowd gathered. The head of the meter was lying in the gutter, so I picked it up and carried it away. I was afraid someone might be tempted to steal it."

"Nobody tried to stop you?" Kern asked.

"Of course not. They were all gathered around the driver of the car."

"Was he hurt?"

"I doubt it. I didn't look."

"You didn't *look!*" Orson cried. "You're a great Samaritan."

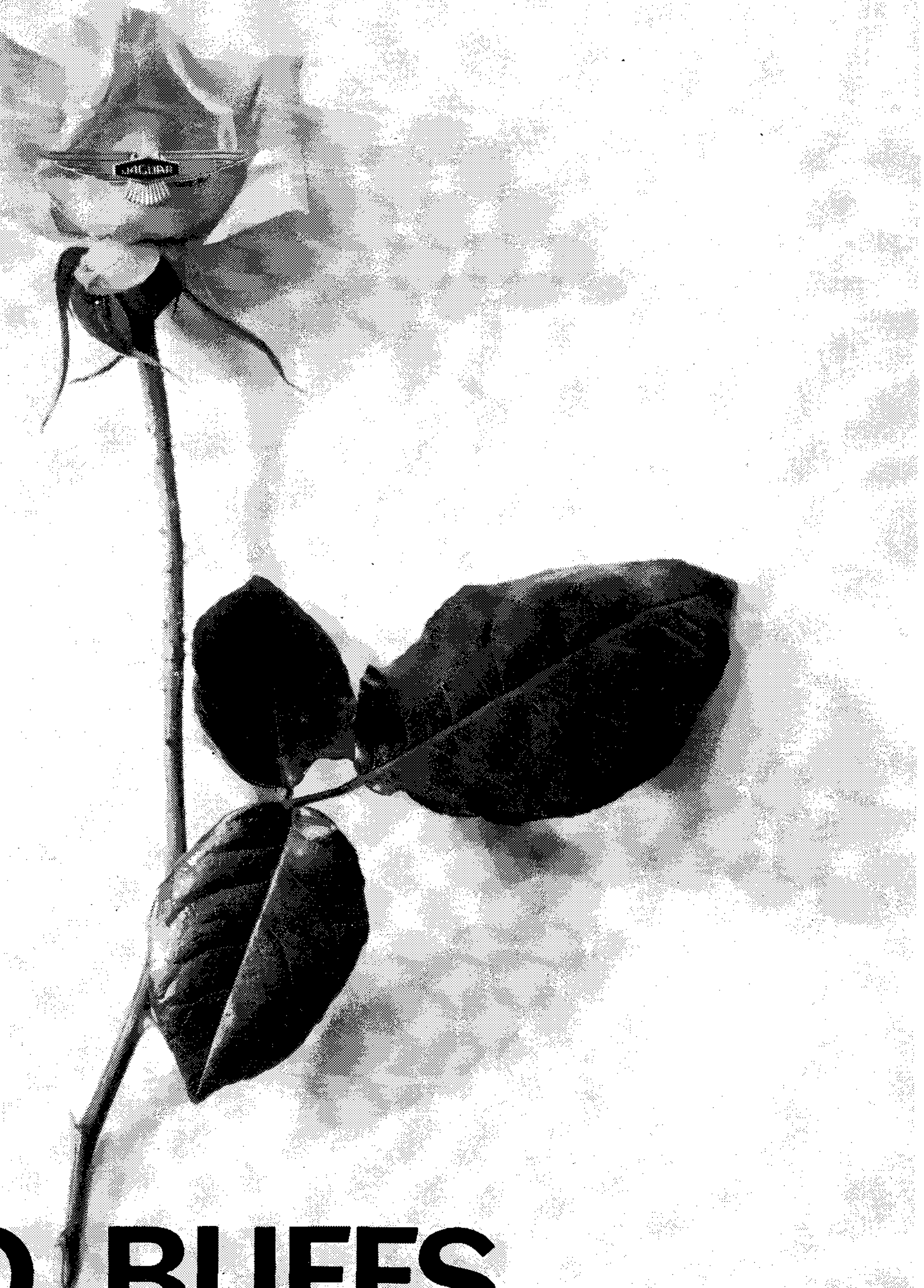
"I am not prey," Hub said, "to morbid curiosity."

"Where were the police?" Kern asked.

"They hadn't arrived yet."

Dawson asked, "Well why didn't

Thanks for the bouquet!



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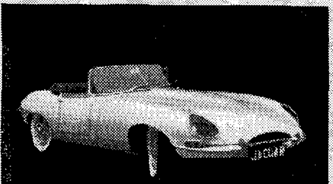
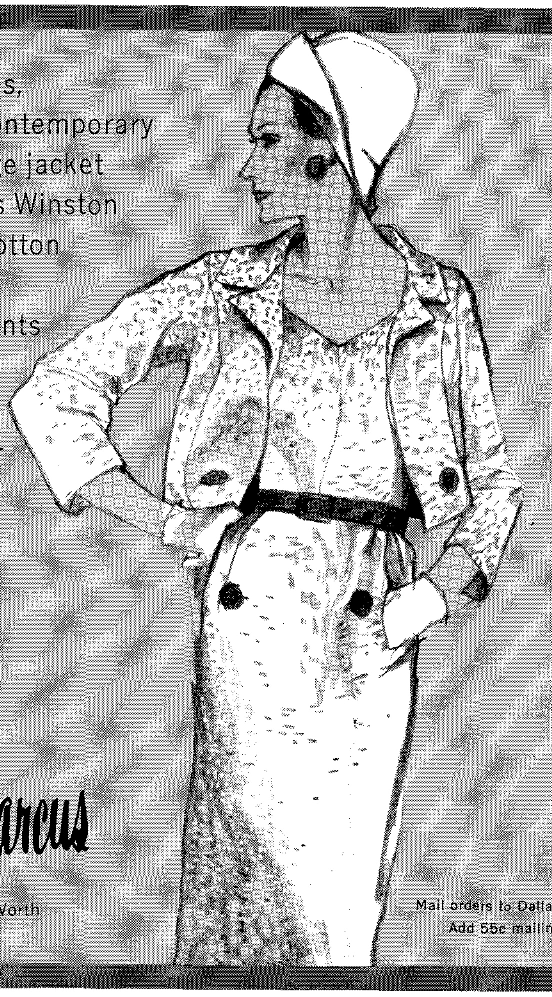


A different breed of cat.



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you wait till a cop arrived and give the meter to him?"

"Why should I give it to an agent of the State? It's no more his than mine."

"But it *is*," Kern said.

"It was a plain act of Providence that placed it in my hands," Hub said, the corners of his lips dented securely. "I haven't decided yet which charity should receive the money it contains."

Dawson asked, "But isn't that stealing?"

"No more stealing than the State is stealing in making people pay money for space in which to park their cars."

"Hub," Orson said, getting to his feet. "You give it back or we'll both go to jail." He saw himself ruined, the arduously constructed career of his life destroyed.

Hub turned serenely. "I'm not afraid. Going to jail under a totalitarian regime is a mark of honor. If you had a conscience, you'd understand."

Petersen and Carter and Silverstein came into the room. Some boys from the lower floors followed them. The story was hilariously retold. The meter was produced from under the pillow and passed around and shaken to demonstrate the weight of pennies it contained. Hub always carried, as a vestige of the lumberjack country he came from, an intricate all-purpose pocket knife. He began to pry open the little gray locked door. Orson came up behind him and got him around the neck with one arm. Hub's body stiffened. He passed the head of the meter and the knife to Carter, and then Orson experienced sensations of being lifted, of flying, and of lying on the floor, looking up at Hub's face, which was upside down in his vision. He scrambled to his feet and went for him again, rigid with anger and yet, in his heart, beautifully relaxed; Hub's body was tough and quick and satisfying to grip, though, being a wrestler, he somehow deflected Orson's hands and again lifted and dropped him to the black floor. This time, Orson felt a blow as his coccyx hit the wood; yet even through the pain he perceived, gazing into the heart of this marriage, that Hub was being as gentle with him as he could be. And that he could try in earnest to kill Hub and be in no danger of succeeding was also a comfort. He renewed the attack and again enjoyed the tense defensive skill that made Hub's body a kind of warp in space through which his own body, after an ecstatic instant of contention, was converted to the supine position. He got to his feet and would have gone for Hub the fourth time, but his fellow-freshmen grabbed his

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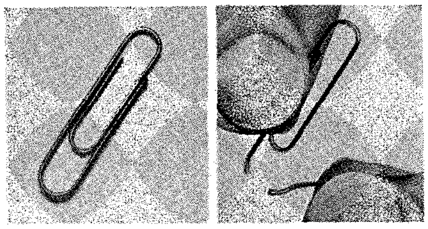

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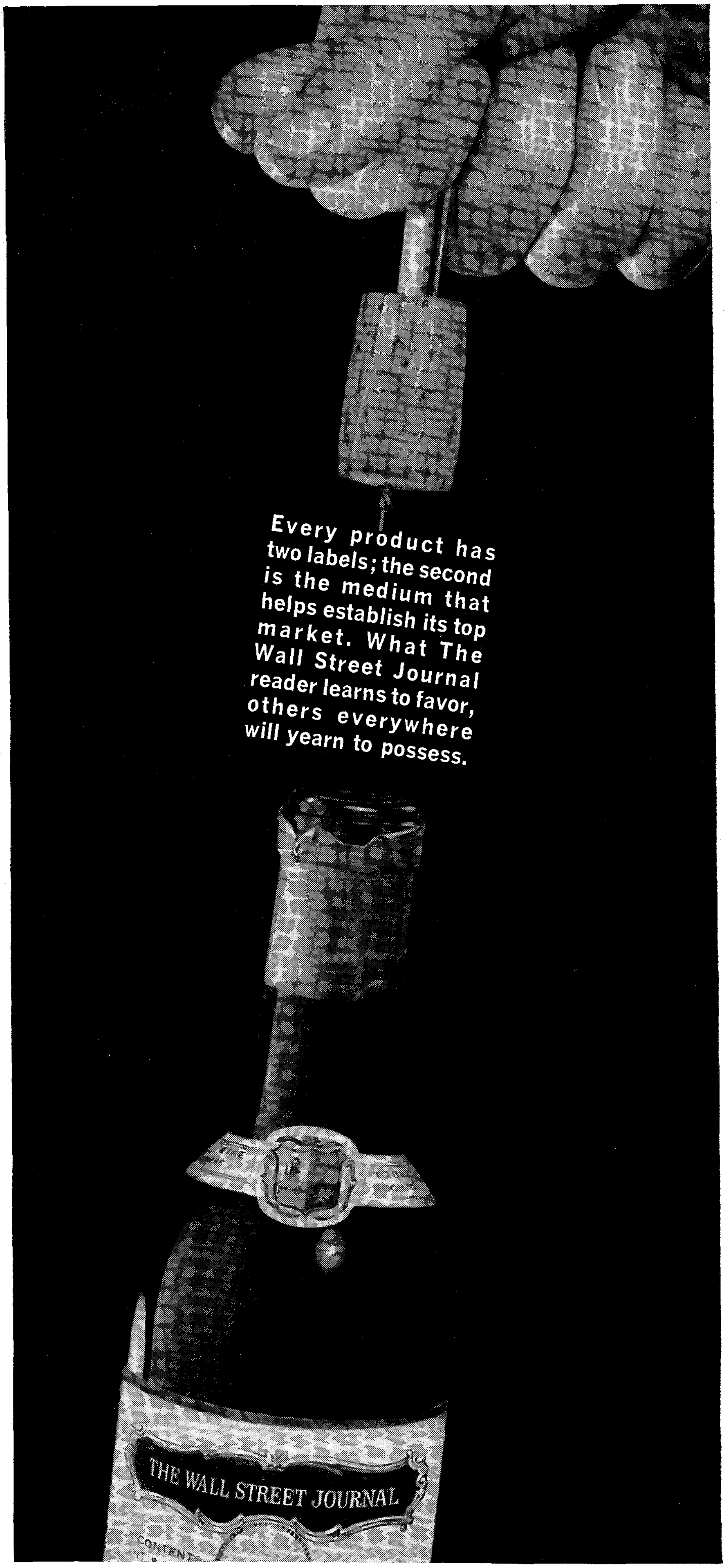
arms and held him. He shook them off and without a word returned to his desk and concentrated down into his book, turning the page. The type looked exquisitely distinct, though it was trembling too hard to be deciphered.

The head of the parking meter stayed in the room for one night. The next day, Hub allowed himself to be persuaded (by the others; Orson had stopped speaking to him) to take it to the Cambridge police headquarters in Central Square. Dawson and Kern tied a ribbon around it and attached a note: "Please take good care of my baby." None of them, however, had the nerve to go with Hub to the headquarters, though when he came back he said the chief was delighted to get the meter, and had thanked him, and had agreed to donate the pennies to the local orphans' home. In another week, the last exams were over. The freshmen all went home. When they returned in the fall, they were different: sophomores. Petersen and Young did not come back at all. Fitch returned, made up the lost credits, and eventually graduated *magna cum* in History and Lit. He now teaches in a Quaker prep school. Silverstein is a biochemist, Koshland a lawyer. Dawson writes conservative editorials in Cleveland, Kern is in advertising in New York. Carter, as if obliged to join Young in oblivion, disappeared between his junior and senior years. The dormitory neighbors tended to lose sight of each other, though Hub, who had had his case shifted to Massachusetts jurisdiction, was now and then pictured in the *Crimson*, and once gave an evening lecture, "Why I Am a Conscientious Objector." As the litigation progressed, the Bishop of Massachusetts rather grudgingly vouched for him, and by the time of his final hearing the Korean War was over, and the judge who heard the case ruled that Hub's convictions were sincere, as witnessed by his willingness to go to jail. Hub was rather disappointed at the verdict, since he had prepared a three-year reading list to occupy him in his cell and was intending to memorize all four Gospels in Greek. After graduation, he went to Union Theological Seminary, spent several years as the assistant rector of an urban parish in Baltimore, and learned to play the piano well enough to be the background music in a downtown cocktail lounge. He insisted on wearing his clerical collar, and as a consequence gave the bar a small celebrity. After a year of overriding people of less strong convictions, he was allowed to go to South Africa, where he worked


Every product has two labels; the second is the medium that helps establish its top market. What The Wall Street Journal reader learns to favor, others everywhere will yearn to possess.
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

and preached among the Bantus until the government requested that he leave the country. From there he went to Nigeria, and when last heard from—on a Christmas card, with French salutations and Negro Magi, which arrived, soiled and wrinkled, in South Dakota in February—Hub was in Madagascar, as a "sort of combination missionary, political agitator, and soccer coach." The description struck Orson as probably facetious, and Hub's childish and confident handwriting, with every letter formed as if it were a Greek character, afflicted him with some of the old exasperation. Having vowed to answer the card, he lost the return address, uncharacteristically.

Orson didn't speak to Hub for two days after the parking-meter incident. By then, it seemed rather silly, and they finished out the year sitting side by side at their desks as amiably as two cramped passengers who have endured a long bus trip together. When they parted, they shook hands, and Hub would have walked Orson to the subway kiosk except that he had an appointment in the opposite direction. Orson received two A's and two B's on his final exams; for the remaining three years at Harvard, he roomed uneventfully with two other colorless pre-med students, named Wallace and Neuhauser. After graduation, he married Emily, attended the Yale School of Medicine, and interned in St. Louis. He is now the father of four children and, since the death of his own father, the only doctor in the town. His life has gone much the way he planned it, and he is much the kind of man he intended to be when he was eighteen. He delivers babies, assists the dying, attends meetings, plays golf, and in a grudging and quiet way does good. He is honorable and irritable. If not as much loved as his father, he is perhaps even more respected. In one particular only—a kind of scar he carries without pain and without any clear memory of the amputation—does the man he is differ from the man he assumed he would become. He never prays.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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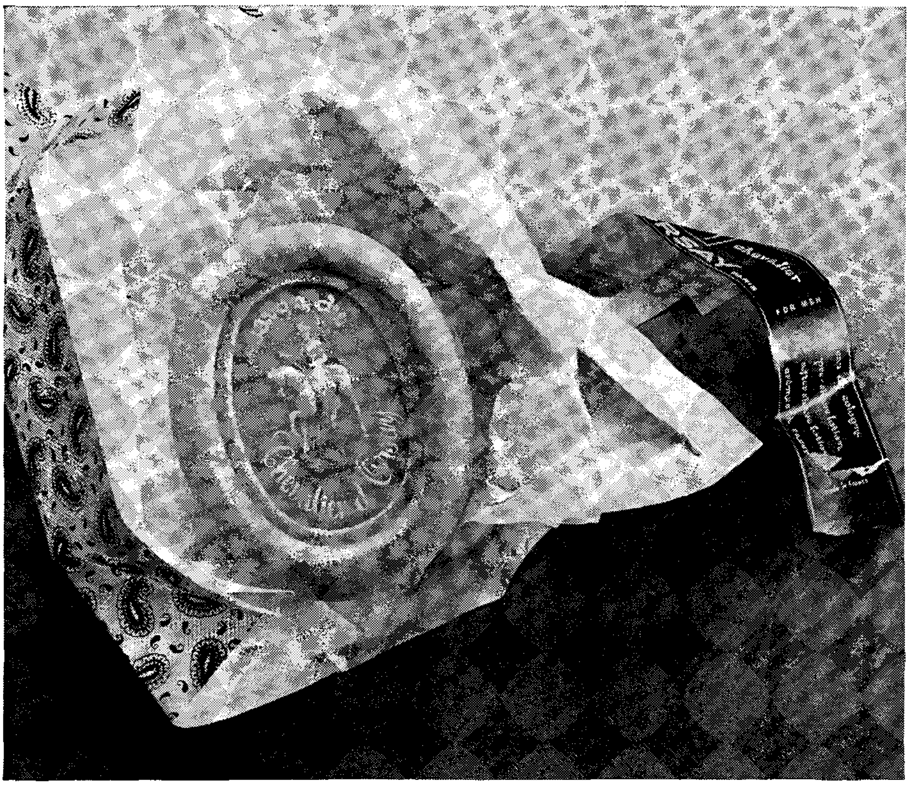

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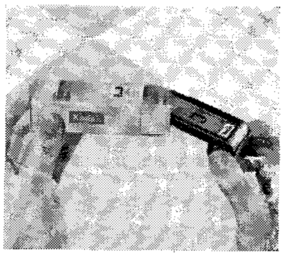

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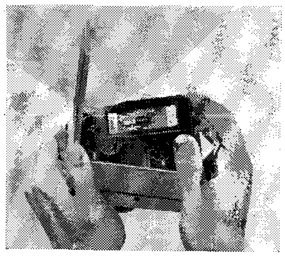

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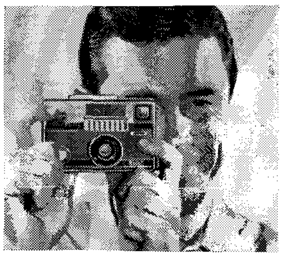

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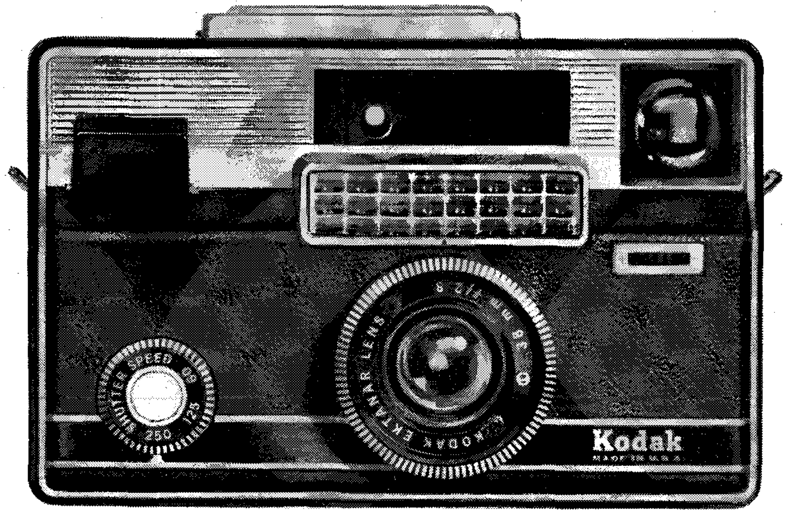

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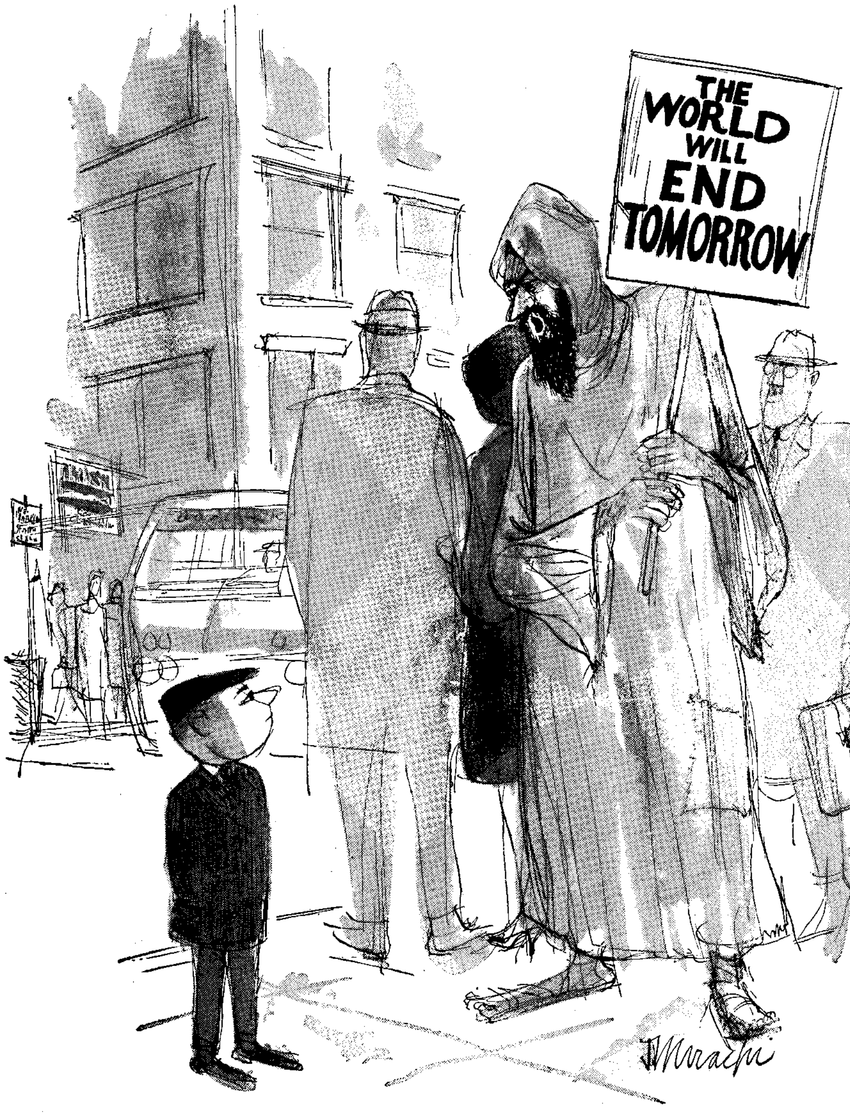
# THE THEATRE

## PORTRAIT OF FANNY

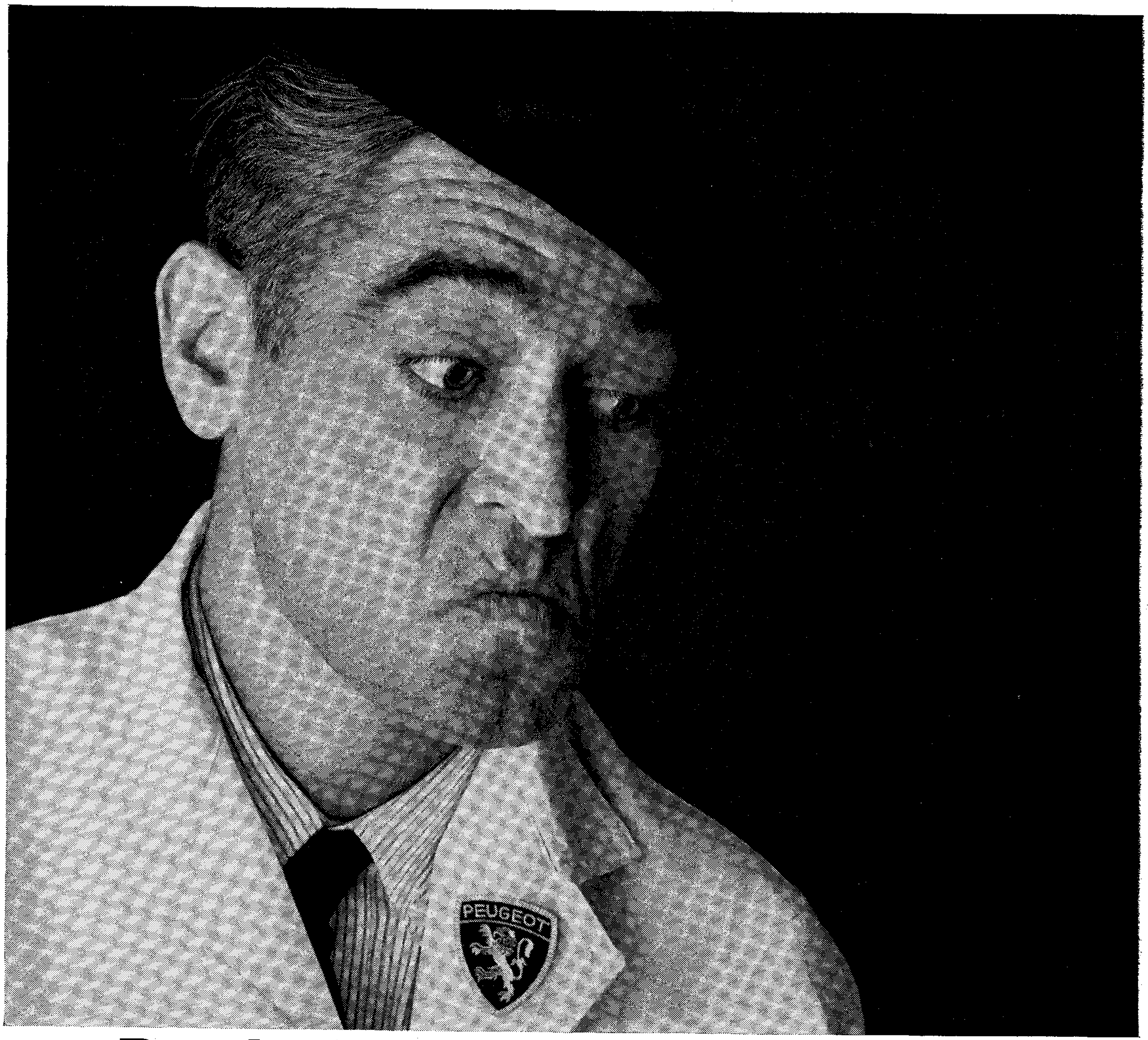
IN an attempt to bring back the lavish old days of Ziegfeld, "Funny Girl," at the Winter Garden, uses a flaccid plot concerned with the romantic ups and downs of one of Ziegfeld's brightest stars, Fanny Brice, who, as you may remember, got mixed up fairly early in her career with an elegant con man named Nicky Arnstein. In the leading role, Barbra Streisand, who is loud, earthy, and energetic, doesn't convey much of Fanny Brice's warmth, but she must be commended even so, for she lines out her songs with authority and steps about with agility. The songs, by Jule Styne (music) and Bob Merrill (lyrics), are not, perhaps, as memorable as such famous Brice ballads as "My Man" and "Rose of Washington Square," but they are serviceable, and certainly they give a good deal of bounce to the production numbers, which were staged by Carol Haney under the over-all supervision of Jerome Robbins. The cast of "Funny Girl" is large, but it is Miss Streisand who usually has to keep the show in motion, and if her activities at times become a little too high-pressure (for my taste, at least), she proves herself here—as she proved herself in "I Can Get It for You Wholesale"—to be a resourceful performer. Among the nice airs that Mr. Styne and Mr. Merrill have devised for "Funny Girl" I might mention "Cornet Man," "People," and "Don't Rain on My Parade," but some of the others are probably just as meritorious. Under the direction of Garson Kanin, all hands reveal a lot of verve, and I was particularly taken with Kay Medford, who plays Miss Brice's mother, and with Danny Meehan, who plays a friend and adviser of Miss Brice. Mr. Meehan is the only actor I've come across who can whistle while standing on his head, and he is also a pretty spry lad right side up, as he demonstrates early on, in a fine soft-shoe dance with Miss Medford. As Arnstein, Sydney Chaplin isn't given much to do, and mostly he just stands around looking handsome. At times, though, his placidity is welcome, particularly when the proceedings become too boisterous.


THE WORLD WILL END TOMORROW

"*I say so. That's who says so.*"

I DON'T know what the title "Never Live Over a Pretzel Factory" signifies, and I don't want to, but a play by that name opened at the Eugene O'Neill last week. It has to do with three young would-be movie-makers who live in a basement beneath a Chinese restaurant in downtown Manhattan. The place is in constant turmoil because the residents have to keep hiding their furnishings from a snoopy building inspector who has pronounced the basement a non-residential area. As it happens, one of the youths is a busboy at Sardi's, and presently he meets up with a drunken movie star, who promises to use his influence to promote the trio's film—it's something called "Lonely Sunday"—and therewith moves into the basement. The movie star, it seems, is hiding out from his producer, who wants to take him to Morocco to do an American Western. There are jokes about hiring the Spanish Army, about a Mount Kisco brothel that is mistaken for a schoolhouse, and about the effects of boozing. A character is introduced who does a dismal imitation of W. C. Fields. Let's go no further with this except to record that it was written by Jerry Devine, that it was staged (phrenetically) by Albert Marre, and that Dennis O'Keefe plays the Hollywood sot.

"A MURDERER AMONG US" closed after one performance at the Morosco. A French play by Yves Jamiaque in an adaptation by George White, it had to do with a librarian who had been unjustly sentenced to ten years in prison for murdering somebody



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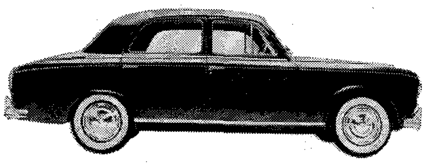

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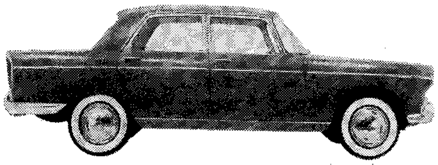

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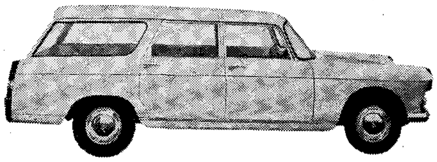

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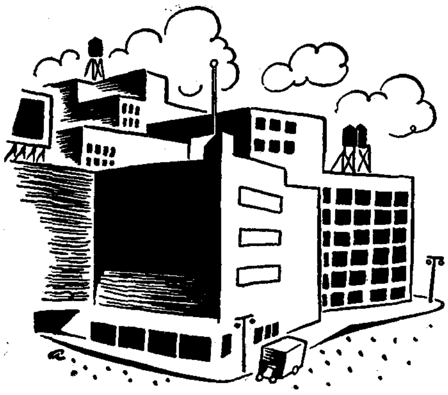
and who returned to his home town threatening to murder somebody else in revenge. It was a very dreary exercise.

—John McCarten

## OFF BROADWAY

### *Over the Edge*

LeRoi Jones, whose "Dutchman" is the final one-acter of "Three at the Cherry Lane," is an original and talented young dramatist. For about three-quarters of the way, his play has a kind of deadly wit and passionate wild comedy that are his alone, and then, sad to say, he almost literally sends it all up in smoke, under what I feel is the mistaken impression that in order to have point and impact a good story must be given general and even symbolic implications. Himself a Negro, Mr. Jones presents a young Negro who is accosted in the subway and subjected to a sort of mocking seduction by a crazy, though fascinating, blonde in a tight-fitting jersey dress. At first, the girl seems just a nutty bohemian type and scarcely dangerous—which, indeed, she turns out to be. She begins by needling him and trying to provoke him in every way, and ends up by goading him with such trigger words as "Uncle Tom" and "nigger." Finally, he can stand it no longer and tells her off in an outburst of fury that goes on for quite a while and encompasses all the anger of the Negro against white people. There is no doubt that this anger is justified, but there is also no doubt, I think, that in this case it is inartistic, weakening the character and the play. Up to the time of the outburst, the boy has been winning every round anyway, and it just won't do to suddenly cast him as the representative of the exploited telling off his exploiters. Much of what he says, however deeply felt it may be, has been said before. There are echoes of James Baldwin's essays, and even of Adrienne Kennedy's "Funnyhouse of a Negro." At any rate, somewhere in the middle of the harangue the rage sounded hollow to me—cooked up rather than real—and I



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stopped trusting the playwright. It is too bad to see a writer as gifted and as one-of-a-kind as Mr. Jones forcing himself into any sort of familiar mold. Still, the pre-outburst dialogue could scarcely be funnier or more painful or fuller of surprises, and even much of the monologue is forceful and satisfying to an invective fan like me. The language and some of the business are as rough as any I've ever been exposed to in the theatre, and both seemed to me entirely appropriate to the characters and the situation.

Mr. Jones has written two wonderful parts, and Jennifer West and Robert Hooks do them justice. Miss West is remarkably vivid and willful and funny and strange, and Mr. Hooks is good, too, recording any number of changes in emotional temperature and not letting one word of his scathing lines go to waste. The actors who play the silent, onlooking passengers display an indifference to the lethal vendetta taking place before their eyes that surely marks them as marrow-deep New Yorkers enjoying public transportation.

The evening starts with Samuel Beckett's "Play," which has been running most of the season and which seemed to me more tolerable than it did when it opened, since it no longer appears in the sparkling company of Harold Pinter's "The Lover." The second one-acter is a revival of "The Two Executioners," a routine exercise in the mother hatred indigenous to Off Broadway, by the Spanish playwright who calls himself just Arrabal and who ordinarily shows a delightful gift for Marx Brothers lunacy. This one is about a woman who betrays her husband to a pair of executioners and then sits with her two sons while he is beaten to death in an adjoining room. Once, she tiptoes out to pour salt and vinegar into his wounds, and she clasps her rosary and holds forth on her own saintliness a good deal. There are many indications that Arrabal is trying to tell us something, but I do not wish to hear it.

—Edith Oliver

•

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[*From the Congressional Record*]

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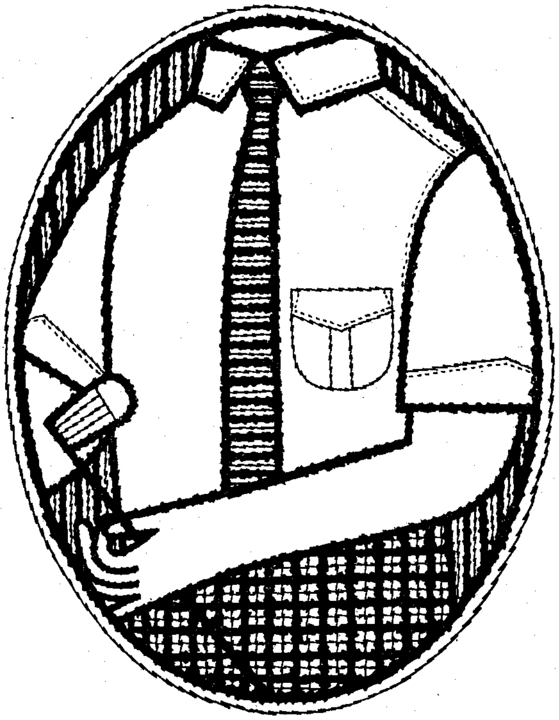

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veloped as a result of canning these peanuts to sell in the grocery stores.

Mr. Gross. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Matthews. I am delighted to yield to my friend, the gentleman from Iowa [Mr. Gross].

Mr. Gross. The last time our distinguished friend had this bill on the floor of the House he had some free samples. Did the gentleman bring any free samples today?

Mr. Matthews. Sir, if one of the pages will get my black briefcase, I have them here. The reason I did not offer these samples is because some of my friends said after tasting them that they did not like them.

I am going to ask one of the pages if they will, please, to distribute these peanuts. I certainly hope, Mr. Chairman, we can pass this legislation because I am about out of free sample peanuts.

I have here, Mr. Chairman, a can. They are already open this time. The last time you had to get a can opener.

Mr. Gross. If my friend will yield further—

Mr. Matthews. Yes, sir, but just 1 minute, if you will let me get these ready for distribution in the cloakroom.

Mr. Gross. I would suggest that they be eaten over there.

Mr. Matthews. Is it proper, sir, to suggest that the Members go in the cloakroom and sample them?

The Chairman. The gentleman from Florida will proceed.

Mr. Matthews. Mr. Chairman, may I say to my colleagues if you will go in the cloakroom we will be delighted to furnish you these samples.

Mr. Hagen of California. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Matthews. I yield to my distinguished friend, the gentleman from California [Mr. Hagen].

Mr. Hagen of California. I will say to the distinguished gentleman from Florida [Mr. Matthews] that I want to stipulate that these peanuts are not Yankee approved. In fact, the pigeons on Capitol Hill would not eat them. I threw some of them out to the pigeons and they would not eat them.

Mr. Matthews. The only consolation I can get from the gentleman is to say that since there will be no competition with the wonderful vegetables which come from the State of California, I know the gentleman will support my bill.

Mr. Chairman, the taste of a boiled peanut is unique. If the peanut were air conditioned, it would taste like an artichoke. It tastes like a dehumidified artichoke.

Mr. Chairman, during the depression days many of us remember having eaten swamp cabbage. I do not know whether the Members of the Committee are familiar with these huge palm trees, but when you cut them down you take out the heart of the palm tree, that is the cabbage. If a boiled peanut were dehumidified, you would have that swamp cabbage taste, a crunchy, delightful taste.

Incidentally, Mr. Chairman, in my district you can get this delightful swamp cabbage. And, if you go there you can get them at the Sea Island Hotel in Cedar Key, Fla. If you spend some money there, tell them that Congressman Billy Matthews sent you.

*is it me...or* ***Jack Winter?***

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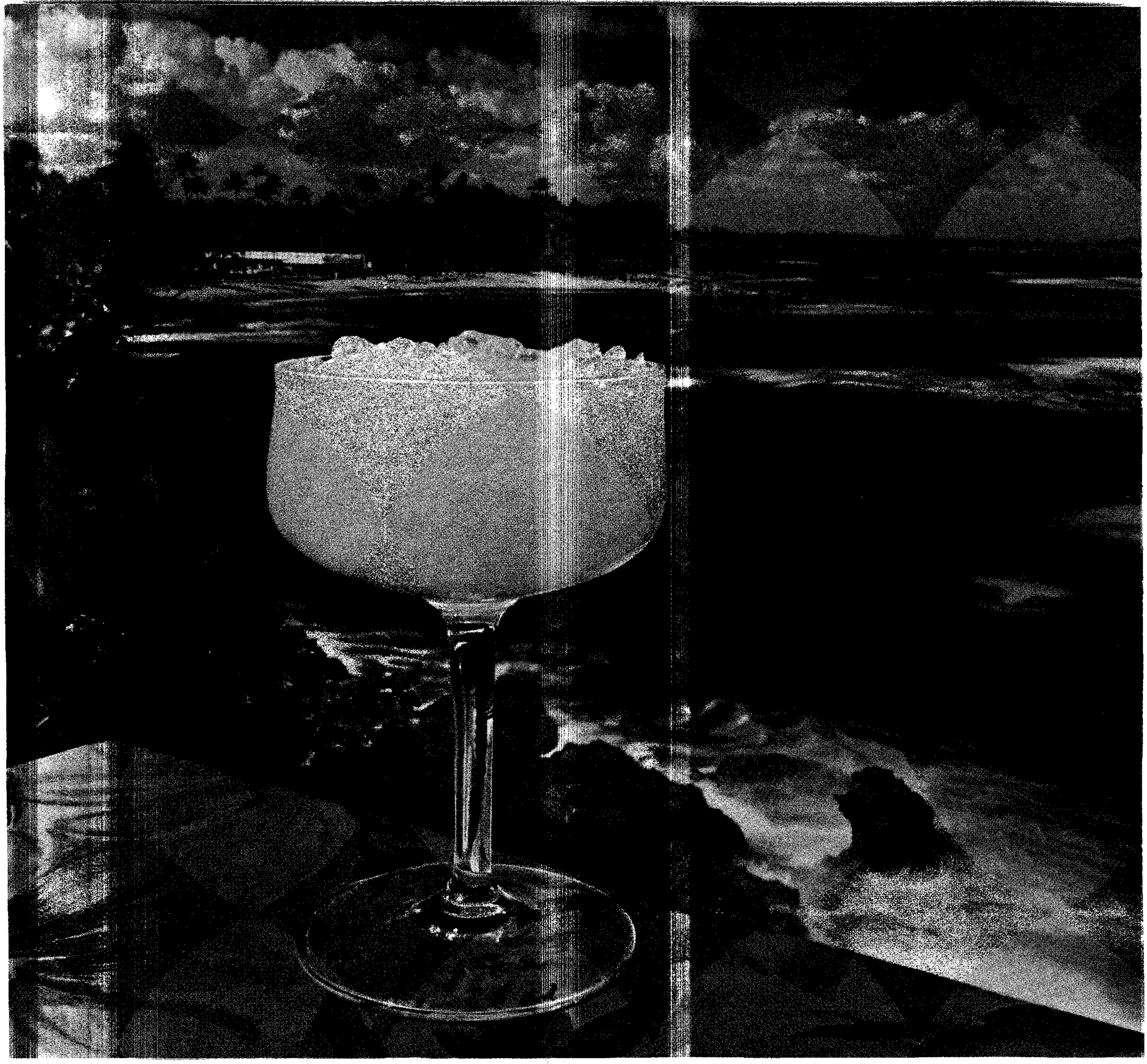

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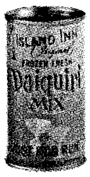

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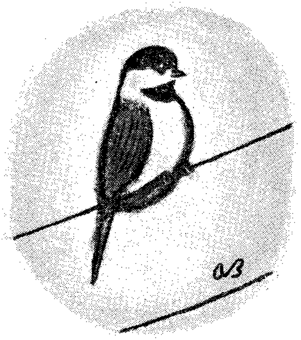
# NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

## XLV—GETTYSBURG, PA.

ALT., 520. Pop., 7,960. No more egregious error can be committed by the visitor to Gettysburg than to assume that the Battle of Gettysburg (July 1-3, 1863) is over. In fact, there is reason to believe that hostilities are only just beginning. Skirmishes take place all over town, and the most obscure details of the huge, sprawling battle are made available to strangers, in one form or another, every hour of the day. "I tell you, I was just an ordinary fellow, with an ordinary fellow's interest in the Civil War, until I spent two days at Gettysburg," an ordinary fellow who gave the impression of having been through a protracted siege said not long ago. "Now I think I could lecture at the War College. It all began when I took a room in a motel on the edge of the battlefield. This particular motel lay almost directly in the line of Pickett's Charge—athwart it, you might say. Pickett's Charge, of course, was the unsuccessful offensive mounted by the Confederate troops on the afternoon of July 3rd, when Pickett and his men marched out from the Confederate left flank on Seminary Ridge and crossed an open field to meet the Union troops head on on Cemetery Ridge. I would place the start of the charge at approximately 3 P.M., Eastern Standard Time. I won't go so far as to say that Pickett's men would have come right *through* my bedroom, but they might well have bruised themselves on the television set against my southern wall. Actually, I feel certain that Pettigrew's men—he was stationed to the left of Pickett—and the men of Archer, Davis, Scales, and Lane would have come right across my bed, knocking over the telephone and the bed lamp. They ran into Meade's men—Hays, Webb, Gibbon, and the rest—and at the Angle it was bloody beyond description, and the Confederates were turned back at the Copse of Trees, at what is known as the High Water Mark of the Confederacy. The Rebels were said to be incapable of ever again mounting an offensive. Pickett's Charge was all over by ten minutes to four, but I kept going in Gettysburg pretty much around the clock, taking bus rides with built-in sound effects describing every last inch of the battle, watching an electric map with hundreds of little lights blinking and winking to show the position of the troops, looking at a cyclorama of the battle, walking over the battlefield, taking a guided tour in my own car, with a hired guide, and buying toy cannons, old bullets, flags, literature of all sorts, and tons of picture postcards. Now, if I had been Pickett . . ."



A man can visit Gettysburg, not even stop at a motel, and garner a rich historical background—merely by buying postcards. Postcards abound. They outnumber the people in the town by approximately twenty to one. They have a tendency to jump off the racks and hop into one's pockets. There are pictures of everything and everybody—Devil's Den, General Warren on Little Round Top, Big Round Top, the Valley of Death, Spangler's Spring, General Lee, General Lee's horse, Culp's Hill, the Wheatfield, the Virginia State Monument, the North Carolina State Monument, the Peach Orchard, McPherson Ridge, Barlow Knoll, Oak Hill, the Copse of Trees, the Angle, General Meade, General Meade's horse, General Meade's headquarters, the Jennie Wade House, and so on. The sense of history that pervades the city often produces an anesthetic effect that can take days to shake off. This happens most often to people who hire an official guide to accompany them as they drive around the thirty-odd square miles that constitute the battlefield. Groups of these guides—elderly men, for the most part—sit and sun themselves in front of small stone houses that are scattered about the edge of the field. Many of the guides would make interesting picture postcards. They leave the impression that they are veterans of the battle. They are staggering repositories of information, much of it in the general area of blood and gore. They feel that, seated beside a person who has hired their services for an hour or an hour and a half while he drives along the quiet tree-lined and gun-lined roads, they have a duty to dwell upon the horrors of war. Actually, bodies no longer lie out on the gently rolling, alternately brown and green fields, but the guides are corpse-conscious just the same, and they cannot pass a gully, an open stretch, or a battery of guns without making vivid

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references to the toll of human life that was taken at Gettysburg. They savor casualty figures, and roll them over and over on their tongues, with special attention to the number of hours or days that "the dead lay out there in the hot sun." Nor is their arithmetical ardor confined to casualty figures. The cost of various monuments titillates them to a frenzy of statistics, and they cite to the penny the amount expended on every monument they pass. "When I got through with one of those guides," a visitor to Gettysburg remarked recently, "I had the feeling that I had been driving around with a man from Price Waterhouse who had come to the field, eagle-eyed, to examine the books." Most of the guides are brigadiers *manqué*, or at least colonels *manqué*, possessed of a mysterious, superior untapped skill in commanding vast armies of men over broad areas under optimum conditions of strategy and tactics. They find it difficult to concede that the generals who fought the battle knew what they were doing, and they make it clear that if *they* had been consulted, little of what did take place would have taken place. For the most part, they would have everywhere attacked sooner, or later, in a different spot, with different equipment and radically rearranged formations. "By the time I was through with my guided tour, I had no possible way of knowing which side, if any, won the battle," a man who had visited the battlefield said not long ago. "I decided to go home and read a book about it. The book said the North won."

GETTYSBURG strongly feels the presence of two former Presidents of the United States—one dead, one living. Lincoln is everywhere: in the National Cemetery, where he delivered the Gettysburg Address; in the tiny maroon-and-gray railroad station (now a tourist center) where he got off the train from Washington the afternoon before he delivered the address; in the Old Wills House, where he spent the night before he delivered the address; and on the old streets down which he rode on horseback on his way to the cemetery and the delivering of the address. The casual visitor poking through the souvenir shops is likely to feel that he is almost entirely surrounded by Lincoln—Lincoln staring at him from picture postcards, miniature busts of Lincoln in imitation bronze and silver, and copies of the address on postcards, silk scrolls, and wooden plaques. Gettysburg's living President is Dwight Eisenhower. Pictures of Eisenhower, and of his farm and his wife, are not in short supply,

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either. The people of Gettysburg may not catch sight of Eisenhower for weeks at a time—he drives from his farm to his office, on Carlisle Street, swiftly and with military precision and efficiency—but they derive comfort from the fact that he is around. "You can go into a lot of towns that call themselves historical—they are more like historical markers than towns, really—and they leave you with a sense of ancient matters settled long ago," a Gettysburg resident remarked the other day. "It's different here. We don't have much in the way of industry—just a shoe factory—and wages are generally low, and the tourists pour through, but we do have this indefinable sense of living history. These two strikingly different men, Lincoln and Eisenhower, have much to do with it. They elevate us and make us feel as though we were actors in some strange pageant that keeps unfolding and is something larger than ourselves."

A recent visitor to Gettysburg, having walked slowly down the main street, past the brooding photographs of Lincoln staring at him from shopwindows along the way, paid a call on General Eisenhower in his office, which occupies a modest three-story red brick building on the campus of Gettysburg College; formerly, the house was occupied by the president of Gettysburg College. The Venetian blinds are always drawn. Visitors encounter an elaborate but unobtrusive security system at the front door—an intercom mechanism through which the visitor announces himself. If he is expected, he is told in metallic tones to enter. Visitors may also be admitted through the back of the house. Several secretaries work there, in an enclosed porchlike extension, amid tall rows of metal filing cabinets with heavy locks. Inside, the house has a comfortable, easygoing air—warm draperies, many oil paintings, rooms lined with bookcases containing bound volumes of government reports. In a large room on the ground floor, the visitor found Colonel John Eisenhower, the President's son. Colonel Eisenhower has left the Army and is now working for a publishing house, helping his father put together his memoirs of the White House years; his desk was covered with galley proofs of the President's work. "He's deep in Volume Two," said Colonel Eisenhower. "Working like fury on it, too, writing all up and down and along the margins of yellow foolscap. He has many of the tools to aid his memory right here, on the back porch, in those files you just passed, and I am cleared to go through them when he needs a fact to refresh his recollection. There are

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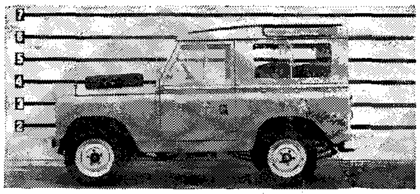

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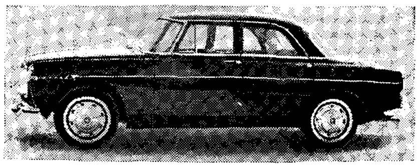

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From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec

# Pronunciation Guide to French Wines

*Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!*

| | |
|---|---|
| Beaujolais | *Bow Joe Lay* |
| Chablis | *Shah blee* |
| Chateau Yquem | *Chateau Ee-Kem* |
| Chateauneuf du Pape | *Chateau Neff du Pap* |
| Chambertin | *Sham bear tan* |
| Graves | *Grahv* |
| Haut Sauternes | *Oh So tairn* |
| Macon | *Mah kon* |
| Montrachet | *Mawn Ray Shay* |
| Pommard | *Poe mahr* |
| Pouilly Fuisse | *Poo yee Fweesay* |
| Prince Blanc | *Prance Blahn* |
| Prince D'Argent | *Prance Dar John* |
| Prince Noir | *Prance Nwahr* |
| Prince Rouge | *Prance Rouge* |
| Sauternes | *So tairn* |
| St. Emilion | *Sant Ay Mee Lee on* |
| St. Julien | *San Jeu lee en* |

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other files out in Abilene, but not of the same importance. And there is a great mass of stuff down at the Library of Congress, in Washington, where my father's assistant on this project, Dr. William Ewald, has stationed himself. When Father sits down with pen and paper and relaxes and lets his thoughts spontaneously flow forth, we get some pretty vivid, colorful recollections. These are then typed up and checked over, and then he goes at them again, rearranging and polishing. He's very fussy about his work." The Colonel, who is a tall, slim, engaging-looking man with a casual air, then said, "I have a single-engine Comanche that I keep out at the airport here, and every chance I get, I go up in her, and fly around the countryside, over the battlefield—everywhere. I just wheel around and get out of myself and get off the ground. I feel so free when I am in the air. I am out of myself. I love it."

The President works in a corner room on the second floor. He feels that if he worked downstairs, people would be trying to peer through the windows. Across the hall from his workroom, a retired brigadier general acting as an aide handles the large flow of correspondence and other matters that press into the life of an ex-President. Five stars, forming a circle, are etched in glass on the door leading to the President's workroom. He sits at a wide desk that is almost totally uncluttered, being embellished only by a few gadgets and a tiny silver bust of Lincoln. Behind him are the United States flag and the Presidential flag. The visitor found him relaxed and cheerful, possessed of a strangely old-fashioned and yet military courtesy, his voice soft but somewhat clipped, his words often tumbling out but giving the impression that at his own command they would instantly cease and he would turn his thoughts to other concerns. His cheeks had a healthy tint, and his eyes were clear blue and quietly scrutinizing. "I sit here and admire that watercolor by Andrew Wyeth," he said suddenly, pointing to a framed picture on the wall across from his desk. "I suppose I admire his work above all others. I have no idea how he does it. Just look at those sycamores! Wyeth did that watercolor on my farm, did it in about twenty minutes—faster than I can conceive of a man turning out such a superior piece of work. I hope you noticed my oil by Churchill on the way up the stairs—a favorite scene of mine, a wadi in North Africa. I love the mountain scenes—the Rockies, the Atlas Mountains. I can look at them for hours. I have most of what I need here to work

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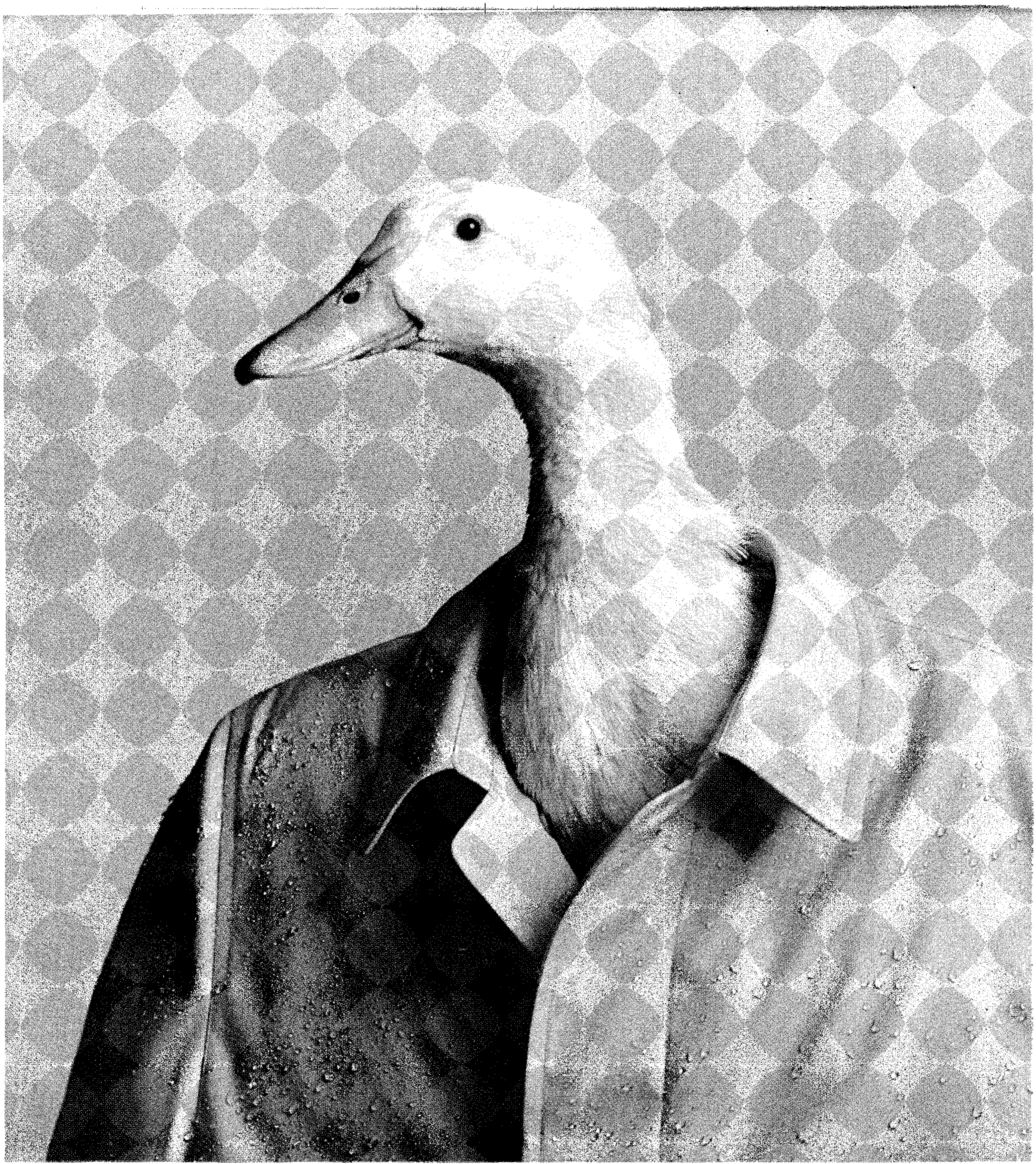

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And the Poole is perfect for Spring migrations. It keeps its neat good looks en route; washes and wears without ruffling a feather, either.

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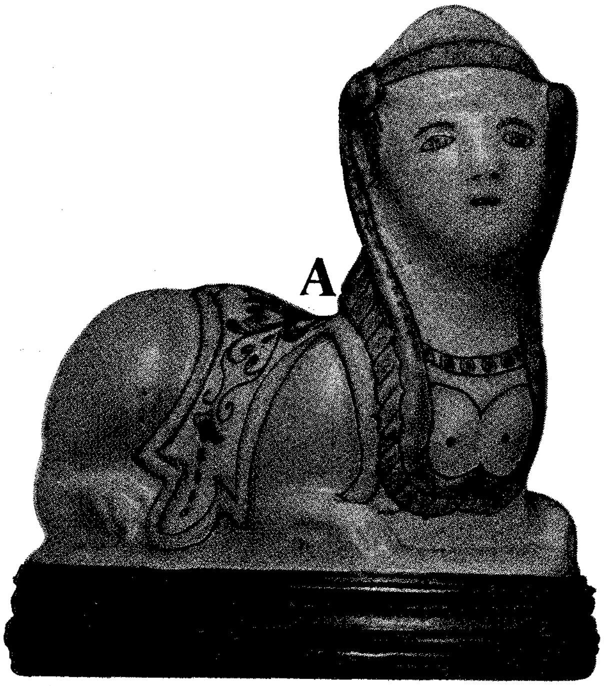
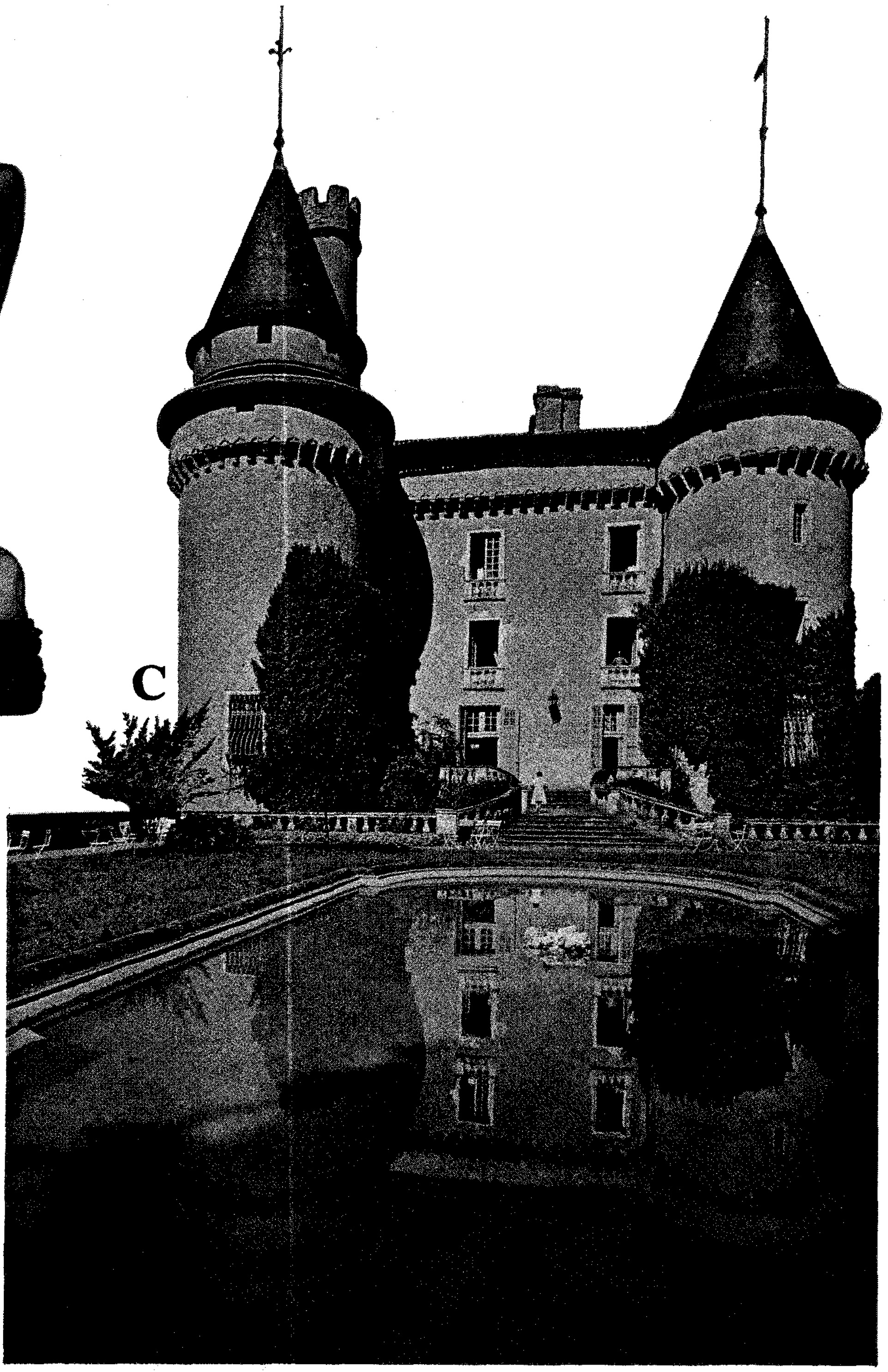
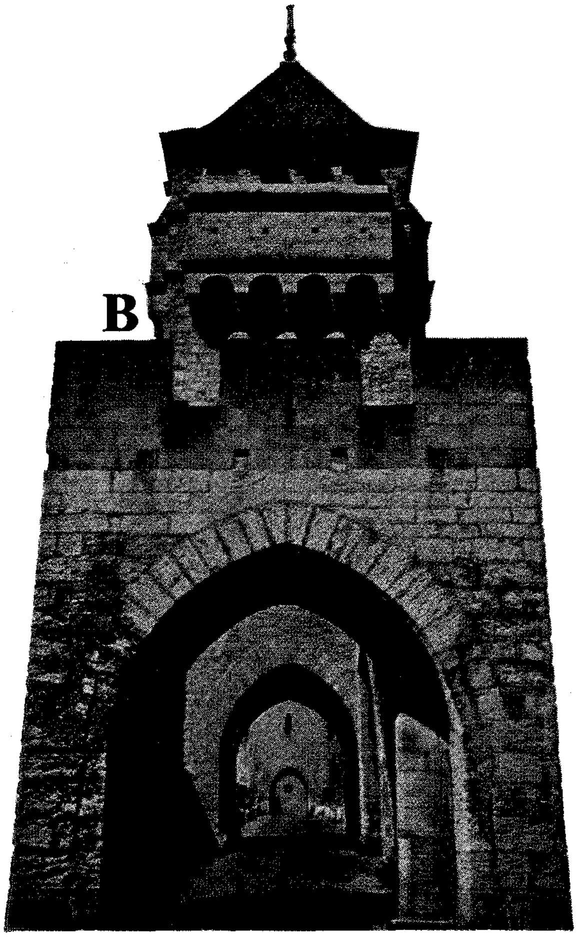


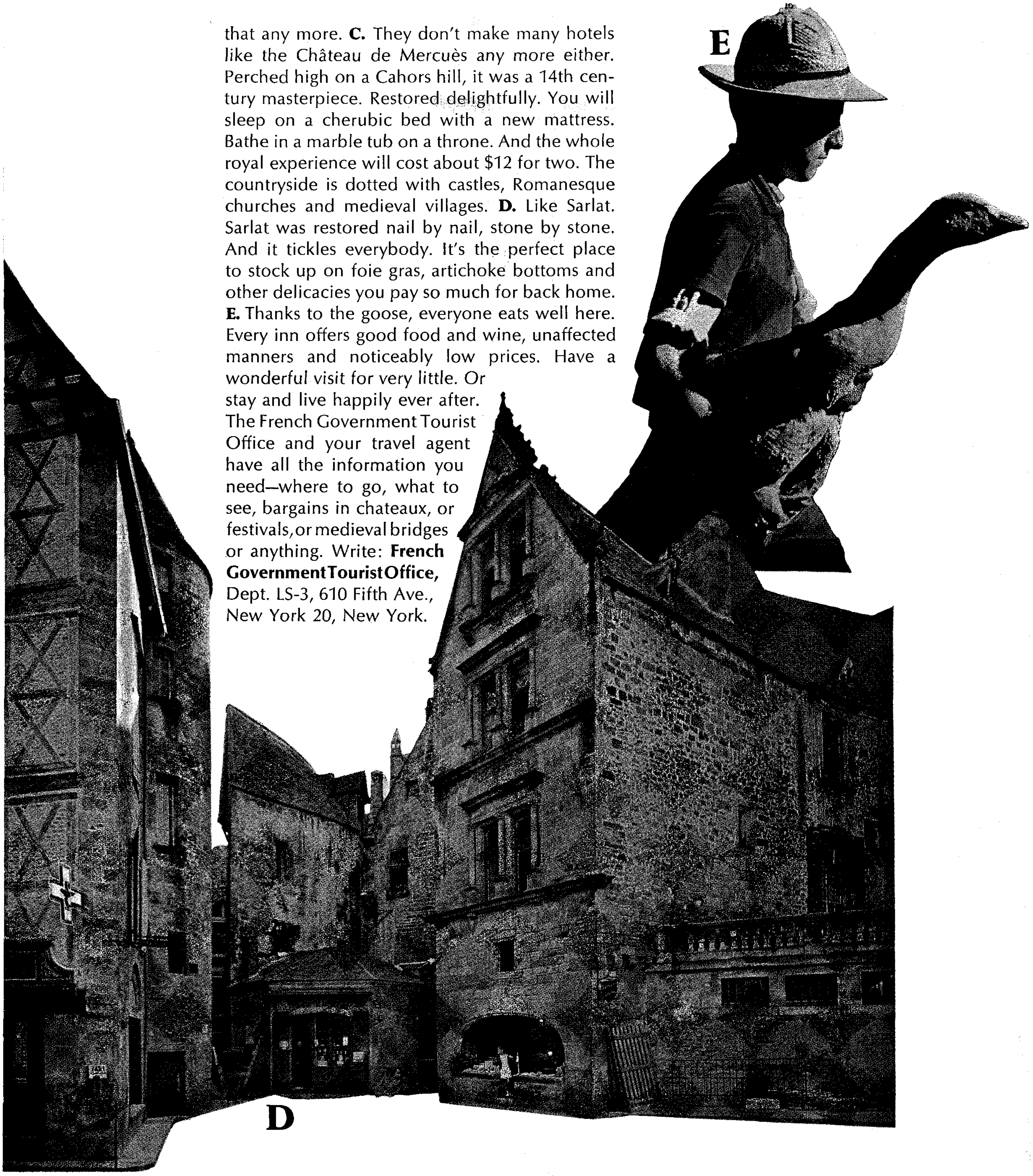




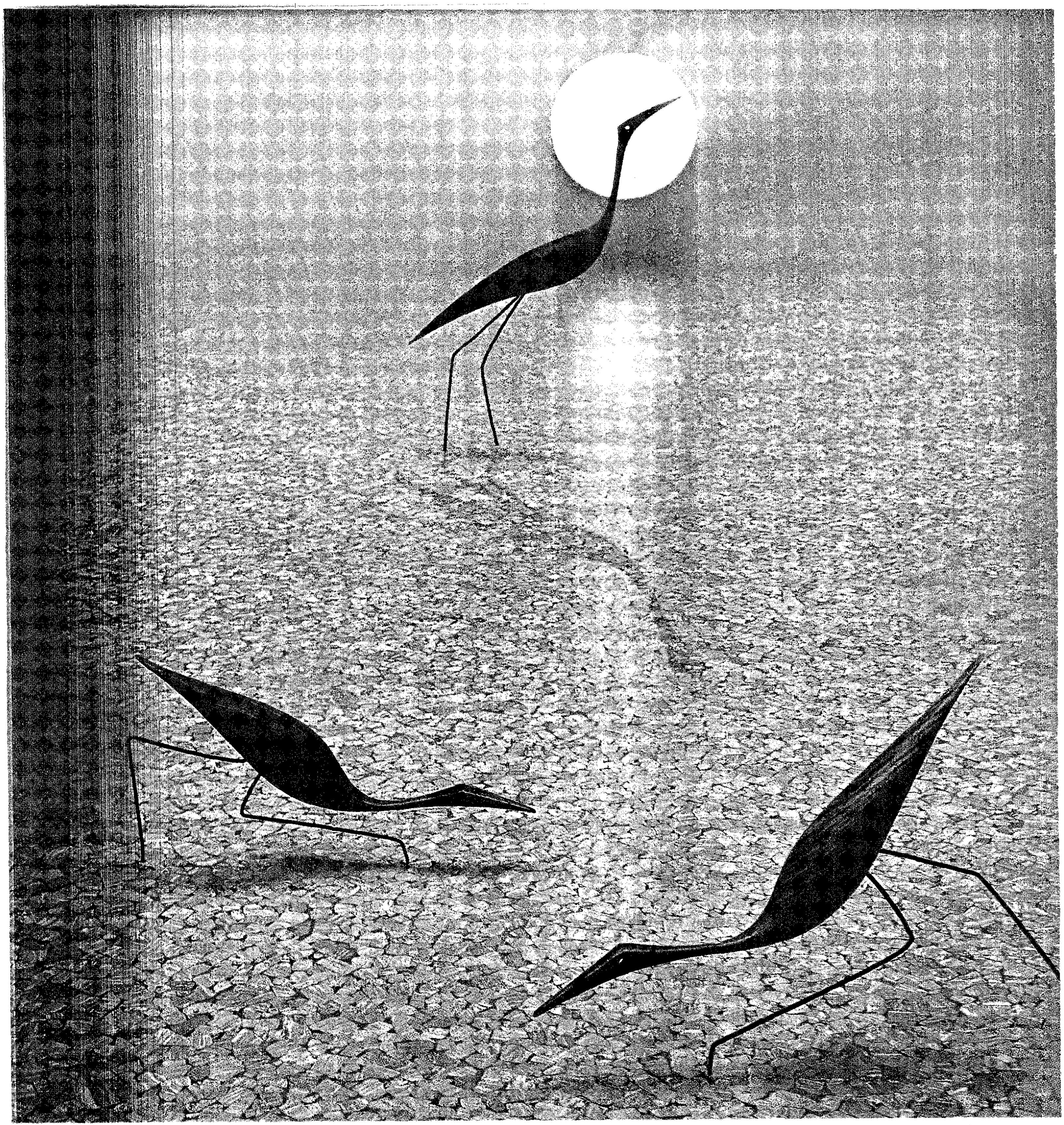
A short drive from Paris will take you to a place where the finest foie gras is as everyday as peanut butter. And truffles grow big as apples. Learned archeologists go there for the caves that were painted by cavemen. Poets go for the dramatic local color. And artists paint it because it's a picture: the enchanted French fairytale world of the provinces Limousin, Périgord, and Quercy. You should go there, too. **A.** In Limoges you can shop for France's legendary porcelain right where it's made. A profitable idea. And visit the porcelain museum, a treasure chest of the most bewitching pieces. And stay in one of France's newest hotels. **B.** In Cahors you can enjoy the truly superb local wine for just 70 cents a bottle. (Another very profitable idea.) And go see a charming storybook chunk of medieval architecture—the Pont Valentré. They don't make bridges like 🇫🇷

# Nobody ever comes here.

that any more. **C.** They don't make many hotels like the Château de Mercuès any more either. Perched high on a Cahors hill, it was a 14th century masterpiece. Restored delightfully. You will sleep on a cherubic bed with a new mattress. Bathe in a marble tub on a throne. And the whole royal experience will cost about $12 for two. The countryside is dotted with castles, Romanesque churches and medieval villages. **D.** Like Sarlat. Sarlat was restored nail by nail, stone by stone. And it tickles everybody. It's the perfect place to stock up on foie gras, artichoke bottoms and other delicacies you pay so much for back home. **E.** Thanks to the goose, everyone eats well here. Every inn offers good food and wine, unaffected manners and noticeably low prices. Have a wonderful visit for very little. Or stay and live happily ever after. The French Government Tourist Office and your travel agent have all the information you need—where to go, what to see, bargains in chateaux, or festivals, or medieval bridges or anything. Write: **French Government Tourist Office,** Dept. LS-3, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, New York.



**Only artists and poets.**



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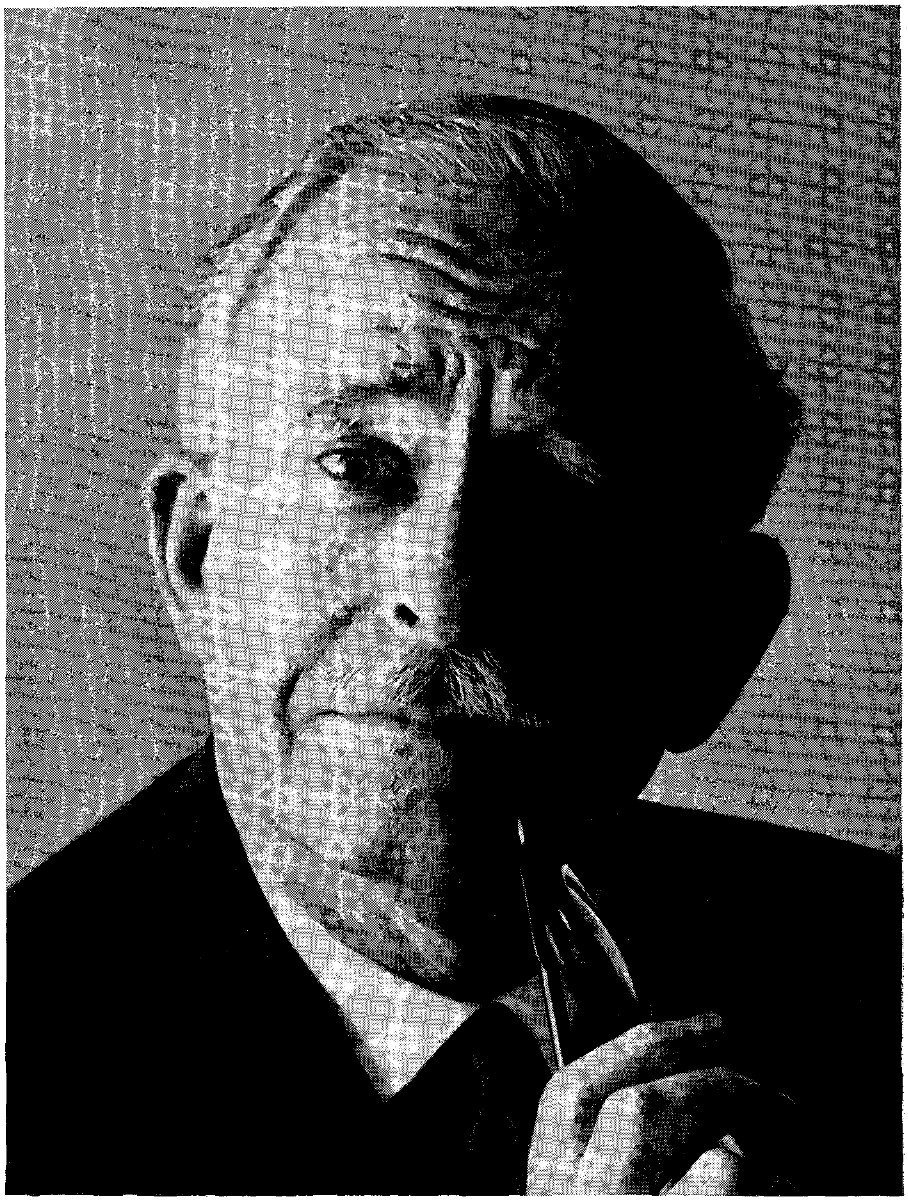
Montina Corlon is one of the famous Armstrong VINYL FLOORS with. It's great fun to test my memory, see what I can remember from the crowded years."

The President took off his glasses and toyed with them. "Twenty-twenty hindsight is so easy, but I find myself trying to track down the minutiae, the considerations that lay behind a decision," he said. "When the war was over, I wanted time to reflect, to think back, but then SHAPE came along, and the Presidency, and all the years. I had wanted to declare myself a one-term President, and then take a long look, have a breathing spell." The President shifted slightly in his chair. "Now, when I look back, I realize that I was never one for bombast, you know. Persuasion was more in my line. And a great many people still look upon me as a rather unwelcome entry." The President smiled, and put on his glasses. He leaned forward intently. "The Gettysburg roots go deep," he said. "That picture over there on that wall, that's my West Point class of 1915, taken right here in Gettysburg on May 3, 1915. We visited here for three days, pored over every inch of the battlefield. There wasn't much about Gettysburg that we didn't study at the Point, and then we came down to the field itself and studied some more. During the First War, I was stationed here at Camp Colt. Tanks. I went from captain to lieutenant colonel, and I trained my men in discipline and all aspects of this new type of warfare, including machine guns, telegraphy, and the mechanics of tanks. The battlefield fascinated me. I suppose I must have read thirty, forty books on the subject—everything from the Comte de Paris to Haskell. I still read everything I can lay my hands on about the battle. In the old days, during the First War, I would climb into my old Dodge and tour the battlefield and explore every corner of the field and relive the battle. I am still impelled to do it, and from time to time, at dusk, I pack up and look around. Sometimes, I climb one-third of the way up one of those metal lookout towers that are scattered about the field. Don't go all the way up any more. I had a heart attack, you know."

The President pulled a fresh sheet of paper toward him and swiftly, in a few pen strokes, drew the battle lines of Gettysburg, with the fishhook of the Union lines unmistakable. His eyes were brighter than ever now, and he seemed absorbed in the rapid sketch he had made. "Everybody will argue this battle—*everybody*," he said. "I think one would be safe in saying that Gettysburg was the high-water mark of the Confederacy, all right, even though you

"Me drink sherry?"



Chances are that the man who says no to sherry never tasted Dry Sack on-the-rocks. Never savored Dry Sack's nutty, robust flavor. Never whiffed its pleasing aroma. Never knew that Dry Sack has the body and flavor to stand up to ice.

Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. No wonder Dry Sack—the man's sherry—is so popular!

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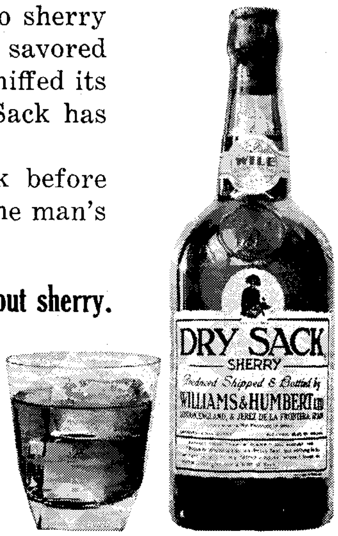

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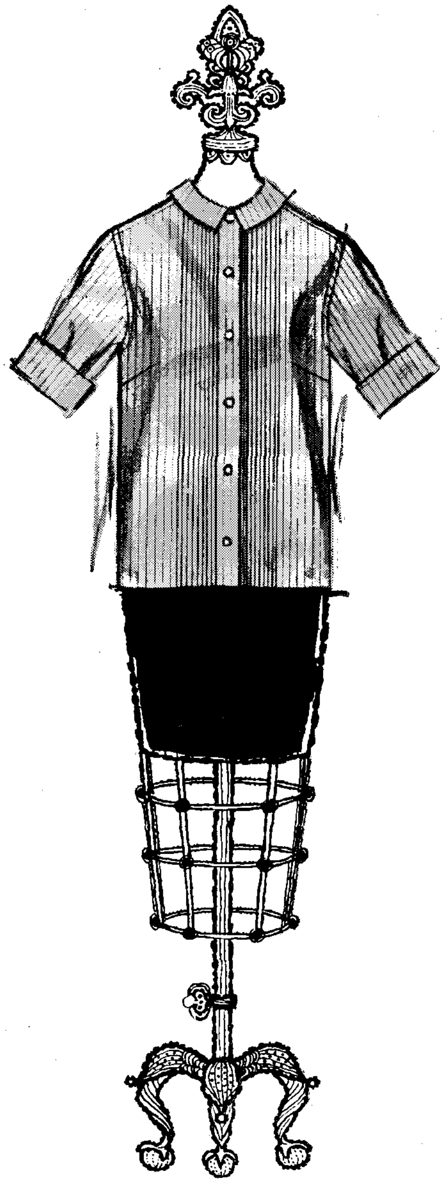

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mustn't forget that Grant took Vicksburg the day after the battle ended here. Meade, of course, had his armies lined up and prepared to fall back to Pipe Creek, near Taneytown. Lee didn't have much here, really, and Meade had a great deal. Certainly Lee might have attacked Washington and Baltimore, thrown panic into the North, and appealed to much Northern sentiment to end the war. Let me tell you, the sense of history is here. With you all the time. Oh, you just get me started on the Battle of Gettysburg and there's no telling where we'll end up!"

The President pulled another sheet of paper toward him and began to jot down some notes. "Back to work," he said.

THE Old Wills House, where Lincoln spent the night before the dedication of the National Cemetery, lies two blocks down from Eisenhower's office and across from the Hotel Gettysburg, on the town's main traffic circle. It is now a museum of sorts, open to the public for a small fee. A room on the second floor is papered in bluish gray with a rose design, and contains a huge four-poster bed and heavy red draperies. A stovepipe hat lies on the bed, an old morning coat beside it. On a wooden table near one window are a white china pitcher and a towel rack, on which a few starched towels hang. In a chair by the bed, with a table before it, is a six-foot-four, life-size wax image of Lincoln. He is a startling figure, seated at the table in his shirtsleeves, wearing glasses with thin metal frames, and holding a piece of paper. Visitors to the museum are asked to forget themselves for the moment, let reality slip away, and try to believe that the paper he holds is a rough draft of the Gettysburg Address. The six-foot-four image and the small, stuffy room produce a strange effect. When the lights dim, the men, women, and children huddled on chairs around the room fall into an uncomfortable silence. Recorded music is heard from somewhere, with the old strains of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" becoming louder and louder. (Sane men keep telling themselves, "Hokum, hokum," but it is a losing fight, with the battlefield and the cemetery a scant half mile away in one direction and a living ex-President a scant two blocks away in another.) Suddenly a voice is heard. It is an actor, recorded, impersonating Wills. "There are fresh towels here, Mr. President, and paper on the desk," says the voice. "May the night bring you a pleasant sleep." Then the voice of an actor impersonating Lincoln is heard saying, in measured tones, "Thank you, Wills, thank you. You are most kind." The silence becomes almost unbearable, but then one can hear the scratching of a pen on paper and, once again, the voice of Lincoln, quietly reading the words of the Gettysburg Address. When the lights go up, the wax Lincoln is still there at the table, the paper in his hand, and the people file out with odd looks on their faces.

The lady in charge of the Wills House, who has collected fifty cents from every adult and twenty-five cents from every child to visit there, refers to the wax figure as "Mr. Lincoln." There appears to be no doubt in her mind that Mr. Lincoln lives in the house. She says she believes that on certain days one can see his shirt front rise and fall as he breathes. Many visitors, she says, swear that Mr. Lincoln stands up several times during the queer séance to move around the room, and that when they reach out to touch him, they feel flesh.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

• •

## MAYBE ALONE ON MY BIKE

I listen, and the mountain lakes
hear snowflakes come on those winter wings
only the owls are awake to see.

And I have thought (maybe alone
on my bike, quaintly on a cold
evening, pedalling home), Think!
The splendor of our life, its current unknown
as those mountains, the scene no one sees . . .

Oh, citizens of our great amnesty,
we might have died! We live. Marvels
coast by, great veers and swoops of air
so bright the lamps waver in tears,
and I hear in the chain a chuckle I like to hear.

—WILLIAM STAFFORD

Captain Auke de Jong of the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam greets several passengers.

## *Does First Class to Europe have to be pretentious?*

## *Captain Auke de Jong says: "Absoluut niet!"*

Captain Auke de Jong of the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam speaks perfect English. But when he answers a question like this, he's apt to prefer the more forceful Dutch.

"Absoluut niet!" he says. "There's no place for pretension on Holland-America.

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"Happy," of course is a nautical term. It sums up the entire atmosphere of a ship. Its crew. Its service. Its outlook.

Holland-America pretentious? Absoluut niet. Holland-America First Class has more gala parties, more festivity, more friendship-making moments than you might enjoy on a month-long holiday.

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# (it's a beautiful fraud)

The impossible has happened to makeup. It has become *'transparesscent'* (covers perfectly, yet all but invisibly). You can scarcely feel it on. It is, in effect, *non-makeup*. Revlon has realized this wildest of dreams with a radical development...*souffléd texture*...a lightness-plus-coverage unattainable till now.

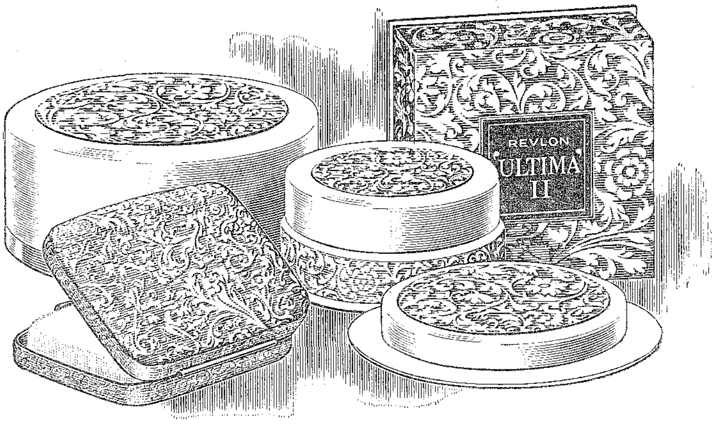
This almost bodiless texture creates, for the first time, a look of total perfection—*without the vaguest hint of artifice!* The look stems from just 3 new 'Ultima' cosmetics. They are stunningly simple to use:

**'ULTIMA II' CREME FOUNDATION:** Spins out a complexion like a sweep of silk. Soft, flawless, 'transparesscent'...it seems to *become* your skin. Its color will not succumb to heat or skin oils. And, uncannily, no shine comes through for endless hours!

**'ULTIMA II' BLUSHING CREME:** The least touch sweeps warmth across your cheeks like an unexpected compliment. It is so blendable, so edgeless, so *atmospheric* in texture (even wafted over a whole complexion) the effect is like being seen through rose-colored glasses!

**'ULTIMA II' FACE POWDER:** Like air caught and velveted, it is pure 'transparesscence'—has no color of its own to change the color of your makeup beneath. Its function? To give your skin a muted lustre, a delicate see-through finish...without the slightest suspicion of being there at all.

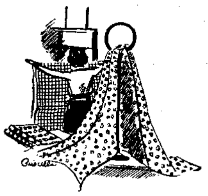
Together, these *'non-makeups'* perpetrate the perfect fraud: a look of beauty-without-trying...a sort of within-the-skin radiance... *as though this were not makeup at all but something fed to you with a silver spoon!*



## The new 'Ultima II' Makeup Series by Revlon

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

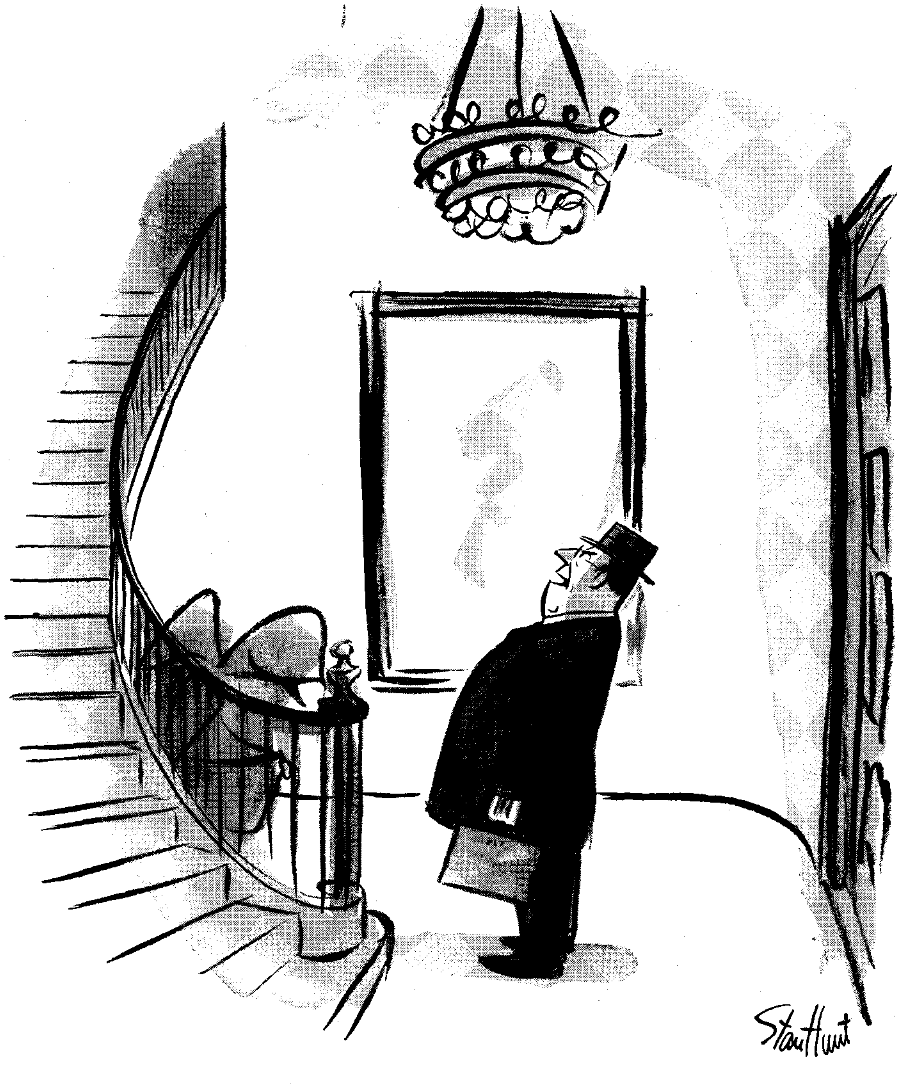
## FEMININE FASHIONS



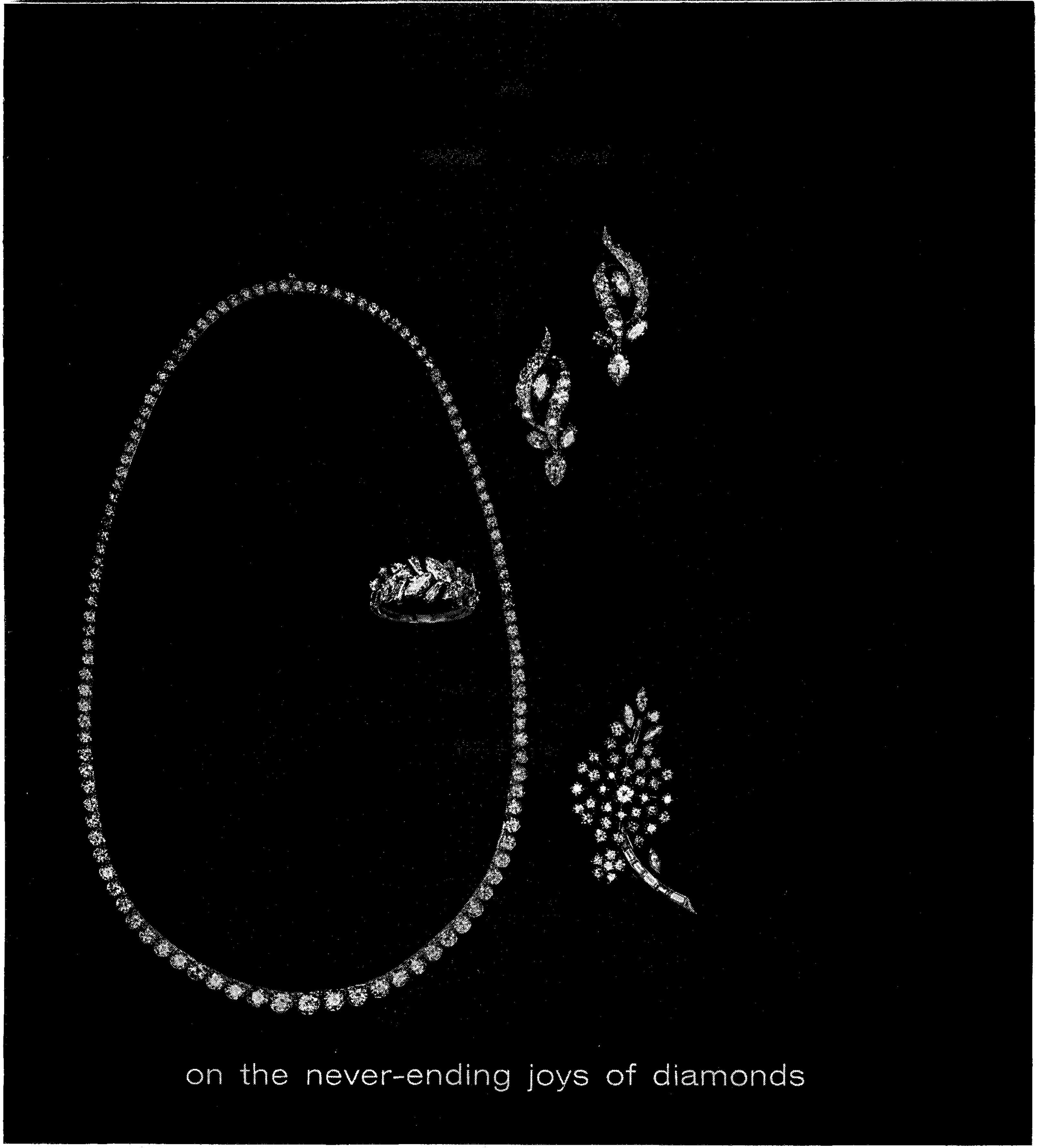
ONLY a fortnight ago, I was standing on this very same corner, going on at great length in a sibylline way about Trends and Significances in what the mighty American ready-to-wear industry had assembled for the vernal equinox—a treatise so weighty and exhausting that I went straight home and took my vernal Equanil (plus sulphur and molasses for extra insurance). But all the time I was also thinking about a whole lot of just plain charming clothes I'd seen—clothes without any real Significance in them—and these still haunt me. For one thing, I've noticed a playful wish to produce outfits that look two-piece when they're coming and one-piece when they're going, or vice versa. Bergdorf has a couple of these, both by Galanos. One is of a crinkly black silk crêpe with a small white half-moon design. In front, it's a buttoned-down-to-the-hem coat dress with a band collar, but the blouson that starts at each side gives it a low-slung two-piece air to the rear. The other, of a black-and-white checked silk twill, looks, forward, as if it had a long, curvy overblouse, but the back is straight, without a break. Eric Lund, in the same fey mood, has evolved, on behalf of Bendel, a coat of turquoise wool that simply resembles—with its stark, fly-front closing—a coat in front; detail across the back, though, makes it appear to be a suit. And Jean Louis does a dinner-theatre coat of white silk matelassé (I saw it at Evelyn Byrnes) that has the same general theme.

A good many of the capes this season are really arrogant. Jablow, who likes cape tops of approximately hip length instead of jackets for tailored suits, does this with the full approval of Saks Fifth Avenue, which is showing one of them in a wool-and-nylon mix with tan and white checks, accompanied by a blouse of silk in a pale taupe and a vest of white *kid* (I think this deserves an exclamation point)! Saks shows another of them in black wool; this time the contrast is provided by a silky black-and-white striped cotton that makes not only the blouse but the lining of the cape. It is $190—not a bad deal at all, considering that the prices of what I've been discussing these past few weeks are mostly up in the empyrean. Saks has also latched onto Paul Whitney's coat dress of cotton in a small black-gray-and-white Glen plaid—this one, too, with a cape, which flutters only in back. A fly-front fastening and a mandarin collar are its other accessories. And—before we have done with capes—Trigère is leading us to the dance floor by way of a dress that reveals her knack for flares. It's an impertinent job of cream surah that has three-inch black polka dots everywhere. In front, there's a high cowl neck; in back, there are wide shoulder straps that gather together at the base of the décolletage and then descend as floating panels to the hem. The bravura cape, dress length, is of black broadcloth and is lined with the surah. This is at Bonwit.

There is a great fondness in the town for sharp black and white and for pastels (pink remains in the pink), but bright and insistent color is bustling, too. Shocking pink is the to-do of the jersey overblouse that goes with a schoolgirlish Jane Derby suit I found at Mimi Tuthill. Its round-necked jacket is of wool in an emphatic mimosa, and its skirt is navy. Absolutely smashing is Derby's special Bendel costume that involves a redingote of wool in a bright royal and a two-piece dress of a clamorous Kelly wool jersey. Epaulettes, I forgot to say, drop over one shoulder of the coat. Brassy hot yellow is the attitude of the fleece used for one of the Originala coats at Saks Fifth Avenue. Its waistline is shirred on elastic. Another is of what looks like brushed wool; its flavor is a pungent cerise. Trigère's Punch Pink is a Lord & Taylor favorite this year. It tones up, for one, a dance dress of crinkled wool crêpe with armholes cut practically up to the neck, so your shoulders are wholly visible. Her typical high cowl whips across the throat of this deal and then swoops into a deep slash down the back. A low V seam front and back gives it extra curviness. Bergdorf, I noticed, has the same



*"I'm home, Agatha! I made fifty thousand dollars today. I hope you're having something good for dinner."*



Contour necklace, about $5100; ring, about $1800; earrings, about $2200; pin, about $2100. Your jeweler can show you many other pieces.

Just to contemplate a diamond delights the eye and the heart. The diamond piece you choose will reward you with beauty that time cannot age. A rightness that fashion cannot alter. The diamond is forever...precious no matter what its size. In fact, some of today's most imaginative designs use small, finely cut gem stones for brilliantly beautiful effects. If you are interested in the pieces shown, let your jeweler write The New Yorker, P. O. Box 90, New York 36, New York.

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All striped up for summer in a dashing three-piecer that brings the vest back into view. Arnel makes the whole outfit a smoothy to wash and iron. By Judy Wayne in Calvert's denim of Arnel triacetate and cotton. Blue, green, or brown. Sizes 3-15. About $23. At Franklin Simon, N.Y.; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

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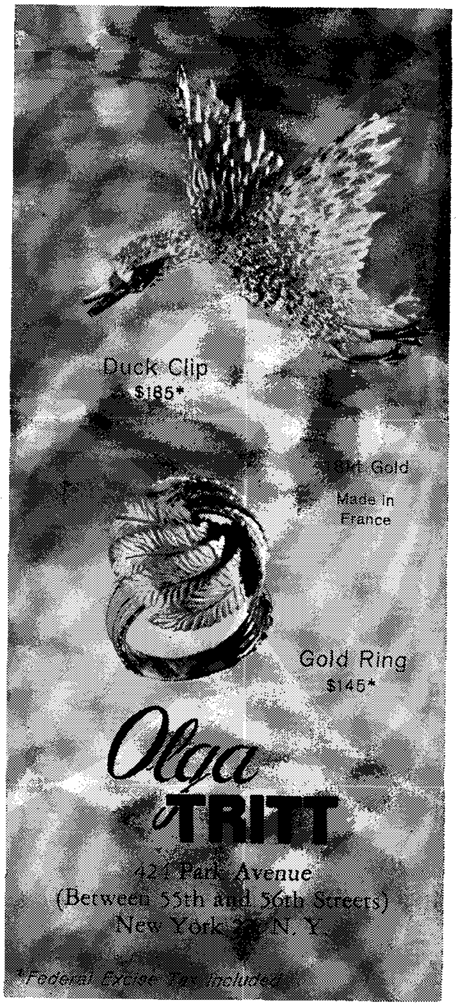
type of thing in pebbly white silk crêpe, and this could be accompanied by a redingote of a fabric that suggests a padded upholstery linen, with a vague gray-and-taupe-and-white patterning.

I also noticed, around the town, many navy wool dresses with pleated skirts and waist-length jackets, the latter in apple-green or red linen, but the jackets look too much like afterthoughts to please me. A *blazer* that contrasts is something else again. Several of our biggest and best shops went for Dior-New York's blazer of wool in a flashing navy and with six double-breasted brass buttons. It looked great indeed when I caught it at De Pinna. The two-piece dress that is its partner is of a white basketweave wool bearing big crossbars in navy. There are wide shoulder straps on its overblouse and there's a cluster of pleats at each side of the skirt. I'd *still* like the blazer better over something in pure white (mutter, mutter).

Norman Norell is universal. His simple little wool-jersey dresses, country style, are epidemic. He keeps thinking up new ways of doing them, but to me it's *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* His most drastic novelty this time involves (1) a band collar that ties on one shoulder and (2) buttons all the way down one side instead of down the center (ah, what daring!), or else deep welt seaming that makes the oddest high yokes and to which tie belts of white kid have been appended. The dresses concerned are $295 to $325 (and many of them are unlined), but the customers not only never give them away but keep on buying them. It is to wonder. All around the city, too, I saw examples of Norell's waist-length jersey jackets in oyster or natural, with long lapels and ruby buttons, to be worn over sleeveless oval-necked jersey dresses that have those little gathers at the waistline. Take $775 to Lord & Taylor, say, for these last ensembles. There will be little black dresses and little jerseys by other designers as we get on with the proceedings, but I won't go into them at the moment. Instead, I'm off on a point-to-point and reasonably total recall of the establishments that have real sweetmeats to offer us all:

AT Bendel we find more work by Geoffrey Beene, whom I have already pronounced my new valentine. His soft, all-on-the-bias dress of white silk, with big irregular brown spasms (like a pony's skin) every which way on it, has a hip-length overblouse that is draped into a bow at one side of the high neck, and a skirt that is easy and circular. By contrast, his sternly tailored



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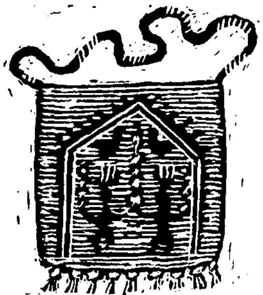

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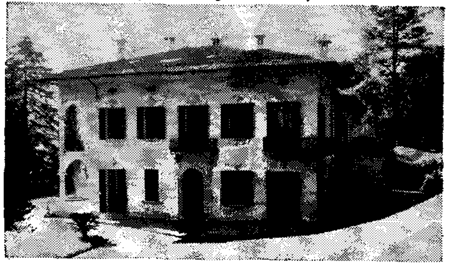

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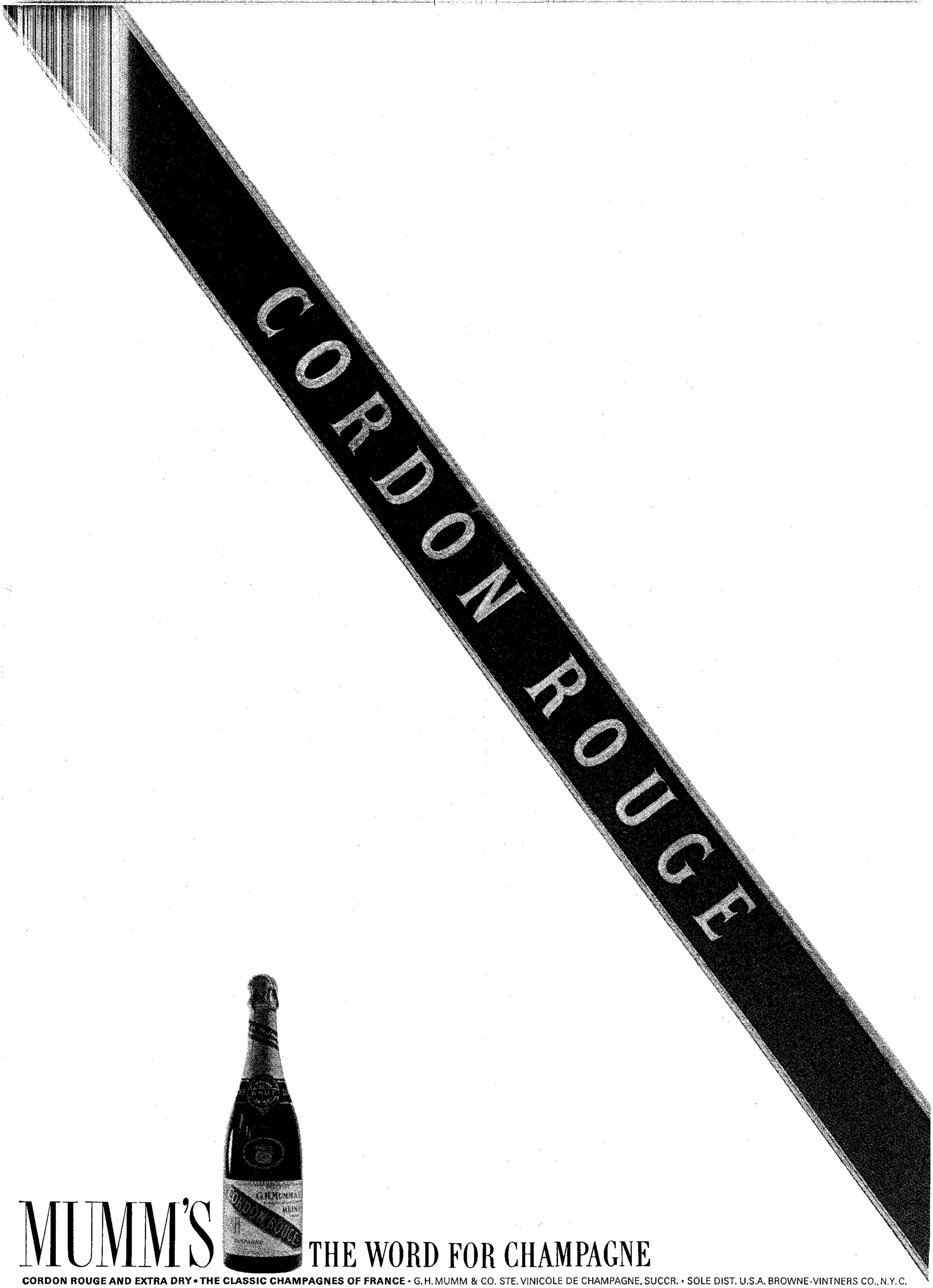
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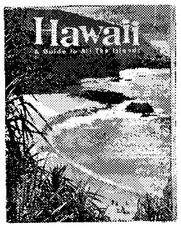

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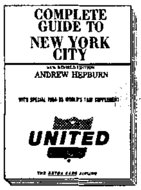

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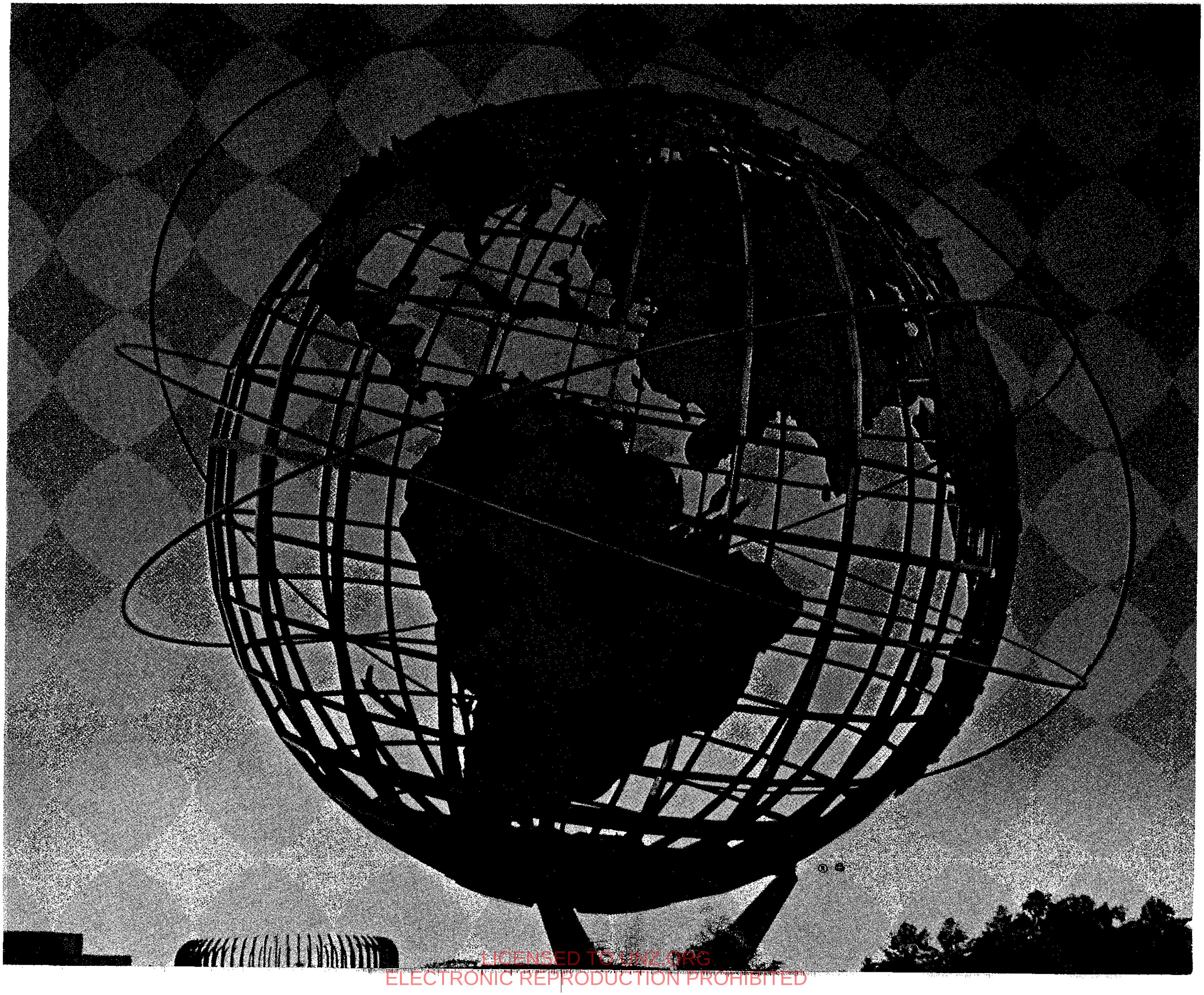

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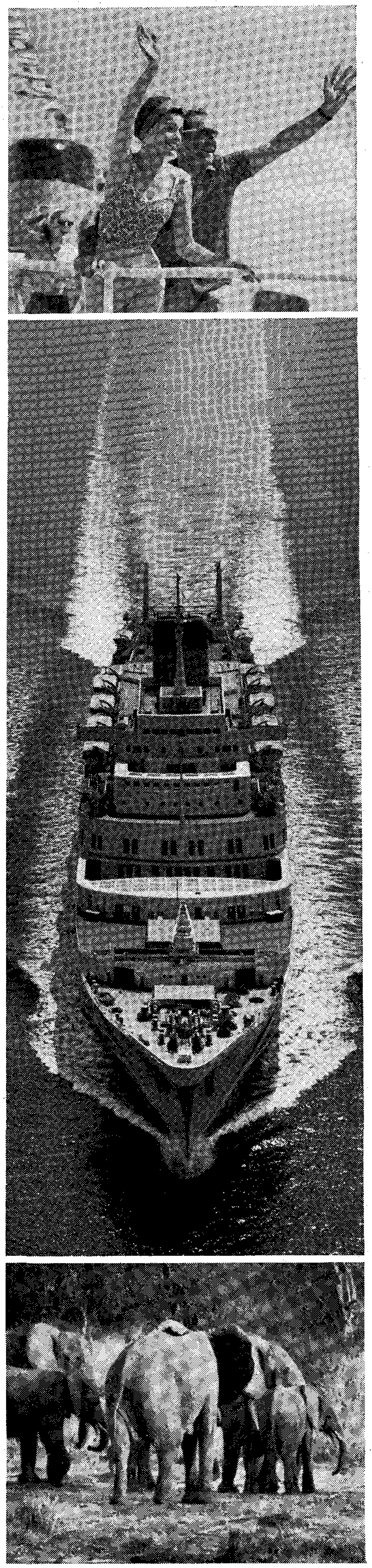
two-piece dress of linen in a variety of colors is given a top that implies a long battle jacket, with a minimum of blousing above the band around the hipline. Buttons proceed single file from one side of the band collar to the straight skirt, and there are more below. Among Eric Lund's contributions (as far as I know, he contributes only to Bendel) are his all-purpose wool shift (in any of a number of colors), with a three-quarter-inch ruffle around the deep V neck, and his dance-length dress of white lace over white linen, for evenings at home or out, with a gathered skirt, a linen sash, and a deep Cavalier collar that is edged by a ruffle of lace.

Bergdorf Goodman owns a huge assortment of those infinitely useful costumes that consist of dresses and boxy jackets. In keeping with the current yearning for black-and-white duets (especially prevalent at Bergdorf, I might add), the shop has cottoned to Talmack's dress of splotchy black-and-white slubbed silk. A self ruffle goes around the neckline of the dress and a band collar surmounts the jacket. White is the surah of a Rentner dress, and black are the staggered up-and-down stripes on it; the jacket that belongs to it has no collar, but the cowl turtleneck of the dress curls over it. Another Talmack appears in a print that I just love—white and tobacco oblongs, an inch and a half across, on black silk. The results are a sleeveless dress and a sleeveless jacket. The slickest sort of tailoring in this kind of outfit enhances a Teal Traina brainstorm of silk-and-wool in dark mushroom. Taffeta in a pale blue lines the jacket, and the back of the dress is a deep surplice that ends at a button placed well down at one side.

The fad for the open-jacket suit is evidenced by what Laird-Knox has done for Bonwit Teller. One of spongy wool in gold with a navy check has a little-boy jacket that defies its basic cut by owning no buttons at all. It hangs over a blouse of navy chiffon with a deep cowl collar. There is dressier stuff here, such as Trigère's coat of Alaskine in pale chartreuse (it may be ordered in black or natural) with a knot in front at the waist and side slits in back for ease in walking. Its companion is a dress of a synthetic silky stuff with a leafy print in autumnal (just to be contrary) colors—dark greens, reds, browns, and chartreuse. There is a trumpet flare well down on each side. Bonwit also admires Winston's formal dresses in a real fairy-princess state of mind; i.e., pink or white or pale-yellow organza with embroi-



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dered or appliquéd pastel flowers—tiny pink carnations, and bluets, and so forth. Many full-skirted ones wear a broad band of pastel linen at the hem; others—of white organza, say—wear baby-pillow appliqués of pink satin all over them and have pink satin borders.

AMONG the plenitude of treasures at Evelyn Byrnes are a couple of Burke-Amey nuggets. One is a suit of heavy tweed on which bold black and white lines zigzag diagonally. Its jacket is bound with dull-gold braid. The surprise in this case is the surah blouse—and, for that matter, the surah scarf—for the pattern is a black-and-white Paisley, no less. A sunset must have inspired B.-A.'s slender single-breasted coat of thick white wool, all crisscrossed with soft oranges and blues and yellows to create a sort of big plaid. This, too, is bound with gold braid. Simple but high fashion is the point of view of the spate of little black Galanos dresses, usually high-busted, of heavy wool. The necklines are fairly revealing—deep young square ones, deep heart-shaped ones, and Vs that are squared off at the base just before their plunge can become a fatal one. Delightful lunacy is implicit in Dior-New York's admirable cabaña-lunch-and-chores dress of the linenlike synthetic I was carrying on about two weeks back. It's in several prim Williamsburg sort of patterns. You put your arms forward through two convenient holes and wrap the dress around your back, then put your right arm through a *third* hole as the wraparound comes in front again, and there you are, with the end of the wraparound at the side front. It manages to be slightly shapely and high-busted. It's here, as well, in plain linen, and will later appear, I'm told, in terry cloth. All this fashionable comfort tots up to $145.

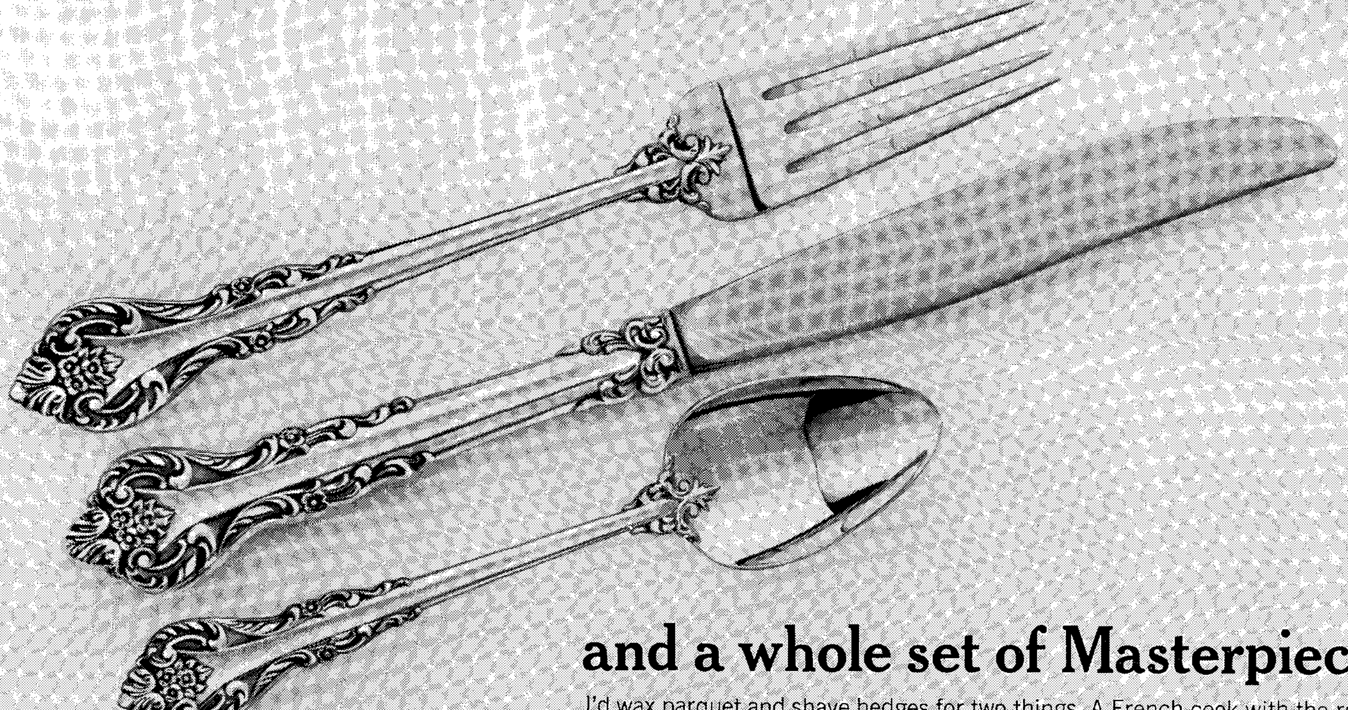
LORD & TAYLOR is addicted to fingertip jackets as sometime substitutes for topcoats. Such a one is the straight Monte Sano jacket with buttoned cuffs and, down the front, a parade of pearl buttons. Popcorn-white wool is the wherewithal. And such a one is Dior-New York's jacket of white tweed with a hound's-tooth check in bright blue. The check is over three inches tall, and the jacket manages to look like a rajah's tunic in front, though it is broad and straight behind. Zuckerman is a champion of decorating suits with lapels of plain thin silk to match the over-blouses. L. & T. has quantities of these items done in a wool with fleecy nubs and an interweaving of shiny silk threads in a pale pastel, such as coral, violet, blue, or mimosa, and these colors are duplicated in the blouses and lapels.

AMONG the De Pinna suits that I especially approved of is a Rentner of white basketweave wool with flecks of black in it. A sleeveless jacket and a straight skirt are part of the package. The long, cuffed sleeves of the black silk shirt that belongs to it are plainly visible, and an unexpected touch is imparted by a jabot down the front of the shirt. Another Rentner is a dress and jacket of white basketweave wool. The jacket has a deep U neck with a self ruffle an inch and a half wide around it; a similar décolletage adorns the dress, which is also equipped with a gathered skirt and a belt of brown suède. It mayn't sound like much, but it *is*.

IF anyone thinks that lightweight but fluffy mohair outfits have been neglected this season, all one need do is check into Saks Fifth Avenue and walk to the suit by Sarnoff, a designer new to me. It's of interwoven soft threads of brown, pale chartreuse, royal, and pink, and with it goes a blouse of pink silk that is finished off by an ascot tie. And, in the coat department, *regardez, je vous en prie*, Monte Sano's shaggy beauty of mottled inch-and-a-half squares of green, royal, and brown, with a high belt in back and a deep inverted pleat below that. And here I again encountered my new true-love, that Geoffrey Beene, who has deposited in the dress department something with a gathered skirt and a long attached blouson top. I saw it in black silk with raspberry polka dots. Another Beene keepsake is in tunic form with Kabuki raglan sleeves. Black silk sloshed with big, wavy red blobs, inside which there are small white designs, is the material. And among the formal dresses is Dior-New York's long shift of that linenlike synthetic. The one I looked at was muted peacock with a pattern of black philodendron leaves, which requires a certain amount of looking. The hem is slightly circular, and there is a panel in back.

THE shop of Mimi Tuthill attracts visitors on the prowl for spiritedness without too much built-in eccentricity, and a Sarmi suit based on that linenlike synthetic in cornflower or Shocking is just the ticket. When cornflower is the hue, the straight jacket has a lining of white surah with an imprint of blue tulips, the material of the blouse; a scarf pulls through loops at the collar of

# I want a French cook



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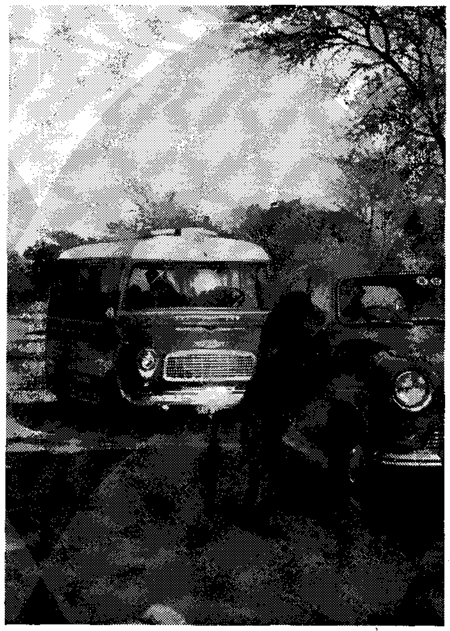

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the jacket and then loops over itself, like an ascot. Ruffolo sends visitors out of Tuthill inside his chiffon dress and jacket. The chiffon, mounted on silk to give it body, is all shades of blurred blue plus flashes of apple green. Another Ruffolo (he makes clothes that are charming in every size, which includes 20) is a dress of silk in a mingling of bright colors on which a black net effect has been printed; the coat that goes with it is full length and of turquoise wool. There's spirit, too, in a Trigère sheath, fitted down to the waist and with a slight A line in the skirt, of black silk linen. A huge black handkerchief scarf with white polka dots the size of half dollars is slung around the shoulders.

THE Elizabeth Arden collection of clothes by Oscar de la Renta is all ready for you (a custom workroom is there if anyone wants drastic changes, though), and, unlike the great majority of the foregoing clothes, these things are to be found only in her salons. She and the Señor are both addicted to box-pleated skirts for every time of day; witness an orangey-red wool suit, curved gently in at the waistline, with big box pleats across the front of the skirt. The double-breasted brass buttons below the small revers on this are so close together that they almost look like links. A coat of turquoise mohair is of the wrapped sort that is creeping back into view again; the revers and the lining are of the deeper hue of the shantung shirtwaist dress underneath. This, too, has a box-pleated skirt. Since I've always liked linen for town, I particularly loved, among the suits, one with no pleats at all. I saw it in brown linen with inch-wide black polka dots. Its jacket curves away at the base over the white linen top. I keep reading about Arden's evening clothes at big charity balls, and I can see why. There are many short chiffon dance dresses with matching coats. One of them was shown me in turquoise with a cloudy darker print on it. The coat in question has pleats under a low back yoke, and they are held in by a martingale; the short-sleeved bloused dress has a pleated skirt. In the black-lace quadrant is a puffball dance coat, bound with black satin, that's a solid mass of two-inch-deep overlapping tiers; it's worn over a bateau-necked black satin skimp with a bogus box-pleated panel down the front. Sr. de la Renta has made hats to complete his costumes, and for his tiered, ruffled lace dresses he has done an admirable Goya off-the-face wig with a black satin bow at the nape and a peruke of lace below. For full-length evening

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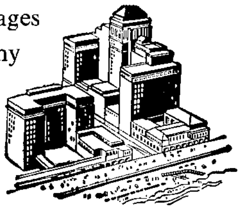

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splendor, he provides sleekness in a dress of silk gabardine with a round-necked bolero top that buttons up the back and has jet beads around the scalloped edge. The dress itself gets a black, oblong-necked top and a white skirt; tendrils of jet six inches deep trail below the waistline. In another attitude, involving a longing for startling color, Arden has gathered together some special Thai silks that are practically clamorous; I'm thinking mainly of a dress with a surplice top of plain Shocking and a gathered skirt that is four-inch-wide orange stripes, as well as of a dress that combines a bright olive and deep turquoise in both stripes and solids.

Eleanora Garnett has plenty of those ready-to-wear clothes that are designed by her and made for her in Rome, but the turnover is so hippety-hop that unless you have an open mind and some luck you'd best have her fly your measurements to Italy and be sure that you get exactly what you want. She shares the general yearning for navy with white but likes to combine it with bright colors, too. A navy-and-white polka-dotted organza blouse emerges from the V of a red basketweave wool suit to tie in a bow at one side; the jacket ends, across the waistline, in a single scallop, but then it curves down to hip length at the sides and back. Black-and-white surah fashions a dress with a box pleat in both the front and the back of the skirt; the straight coat with it, of the brightest possible yellow tweedy wool, is collarless, but the scarf of the dress emerges through slits at the sides to tie. Signora Garnett is particularly good at peremptorily flaring things that are literally capes or else look like capes. One circular cape, which suggests a smock because of the fullness in front, is of a red wool that is like felt, and a coat of cyclamen wool, with sleeves set way out and way down, is shown with extra circular fullness sweeping out behind the arms. For formal evenings, a chiffon in a cloudy gray-green print with big flashes of salmon in it is used for the one-layer cape, shirred around the shoulders, that goes over a slender dress (this of satin in the identical print) with a big bow at the base of one shoulder strap, just above a huge godet that drops to the floor.

The little custom salon of Oldric Royce forever delights me, partly because the intricate handmade touches that one expects of a made-to-order house always have extra imagination here. But I can brush over only a few of the treasures, such as a suit of navy

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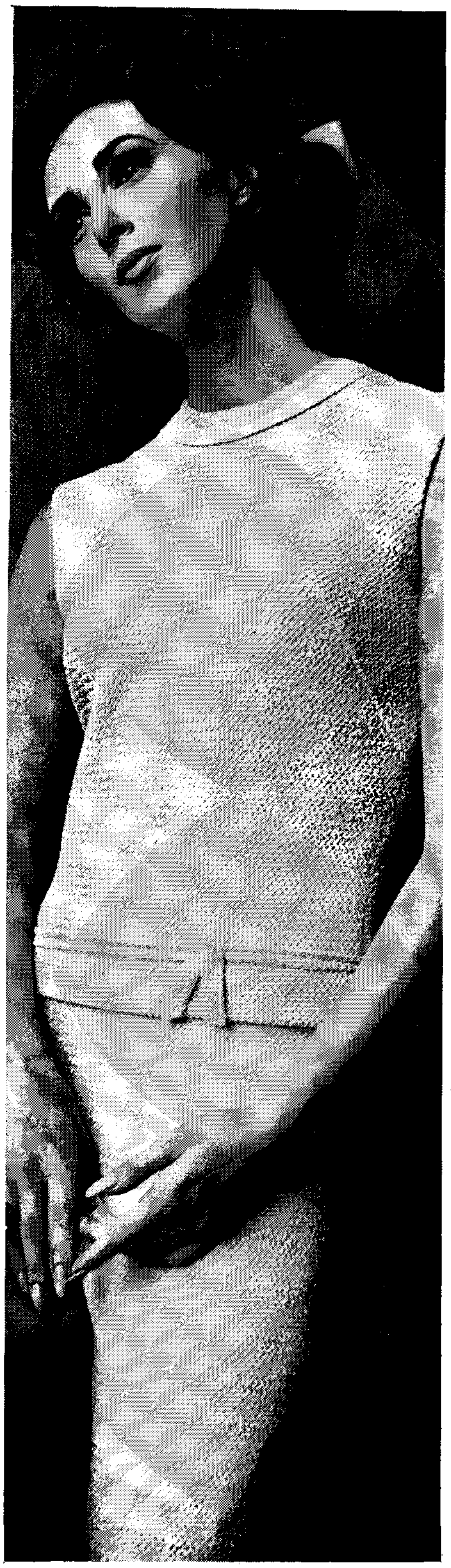

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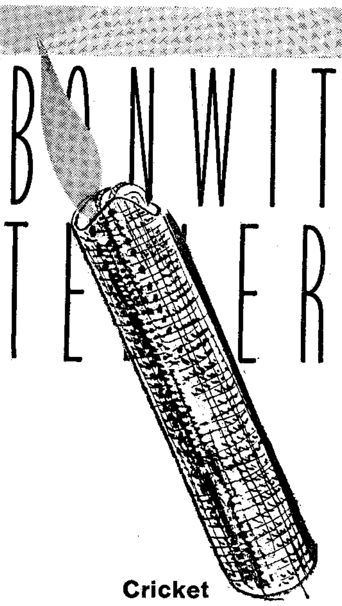
basketweave wool (he calls it hopsacking, though it feels *so* soft) with a round-necked blouse of a white parody of linen showing in the V of the jacket closing and more emphatically in the inverted V where the jacket cuts away sharply well above the waist. Another suit (here comes that hand detail) is of a silk tweed with scratchy crisscross black and white lines on it. There is white hand crochet around the neckline of the dress and the edges of the cardigan jacket; fine feather stitching in black and white joins the crochet to the body of the costume. There are deceptive aspects to some of the clothes; a coat dress of black-and-white checked tweed has a two-piece look, what with a false front that is like a suit jacket and has bogus bolero detail superimposed on *it*. Royce uses linen for warm days in town and for travel; a beautiful redingote of primrose linen, with black leather buttons down the front, is shown over a dress of black crinkled crêpe with a V neck and cap sleeves. But it is when night falls that the Royce talent is most sparkling and most varied. One curvy, eely dress of surah is in blurred soft shades; crystal paillettes and beads give it a subtle, frosty look from the hips to the floor. Cranberry lace does a dress with a matching cape. It is easy and circular down to a point below the hips, and there are shoulder straps and a fishtail train. Back interest has always been a preoccupation on these premises; a heavenly formal dress of sheer black lace over pink organza is arranged so that the pink emerges in an upward-curving band near the waist, and more of the organza sweeps down and back in vast godets from the waist to the floor. The short dress for formal evenings is not ignored here, by any means. The white coat that goes with one example is of a silk-and-wool fabric. A tiny square of jet buttons appears below the round neckline, and the whole thing couldn't be more tailored. *But* the dress is all inch-and-a-half-wide layers of black Val lace worked in inverted Vs over net in a herringbone sort of design.

AND now, if you'll pardon me, I have to make a marinade. A short while ago, I was publicly full of foreboding that the French spring clothes would be cluttered and messy. I've seen what our American buyers have brought back, and it would be only decent of me to get myself the fattest crow I can find for a diet. But it would need to be marinated for quite a while before I'd be able to touch *this* one.

—LOIS LONG



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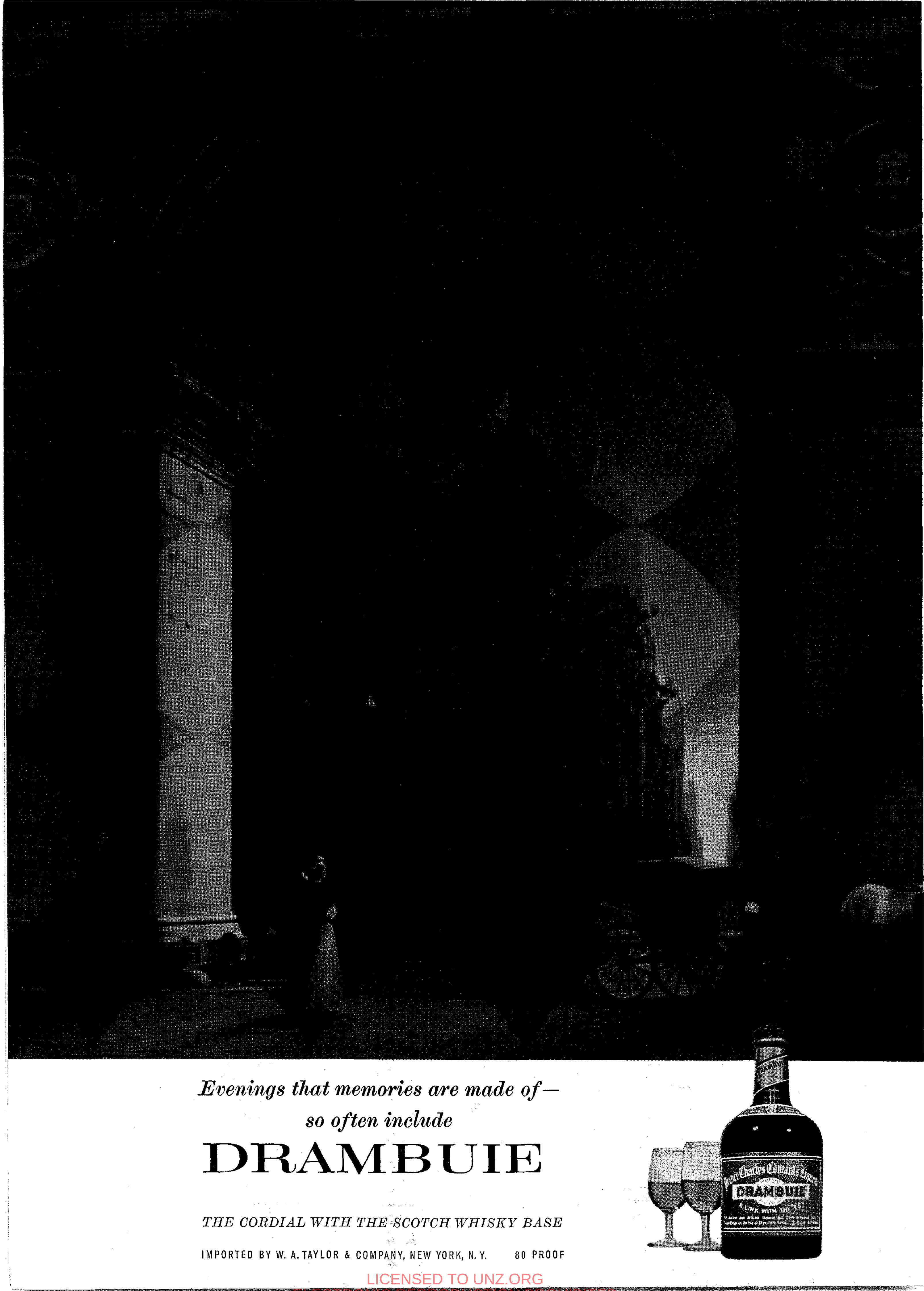

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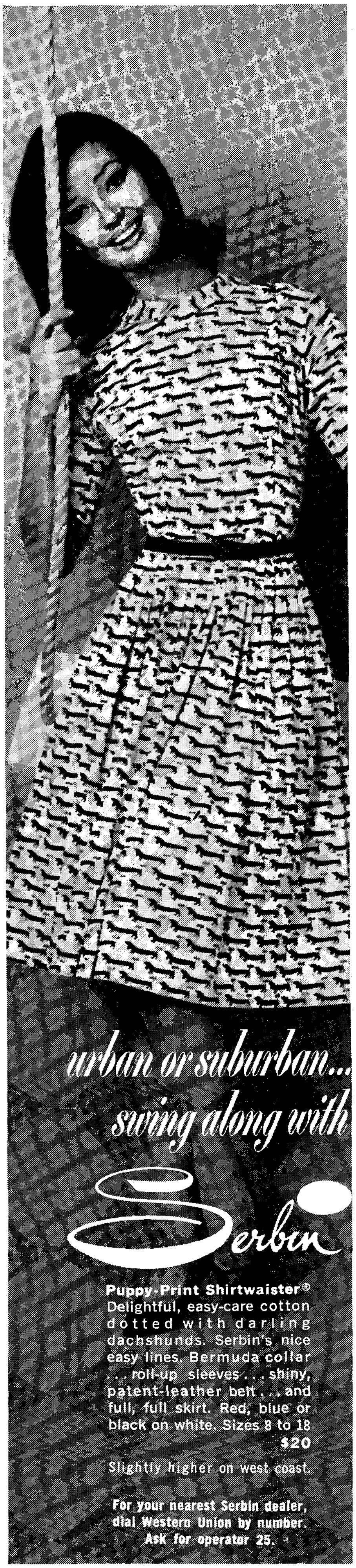
# LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 25

LAST week, the Government took the wrappings off its long-expected proposals for coping with a bedevilling national problem—the natural, obstinate, and legitimate desire of more and more of the population to crowd down to live, if they can find an inch of room, in the pleasant green lower right-hand corner of Britain, where jobs are easy and the climate more salubrious than in the North, where there is plenty of space for all. The South East Study, as the report is called, deals with the country below a line drawn from the Wash to Dorset, with the sprawling, magnetic mass of London at its heart. The proposed solutions, which would alter the map drastically, have had a mixed reception, to judge by what is being said here and reported from areas that will be involved in the upheaval—when it finally gets through all the necessary arguing in Parliament, among the public, and in heated local councils, that is. According to the planners, the prospects of the too favored and already crowded region by 1981, which is the date they are working toward, are claustrophobic. Unless it has begun to take a heavy list into the sea by then, it stands to have increased its population by at least three and a half million bodies. Two and a half million will be real native southerners, who will have arrived by getting born there, but another million will have trekked in from outside. The Opposition critics immediately said that this was a virtual admission by the Government that the drift would continue in spite of its campaign, which it adopted as an urgent economic and political priority, to make the woefully neglected North more prosperous and attractive to work and live in. Even if the Government continues, as it says it will, to build up the North, many people fail to see how the new plans for immensely increasing the amenities of the South East will persuade more business firms to pick up and head in a northerly direction, as the Government has been exhorting them to do. What has made everybody sit up is the proposed creation of three brand-new cities, earmarked to spring up around the nucleus of existing towns—the big Portsmouth-Southampton port area, in Hampshire; Bletchley, in Buckinghamshire; and, surprisingly, the snug old market town of Newbury, set among its rolling Berkshire downlands, where the residents are reportedly somewhat dazed at the prospect of being blown up to city status. Half a dozen other large towns and a dozen smaller ones are also mentioned as being suitable for expanding into the surrounding countryside. Though the new cities will presumably become self-sufficient communities, able to ignore the obsessive pull of London, the part of the study that has scared people most is its calculation that in seventeen years a startling four hundred and fifty thousand more commuters will be fighting their way in to jobs in the capital every day from the swollen South East—a vision to chill the blood of the suburban travelling public as it peeked at the figures in its papers last week while squashed in the usual rush-hour stampede. There are those who wonder whether the Government could not have met the commuter problem better by discouraging—in sharper ways than have apparently so far been attempted—the construction right in central London of great slabs of new office buildings, which seem to be going up all over the place this spring. The Channel Tunnel, when it comes, will obviously add to the lure of the booming South, though the study says little about it.

It is, of course, possible that by 1981, the near-Orwellian deadline, the whole idea of the North as a place of exile for reluctant southerners will have changed. Not long ago, the *Times* sent an anonymous special reporter to visit the hinterland and find out what people were saying up there about the Conservatives and the Labour Party and their respective chances in this year's general election. In a fascinating series of articles, he reported meeting here and there people who had made the switch from working in the South and who said that they would not go back for a million, citing miraculously uncluttered roads, cheaper living, every sort of open-air recreation within easy reach, clean air, and North Country kindness as some of the inducements that mesmerized southerners did not know about. In the next seventeen years, while the new South East is shaping, it may well be that many other intelligent citizens will turn their thoughts in that direction, however.

ONE new office building here in London has suddenly and controversially been in the news. This is the ninety-foot block that has started to rear its undistinguished head at the top of



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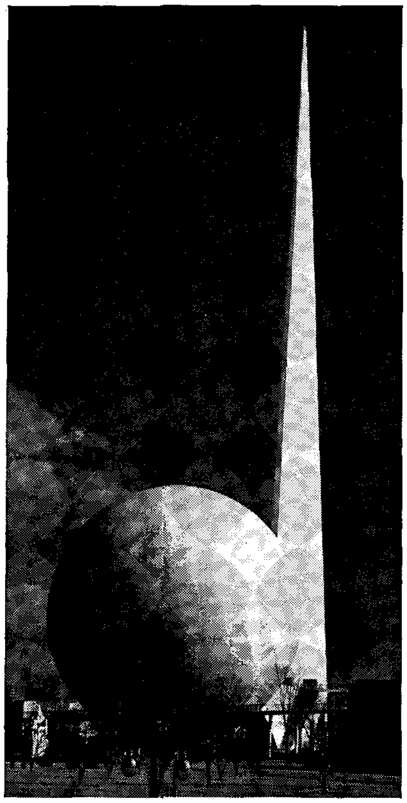

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Ludgate Hill, where, it seems to many indignant Londoners, it will partly obstruct the pedestrians' approach view of the West Front of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is typical, perhaps, of the slowness of public opinion to catch on to what is happening before its eyes that the row started only when the skeleton of the building was already in place and the construction gangs were working away full blast to complete it. A model of Sir William Holford's proposed rebuilding of the Cathedral's approaches, which would finally result in its western front's being enclosed as an admirable pedestrian piazza, was on public view, sure enough, in 1956, and though it showed the offending block forming one wing of the piazza, the chorus of objecting voices was not exactly deafening. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have said that they objected strongly all along but were overruled by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government and by a number of experts. Sir William Holford has now defended the building, of which he was not the architect, making the points that Wren's own plan was for a citizens' cathedral, closely surrounded by houses and not standing in isolation, and that the criticized office wing will be part of the "gate" leading to the fine new forecourt, from which strollers will be able to enjoy the great view of the West Front better and more peacefully than they have ever done. Sir Keith Joseph, the Minister of Housing, has just refused to meet a mass rally of objectors that was called on St. Paul's steps today, when it had been hoped to put forward to him some of the fears that would certainly have been more telling if they had been voiced eight years ago.

Possibly public opinion has been stirred up so belatedly because many in the crowds pouring along Ludgate Hill feel that they are seeing their splendid national possession clearly for the first time. After its recent washing, the West Front is a dazzling revelation. The pitch-black façade has come up the pale, warm color of the crust on a bowl of Cornish clotted cream, and in its new lightness you can admire a multitude of things you never noticed before—the exquisite traceries around the cornices, the expressions on the faces of the cherubs with their musical instruments, and the beauty of the tenderly carved swags of roses, narcissi, and more rustic flowers, and of harvest fruits and ears of corn, which before their bath looked as though they had been chipped out of coal. So far, only the West Front has been scrubbed; the line of soot begins sharply again around the corner. When

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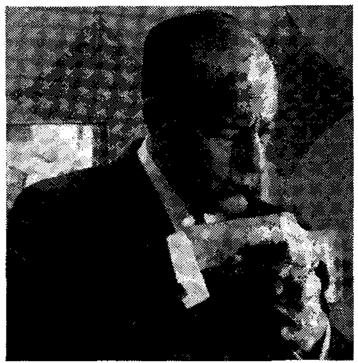

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the funds are found to finish the job, the whole cathedral will be a lovely sight.

IF you are coming to Britain this summer, it will be hard to avoid bumping into Shakespeare at some point or other. To judge by the advance program for his four-hundredth-birthday celebrations, the plays are going to be performed by professionals and amateurs all over the country, in theatres and town halls, in university quads and the gardens of great country houses, in pubs, such as the famous George Inn at Southwark, and on the piers at seaside resorts. The Royal Ballet will dance him with the ballet "Hamlet" and a new one, choreographed by Kenneth MacMillan, called "Aspects of Love," apparently based on Shakespearean quotations, which sounds somewhat bemusing. There will be performances at Covent Garden of Verdi's "Macbeth" (which Glyndebourne is also giving as its birthday contribution), "Otello," and "Falstaff." The Stratford plans for celebrations are naturally the most ambitious of the lot. The Royal Shakespeare Company has a tremendous chronological program of the historical plays, which opens on April 15th with "Richard II," will go on to "Henry IV" in its two parts, and in June will add "Henry V." Finally, in July and August, it will put on the completing trilogy that we saw recently here in London at the company's second home, the Aldwych Theatre—"Henry VI," "Edward IV," and "Richard III," performed in sequence under the title "The Wars of the Roses." At the Aldwych, it was possible (as it will be at Stratford) to see all three long plays in two days. One turned up for an evening performance of "Henry VI" and then reported for the next day's matinée and evening shows, the breathing space between the two leaving one just time to snatch a sandwich and get back, hotfoot, to the bloody, fascinating affairs of York and Lancaster. The trilogy was also given occasionally in one day flat, with morning, afternoon, and evening performances—an experience that survivors boast of groggily in the tones of veterans who have come through the whole campaign. Peter Hall, who superbly directed all the plays, collaborated with John Barton to adapt the original three parts of "Henry VI" into two separate, less confusing pieces, giving the second play the non-Shakespearean title "Edward IV." Seen in this way, they become an understandable, brilliantly exciting report on the long, ruinous civil war and its miseries. When the audience arrives for the first play, the cur-

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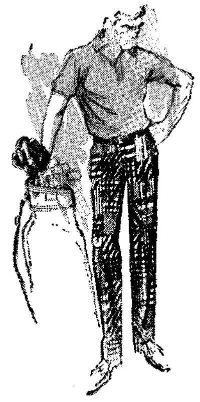

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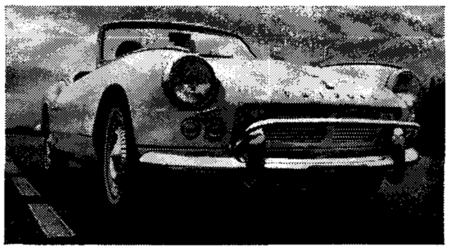

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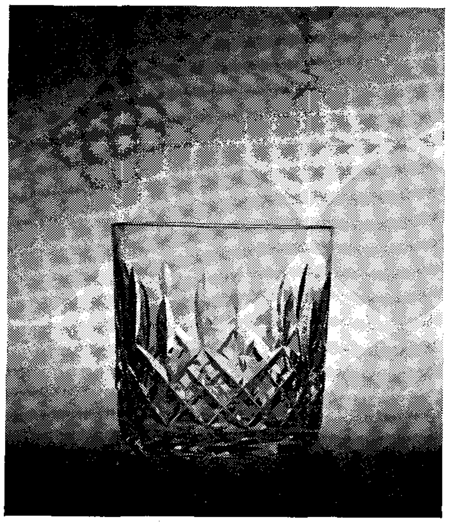

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tain is already up, revealing a bare stage with a dramatic black-draped coffin in its center—that of the soldier king Henry V, whose hopes that his son would be a worthy caretaker of the England he was handing over to him are so quickly lost in the bloodshed. Thereafter, at the start of the two other productions, the empty, waiting stage contains only the sinister tall shadow of the coveted throne itself. There is space to mention just two of a number of first-rate performances—the shambling, bookish, fatally pliant young King Henry VI of David Warner, and Ian Holm's diamond-sharp study of crook-backed Richard as a brave, even affectionate little gamecock of a lad who becomes the murdering monster of the last play. The whole remarkable presentation is like watching a *son-et-lumière* display at some great medieval castle, where the very stones seem to speak in the thrilling new illumination playing upon history.

MUSIC lovers were thunderstruck by the sudden announcement this month that the internationally famous and prodigious Philharmonia Orchestra was to come to an end—shocking news that was given headlines in the papers as a major blow to Britain's artistic prestige. In stating his reasons for the "indefinite suspension" of this magnificent orchestra—which means final, of course, for the quality of great performance depends on members' keeping together and constantly rehearsing together—the man who created and owns it, Mr. Walter Legge, who is married to Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, cited the fierce competition for topnotch players, who are often forced to pursue their bread and butter into television engagements, and so on. Then he mentioned the tapering off in the making of new classical recordings and (though he put it more politely) the parsimony of the support that the state doles out of public funds to its leading orchestras. Concertgoers, who immediately set up a chorus of woe over their threatened loss, also came in for some plain words from Mr. Legge. Londoners are apparently tending to stay home and listen to recordings rather than turn out in all weathers to the Festival Hall, where half the audience, it is cynically said, is apt to be foreign *au-pair* girls listening shining-eyed in their best frocks. The place is always packed for concerts given under the direction of the Philharmonia's chief conductor, Dr. Otto Klemperer, whose Beethoven series are exciting London events, but the public's preference for famous names was another of Mr. Legge's complaints. The Philharmonia

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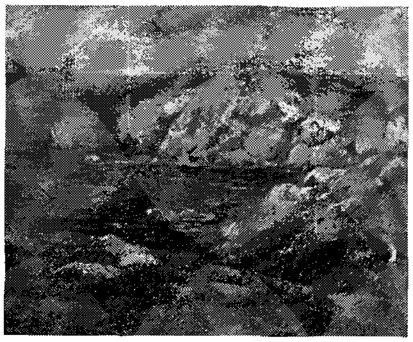

*Seascape, 1910* *by Henri Moret*
*oil, 25½ x 31¾ inches*

HENRI MORET
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Born at Cherbourg; started painting in Paris and exhibited for the first time in the Salon des Indépendants in 1880. He soon moved to Brittany where he joined Gauguin's circle at Pont-Aven and Le Pouldu where he remained until his death in 1913. He was more influenced by Monet, whom he greatly admired, than by the new theories evolved by Gauguin and the Symbolists at Pont-Aven.

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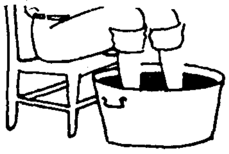

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players have now said that they will form themselves into a company to own and manage themselves without Mr. Legge but still, they hope, with Dr. Klemperer. This is what another fine orchestra, the Royal Philharmonic, which was founded by Sir Thomas Beecham after the war, did last year, when it looked as though it, too, were going to fall apart in the uncertainties following Beecham's death. There are those who suspect that Mr. Legge's abrupt action may be calculated shock treatment to call attention to the financial situation of London's major orchestras generally, which is rocky. The exceptions are the B.B.C. musicians, who have guaranteed salaries and get sick pay, paid holidays, and pensions, which the players in other eminent orchestras do not, as concertgoers have mostly been startled to learn through the recent revelations. Though the Covent Garden Opera's annual grant from the Treasury was recently increased, to everybody's satisfaction, to eight hundred and thirty thousand pounds in recognition of its being a handsome cultural shopwindow for Britain, the funds made over to such national prides as the Philharmonia (its grant is twelve thousand pounds a year) seem unbelievably skimpy. The Labour Party immediately called on the Government to throw a monetary lifeline to the Philharmonia and step up aid to music and the arts generally, promising that a Labour administration would do so. With the general election in the offing (June is now the most fancied date), everything, even music, has a political tinge, it seems. If the present spotlight turned on their troubles leads to better working terms for London's orchestras, it will be an all-party satisfaction.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

### SEXUAL MATURITY IN THE POCONOS

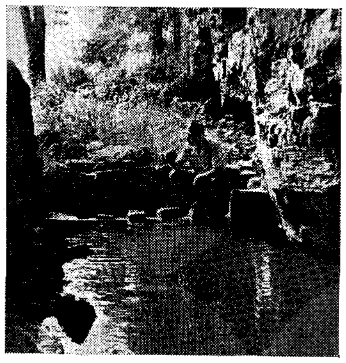
[*From the Times*]

MOUNT POCONO, Pa.—Here in the Pocono Mountains, a little more than 100 miles from Manhattan, there is a segment of the resort hotel industry that will have nothing to do with anyone except honeymooners. And, reversing the compliment, there are many newlyweds who will take their honeymoons only in the Poconos. . . .

On either the first or second night at most resorts, there is a gala welcome, with champagne or wine on the house at those resorts where liquor is served, and wandering minstrels and heart-shaped cakes where love is the only stimulant.

Honeymooners find staff photographers inconspicuously available to take their pictures practically anytime and anyplace. Favored poses are of entwined, ringed hands on a bed, or of two heads, His and Hers, peering out from behind their shower curtains.

ANYWHERE IN JACK DANIEL'S HOLLOW is a good place to get a drink of water. It all comes from our cool limestone spring.



Mr. Jack found our spring nearly a century ago. Today as always, it runs year 'round at a constant 56°. And we've tapped into it for fountains so our folks won't have to walk to the end of the lane. But still most important is that we use our spring's iron-free water to make our whiskey. You see, this water and Charcoal Mellowing account largely for the rare *sippin'* smoothness of Jack Daniel's.

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OLD TIME
Old No. 7
BRAND
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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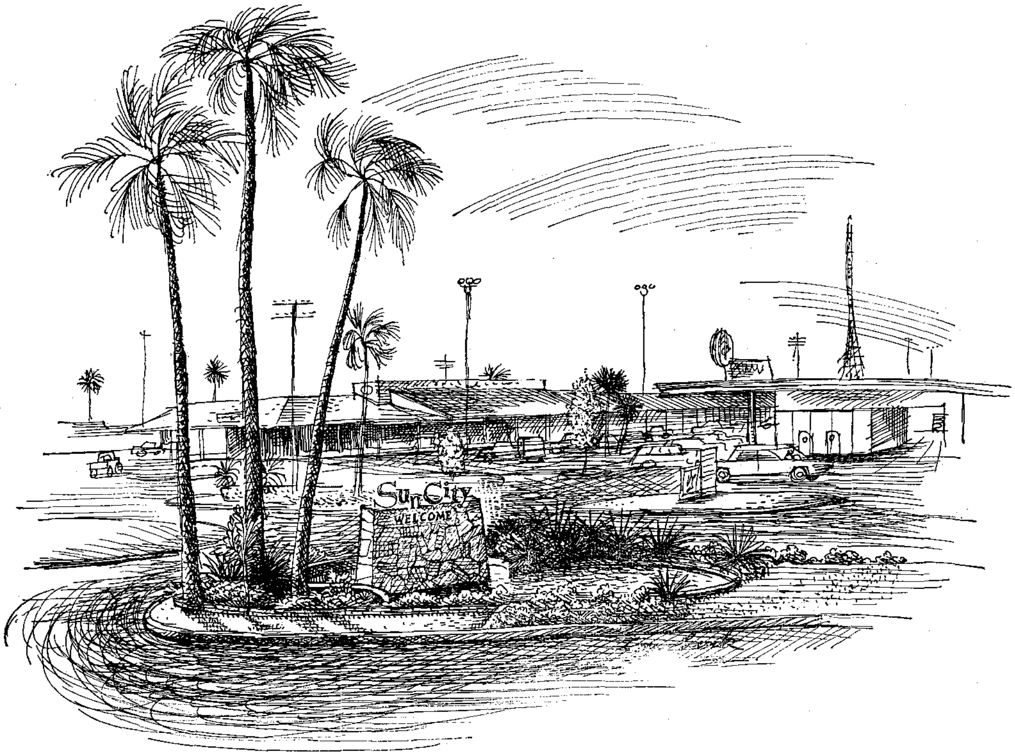
# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## WAKE UP AND LIVE



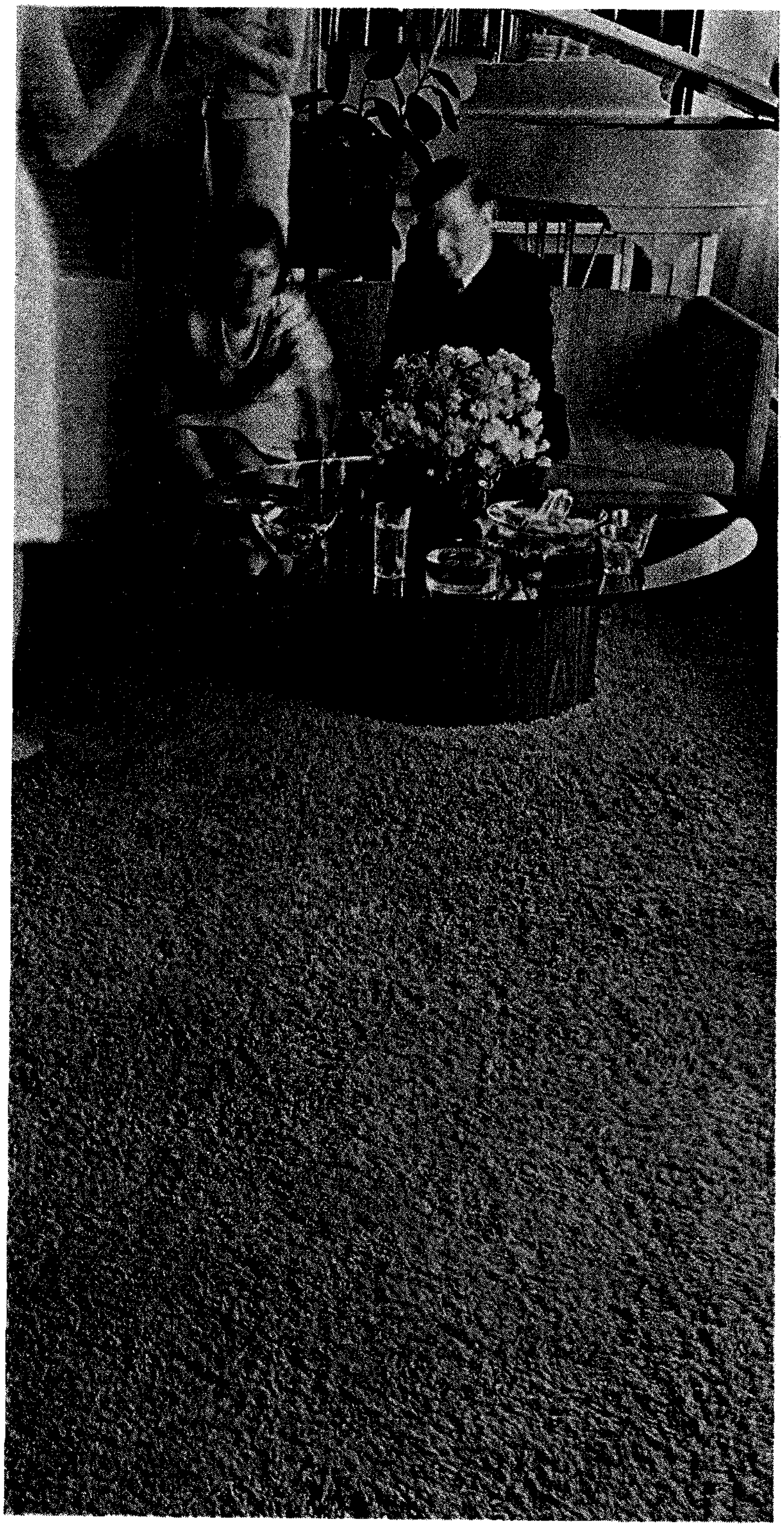
ON the second day of a ten-day visit I recently made to Sun City, Arizona—a town that was created four years ago specifically for retired people and now contains about seventy-five hundred of them—I turned on the morning television news from Phoenix, twelve miles away, and learned that a retired pump mechanic, apparently deranged, had gratuitously wounded a Phoenix policeman with pellets from a shotgun and held six more policemen at bay in his front yard for twenty minutes. According to the newscast, when the former mechanic was finally talked out of his house by a police captain, he offered a simple explanation for his unusual behavior. "You can't be retired and live," he said, and was thereupon carried off to the Phoenix city jail. During the rest of my stay in Sun City, I often thought of his assessment of the retirement situation. For one thing, it struck me as a pithy, if unusually harsh, summary of what many old people must come to believe as a result of living in a society that has managed to extend their life span but not their working years. Experts on the subject—and there are plenty of them, for councils, commissions, committees, and subcommittees on aging appear to have grown at about the same rate as the percentage of old people in the population—are accustomed to discussing it in more elaborate terms than the mechanic did, and they are, of course, professionally opposed to hopelessness, yet some of his pessimism often seems to be reflected in their reports on the problem of psychological letdown after retirement, or on the hardships of trying to meet constantly increasing costs with a fixed income, or on the housing difficulties created by rapidly changing neighborhoods and the disappearance of what sociologists call "the three-generation family unit." In Sun City, I quickly discovered, the attitude toward retirement is somewhat different; there the mechanic's views would not be categorized as mere pessimism but as heresy. The Del E. Webb Development Corporation, the gigantic Phoenix construction company that built and presides over Sun City, proclaims in its advertisements not only that you can be retired and live but that you can be retired and live in a "paradise town." In fact, retirement—or, at least, age—is a prerequisite for admission to this paradise, and those admitted are looked upon not as people who must accommodate themselves to the problems of old age but as people who are "Lucky Enough to be 50 or More." The philosophy behind Sun City is perhaps best expressed by a radio advertising jingle, "Wake Up and Live in Sun City." It goes:

> Wake up and live in Sun City
> For an Active New Way of Life.
> Wake up and live in Sun City,
> Mr. Senior Citizen and wife.
> Don't let retirement get you down.
> Be happy in Sun City; it's a paradise
> town.
> Wake up and live in Sun City,
> Mr. Senior Citizen, the rest of your
> life,
> Mr. Senior Citizen and wife.

A few years ago, the notion that about seventy-five hundred people might heed such a call would have brought a field-wide shudder from geriatricians and gerontologists. These specialists were almost unanimously opposed to communities restricted to old people, on the ground that the old needed to remain part of the fabric of normal society and could only depress each other by living in a group. A number of the specialists still feel that way, but lately—in part owing to the apparent success of Sun City, which occasionally describes itself as "the town that changed America's viewpoint on retirement," and other such communities—some have come to believe that many old people are better off where they can find a good many other old people with similar interests and where they do not feel shunted aside in favor of the young. Among old people themselves, the idea of retirement communities has become so popular that, according to the National Council on the Aging, the country now has about two hundred and fifty communities built for—if not in all cases restricted to—old people.

Sun City, which has served as a model for some of these communities, was itself modelled on others, and if it has changed a nation's ideas on retirement, it did not invent what gerontologists call "chronological segregation." In this respect, it was frankly inspired by Youngtown, a small development for elderly people (put up by a rival Phoenix construction company) that was formerly isolated in the cotton fields northwest of Phoenix but now has the burgeoning Sun City right across the highway. Sun City's claim to influence is based on its phenomenal growth and on its having devised an "Active New Way of Life." Billboards on the highway from Phoenix proclaim that "Del Webb's Sun City" is "where Active Retirement originat-

# Wool carpet is what every other carpet is trying to be



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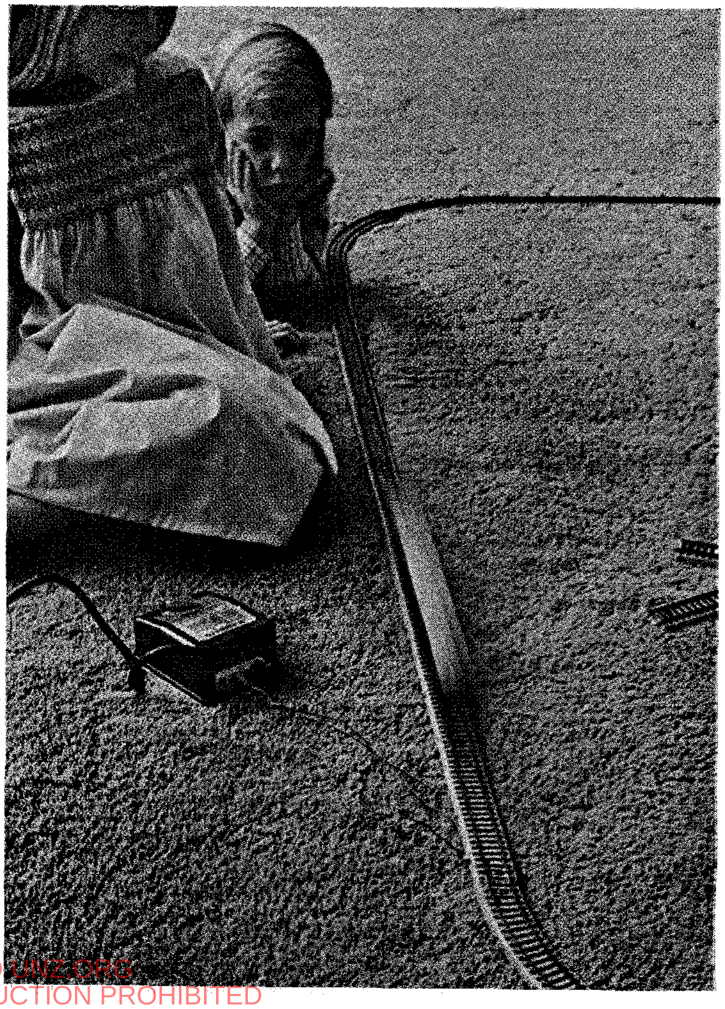
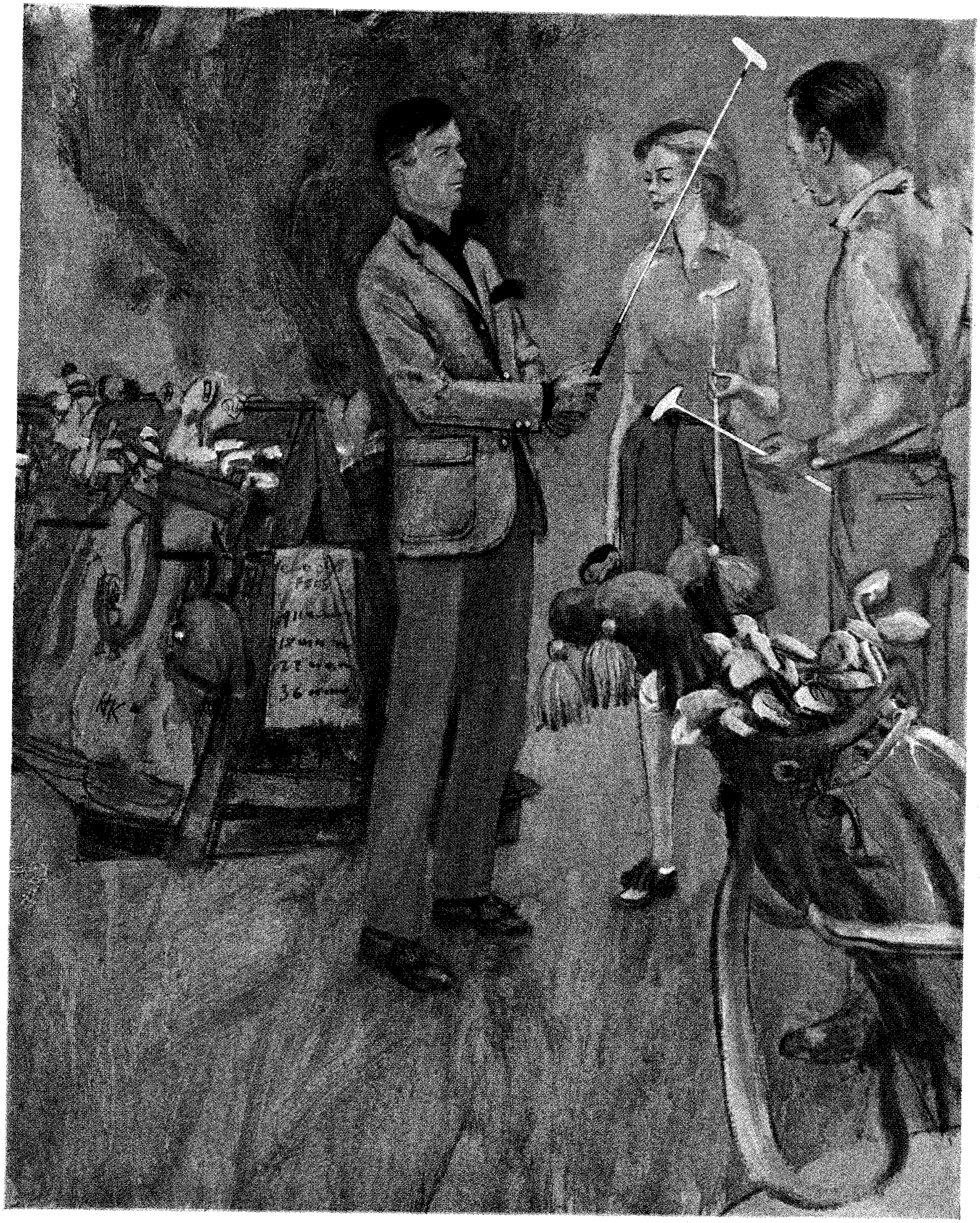
*Wool carpet has natural resilience.* Wool is born with natural bounce in its every fiber. It just can't be squelched by trampling, running, restless feet. Other carpets know a good thing when they see it. So they've tried to copy wool's resilience. They can't.

*Wool carpet has enduring beauty.* Wool is beautiful to begin with, and stays beautiful. Wool is lush, warm, inviting. Wool resists flame, cleans easily. Wool leads the way to lasting carpet fashion. Other carpets wish they'd wear like wool. They don't.



*Wool carpet has lasting color.* Wool has a natural thirst for color. So it drinks in lots of vibrant color, and keeps it for life. Other carpets say their "wealth" of color will last–just like wool's. It won't. For carpet that has everything, **THE ANSWER IS WOOL.**

©Wool Carpets of America



A STANLEY BLACKER SPORT COAT
OXFORD DENIM

This easy, feather weight sport jacket is tailored of Arnel* and rayon in a new oxford weave that looks as cool and frosted as it really is. In many colors from light to dark, about $37.50 at Browning Fifth Avenue, New York City; The Higbee Co., Cleveland; Muse's, Atlanta; Lytton's, Chicago; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, or write to Stanley Blacker, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, New York.

**Celanese TM for its triacetate fiber*

ed." It takes a visitor only a few hours to realize that the Sun City formula for happiness—or "pure happiness," as the man who speaks between renditions of the advertising jingle puts it—is, roughly, that happiness equals activity plus friendliness. For my part, even though I had been in Sun City for only a day when I heard the Phoenix newscast, I had the feeling that any resident I might ask about the pump mechanic's misfortunes would be likely to say that the mechanic *could* be retired and live, and in a "paradise town." And, furthermore, that if he spent enough of his time playing shuffleboard, golf, canasta, and bridge, going to club meetings with other retired people, and being generally friendly, he would be much too busy and much too happy to have any thoughts of peppering policemen with buckshot.

THE thirty-minute drive from Phoenix to Sun City begins with a dreary line of motels, most of them built before motels were called motor inns, and some of them before cabins and tourist courts were called motels. A few miles past Glendale, a suburb of Phoenix, the motels begin to give way to fields of alfalfa and cotton, and the fields are almost uninterrupted after Peoria, a drab farming town that calls itself, for reasons nowhere in evidence, the Rose Center of the World. Then, two or three miles up the highway, the visitor gets his first view of Sun City across the cotton fields—a view of palm trees tilting up unexpectedly in all directions. Palm trees also dominate the main entrance to the town from the highway; three of them, together with some shrubbery, a pond, and a section of low stone wall holding a sign, "SUN CITY. Welcome," form a sort of miniature oasis at the roadside.

One's first impression of Sun City is that it looks like any other attractive real-estate development. There are two palm-lined boulevards, palm trees along the crisscrossing golf-course fairways that are visible from almost everywhere, and pastel one-story ranch houses and winding streets, sufficiently varied to avoid total monotony; moreover, it is an often cited point of pride at the Del E. Webb company that even before the first house was built Sun City had a large shopping center, a motel, a medical building, a golf course, and a Community Center, and that these facilities had to be expanded almost immediately. But what struck me most forcibly about this entire well-planned, well-kept complex on the afternoon I arrived was that it was deserted. No one

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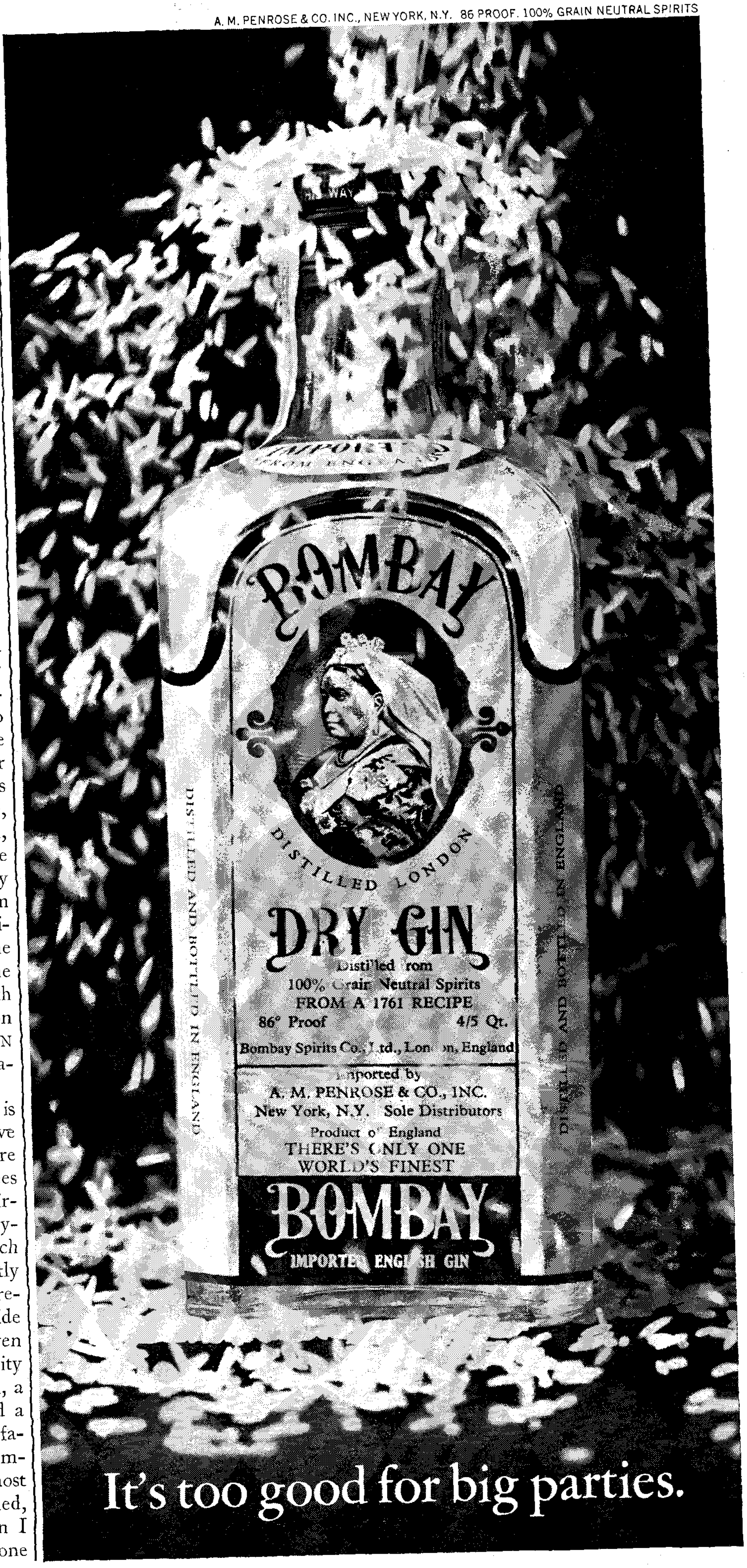
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could be seen enjoying an Active New Way of Life or any other kind. Not a soul walked along the sidewalks; no one was at work in any of the yards; the shuffleboard courts and lawn-bowling green in front of the Community Center's Arts & Crafts Building were unoccupied; the streets were silent. The town might have been evacuated—not for an emergency, since everything seemed in perfect order and remarkably clean, but for some well-rehearsed air-raid drill. It was ninety-three degrees in Sun City, and it occurred to me that if nobody had a compelling reason to stir—such as going to work or chasing children—there was no reason to expect anybody to be out in the sun in the middle of the day. In fact, I reflected, since the residents of Sun City were free from the social restrictions of their home towns as well as the professional restrictions of earning a living, there was no reason to expect them to retain any of the customs of normal society that did not please them. They could do almost anything they wanted to do.

It rather surprised me that what they wanted to do did not include constant labor on their lawns. Without ever being particularly aware of it, I had always associated retirement with yard work—puttering around in the garden and mowing the lawn being the two images clearest in my mind. There were no citizens tending their lawns that first afternoon, and, what was even more surprising, there were many lawns that required no tending, since they consisted of colored gravel instead of grass. Some were of green gravel—a dark green that clashed weirdly with the grass lawns next to them. Others were of gray, green, red, brown, or white gravel. Still others were of combinations of colors, each kept neatly in its place by a stubby border of stones. Some of the gravel lawns were decorated with desert plants, and many, like many of the grass lawns, had signs bearing the names of the residents, sometimes including license plates from their home states. Gravel lawns—usually called rock lawns in Sun City, though one company that makes them calls them Leisure Lawns—seemed to be in the majority in the town. I did see a man working on a rock lawn later that week. He was brushing his lawn with a stiff push broom, apparently to get some stray red gravel back from the driveway into its proper section.

THE first evening I was in Sun City—it was a Monday—I phoned Louis Inwood, the president of the Sun City Homeowners Association,

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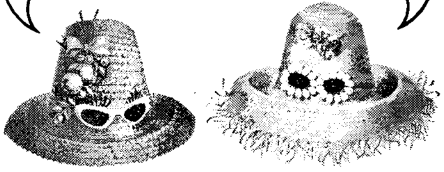

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"Take this, Susan," he whispered, as their paths crossed on the stairs, "but please don't read it now." Blushing furiously, she thrust the note into the pocket of her Cos Cob smock-shift, a festive patchwork of imported, bleeding madras, each patch individually seamed. Jr. Petite sizes 3-13. About $15 at fine stores everywhere.

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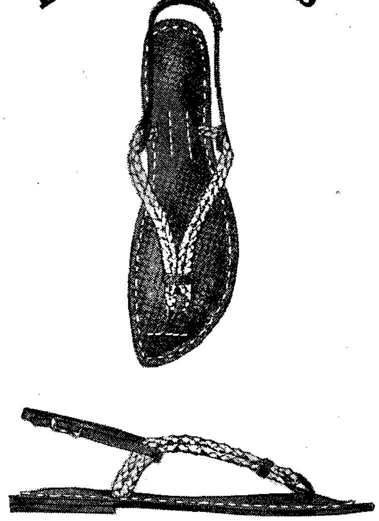
and he suggested that we meet at Town Hall, where a large crowd of residents would be on hand for the Monday-night movies. Town Hall, Inwood explained, is not actually a town hall but a recreational facility, a second and more elaborate version of the Community Center. A part of it has been used by the Del E. Webb company as a sales office, with model houses adjoining it, and on my way to meet Inwood I found that after a sign just past the oasis announces Sun City's Active New Way of Life, a series of signs along the meridian strip of the main street leads visitors toward Town Hall much as signs on a Western highway will lead travellers toward some such roadside attraction as a snake farm that happens to be next to a gas station, or a frontier museum that happens to be behind a restaurant. "Just Two Minutes to a New Way of Life. Straight Ahead," the first one says. "Every Day's a Holiday in Sun City. Straight Ahead," says the one five or six blocks down the boulevard.

Most of Town Hall looks like a nicely designed, rambling country club, with open patios and a large outdoor swimming pool, but the central block rather resembles a red brick church, even to a tower with an electrically controlled carillon. On my way to the auditorium, in the main building, I passed a room in which half a dozen men were laboriously practicing a rhythmic line dance—all of them turning slowly with one hand on the hip and the other in the air. From an announcement on a bulletin board outside the auditorium, I learned that in another room the Rock Hounds were meeting "to organize field trips throughout Arizona to secure rock specimens." A number of informally dressed people—most of the men were wearing sports shirts and the Western leather string ties known as bolo ties—were filing into the auditorium, where folding chairs had been set up, and where two residents wearing blue-and-gold silk shirts with "Town Hall Movies" embroidered on the back were preparing to handle the lights and the projector.

Inwood, a portly, somewhat bald man of sixty-seven, who was wearing khaki pants, a polo shirt, and a bolo tie, met me near the door to the auditorium and suggested that the lounge chairs next to the swimming pool would be a good place to chat. Once we had settled ourselves there, he told me that the Community Center and Town Hall were roughly similar in program, and that both required a small



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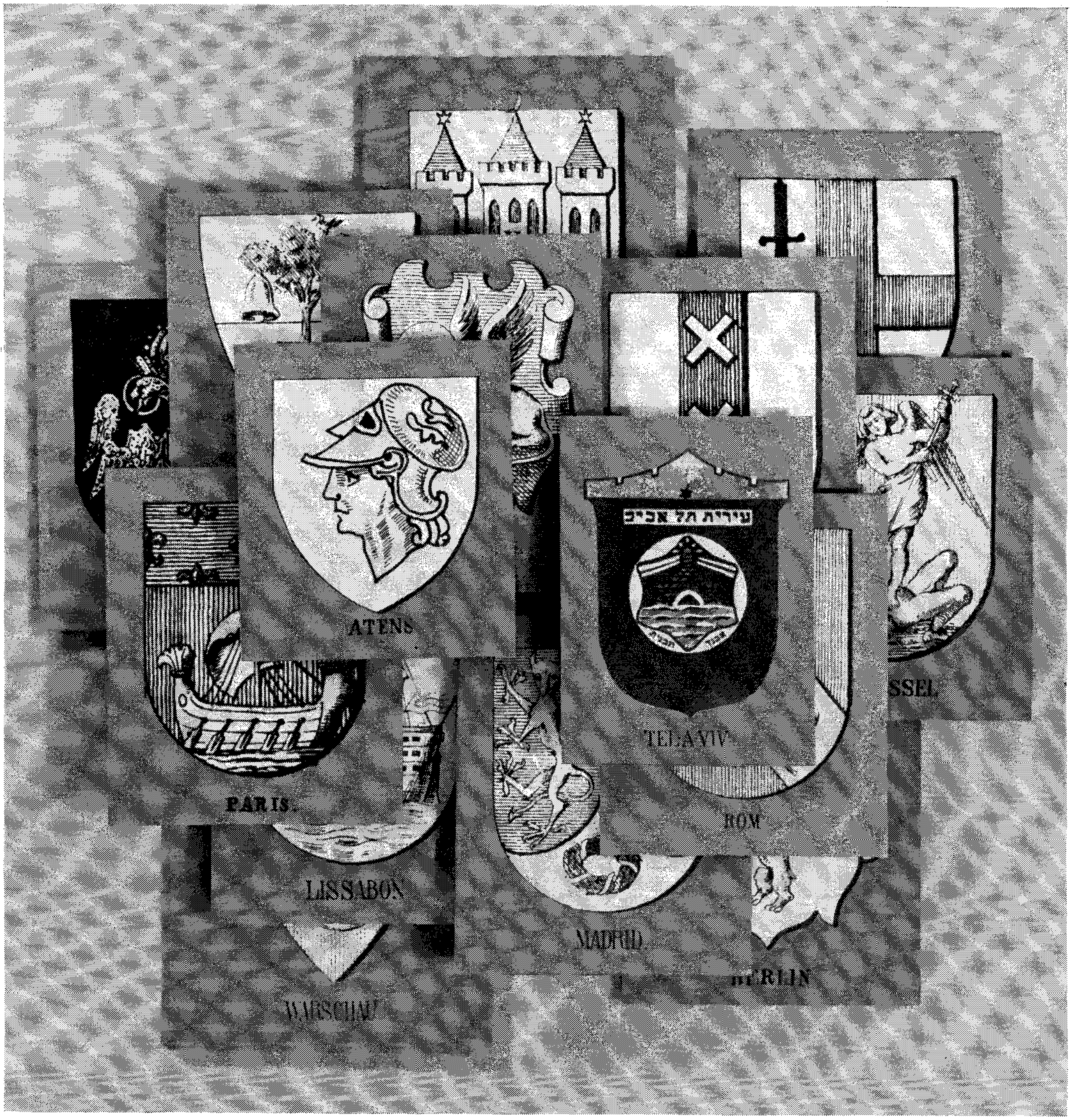

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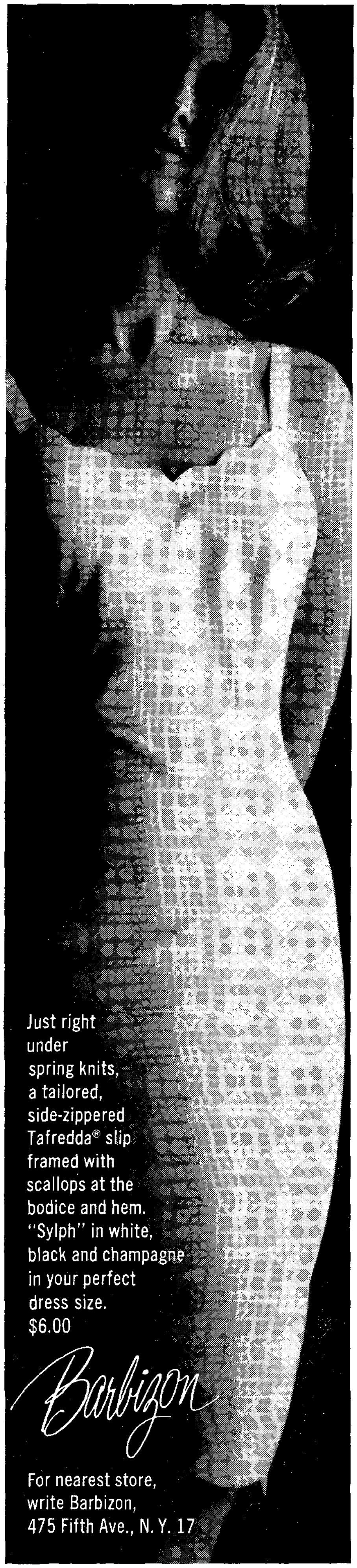
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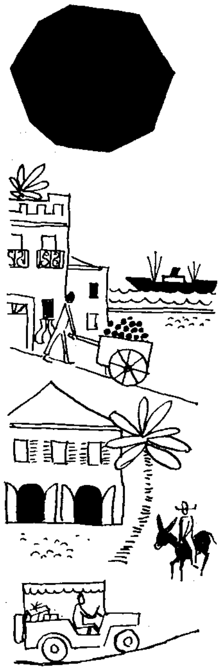
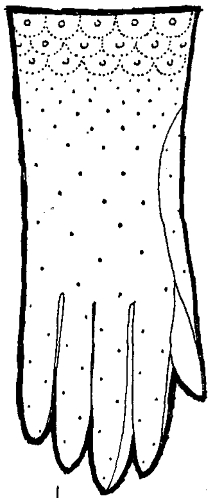
annual fee for membership. The Community Center served those living in Sun City's first fifteen hundred houses and apartments, he explained, and it had been turned over to the members by the Webb company as soon as there were enough of them to support it with their dues. Town Hall's membership, along with many of its functions, was restricted to residents of the next thirty-five hundred units, of which twenty-eight hundred had been completed; it would also be turned over to the members when it reached its full complement. "They decided to have these arts-and-crafts facilities for—well, let's call it therapy, because it is, in a sense," Inwood said. "There's a darkroom for the camera nuts. People make all sorts of fantastic things in ceramic—mostly ladies interested in ceramics. People who have never painted before learn to paint, and we have an art exhibition two or three times a year. Some people sell their ceramics and their paintings, and some people turn them out for themselves or just for the hell of it. We have a lapidary room, and people make amazing things in that. This bolo tie clasp is a product of the lapidary room. I'm one of the worst at that sort of thing, but I bet you've never seen a turquoise polished like this one. There's a woodworking shop and a place for silverwork. There's swimming. There are better than thirty tables of mixed bridge every Thursday night and contract or duplicate on Tuesday night. Monday night is movie night, Friday is dancing lessons, and Saturday is ballroom dancing."

I was about to ask Inwood why the men I had seen were practicing rhythmic dancing when he added, "The Swim Club is rehearsing now for the *luau* it sponsors every year," and I gathered that this was the answer. "We're as active as the devil," he went on. "Most of us are so damn busy we have to put priorities on our time. For instance, my wife and I love to travel, and in 1962, when I was head of Town Hall, we organized this club." Inwood reached for his wallet and showed me a membership card for an organization called Nobles Exploradores del Ayuntamiento. "That means 'Noble Explorers of Town Hall,' " he explained. "We call it NEDA. We take a one-day trip every month, and one trip a month that lasts more than one day. We're going to the Grand Canyon Wednesday. We also take some quite long trips. We had a waiting list for a trip we organized that left just before New Year's. It featured the Rose Bowl parade, Disneyland, and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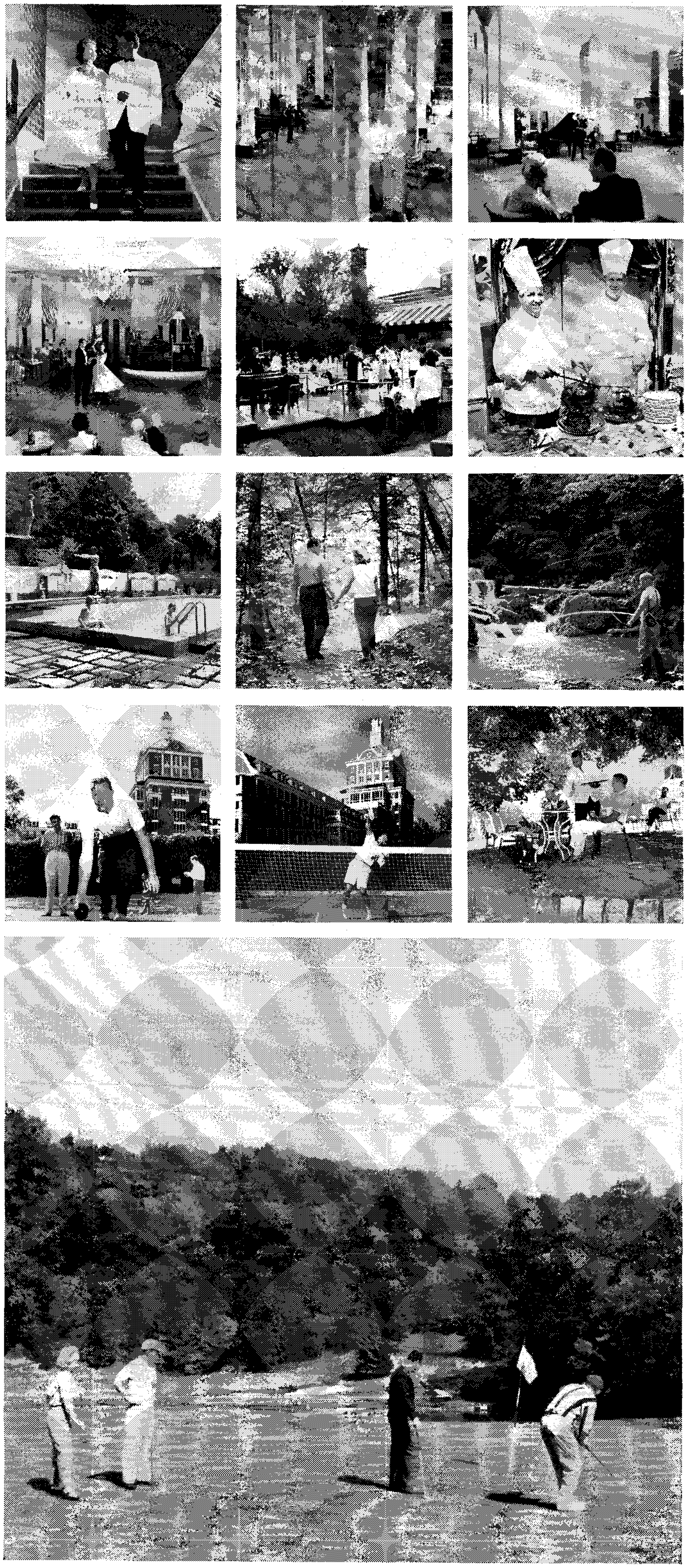

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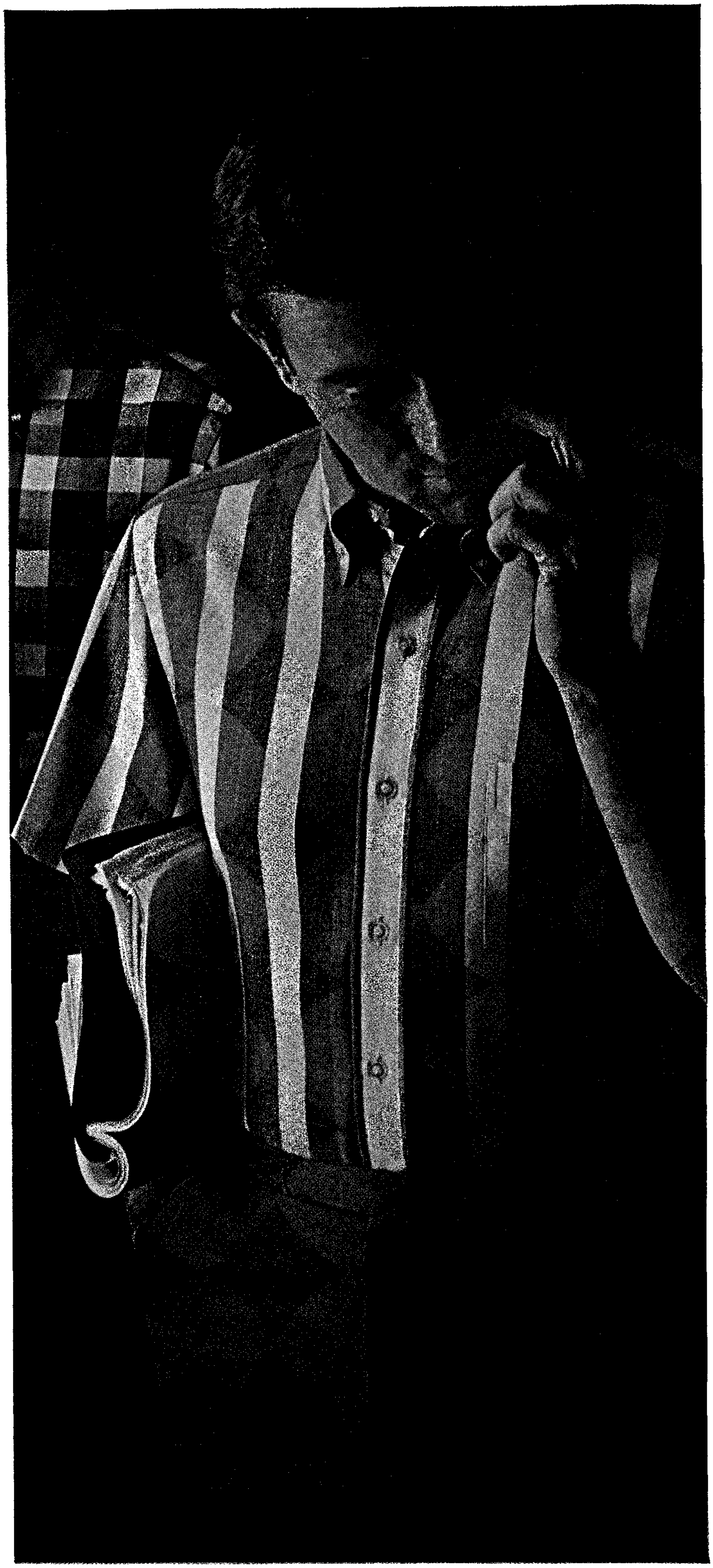
CADOGAN PLACE • LONDON, S.W.1
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA HCA

New Year's Eve with Lawrence Welk. We took only thirty-eight people, because we could only get that many tickets to Welk. Different people do different things. They say there are more than ninety clubs here. We have a very enthusiastic group of golfers; some people play six or seven times a week. Twenty to twenty-five people come to Town Hall six days a week and play poker. Ninety-five per cent of the people here are as happy as larks and five per cent are miserably unhappy—but they'd be miserably unhappy anywhere. The thing that makes it a success is that when people come out here the bulk of them feel, Well, since we've all broken with our past, we're in the same boat. Everybody is seeking friends. It's the friendliest place you've ever seen. And it's very informal. I spent my life in full dress—I was Director of Aviation and Deputy Director of Commerce for the City of Philadelphia—and I haven't had a real tie on since I hit Sun City. Now, these movies are more or less a social event. We have an eight-by-twenty-four-foot Cinemascope screen and a first-rate projector, and we have the picture on three reels, which means that the audience has to take two breaks. During the first one, we pass a pot and people contribute whatever they want to the movie fund, and during the second one they go out and smoke and talk. We thought about getting another projector—there's plenty of money in the movie fund—but the people didn't want it. They didn't want to give up their breaks."

Kalmia latifolia

The Homeowners Association, Inwood told me, was an organization of all Sun City residents, dedicated to "preserving the way of life we like here," and its relations with the Webb company were varied. "Webb is a businessman making an honest profit," Inwood said. "I'm not agin Webb. If it helps him and it also helps us, that's fine. For instance, the group medical plan we worked on together—it helps Webb sell houses, and it's a good thing for us, too. On some things we've fought him, like on some trouble we've had over the sewer and water rates. Our only real worry is inflation. Everybody out here is on a fixed income, large or small. That's why we're so fussy about rates." The Association's current project, Inwood continued, was preparing a batch of petitions, which it would begin to circulate within a week or two, and which, Inwood hoped, would result in the incorporation of Sun City, perhaps in the 1964 elections.

INWOOD, like other Sun City residents, often seemed to attach human characteristics to the Del E. Webb Development Corporation, since he ordinarily used the name of the company and the name of its founder interchangeably. Del E. Webb himself—who, at fourteen years past Sun City home-purchasing age, continues to run the company as chairman of the board—nourishes this anthropomorphism by a tendency to put his name on his property and to include in most advertisements his name, his picture, and the information that he is half owner of the New York Yankees. Although Webb occasionally visits Sun City, the man the residents usually mean when they say "Del Webb" is Thomas Breen, the senior vice-president who created the Webb retirement communities. Long before Sun City was built, Breen began administering a number of tests to retired people—or "retirees," as Webb executives tend to call them—and, as a result, the company was able to say in an early advertisement that Sun City "offers everything which Del E. Webb's extensive research revealed you want most." It was this research—plus the steady growth of Youngtown, which seemed to be thriving despite a conspicuous lack of either merchandising or special facilities—that induced Breen to restrict the purchase of houses to persons over fifty. (A spouse of any age is permitted, but no children of school age.) Breen is now carrying on further research in Sun City itself, which provides a convenient concentration of precisely the type of people who are likely to buy houses there or in one of the three other retirement communities that the Webb company has since built: Sun City, Florida; Sun City, California; and Kern City, California. The company has conducted marketing surveys of buyers and interested customers, and in August of 1961, a little more than a year after the first residents moved into Arizona's Sun City, it conducted an elaborate opinion survey of two hundred Sun City families. Today the company's marketing department requires salesmen—they are called "retirement counsellors" in Sun City—to turn in a Standard Sales Report on each buyer, listing background information, which is transferred to computer cards. With all this, the members of the



# Why Fortrel?

## Ask Hamlet.

**The Old Vic player whose sport shirt still looks crisp and fresh after hours rehearsing under the hot lights.**

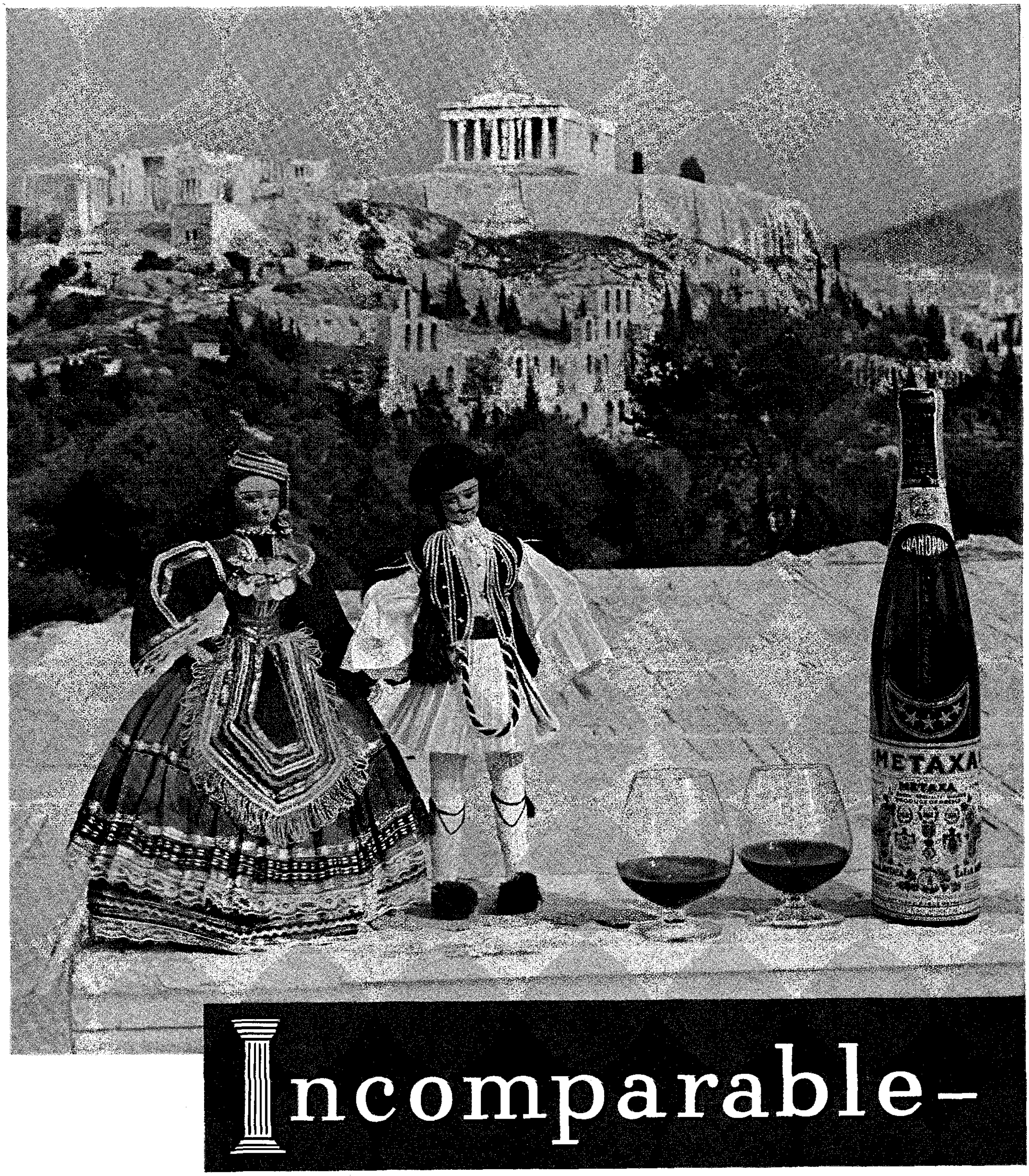
**Fortrel is the fiber that keeps sport shirts crisp. Through battle scenes. Love scenes. Scenes with the director.**

**Good reasons to look for Fortrel in all your clothing.**

**Eagle Shirtmakers** "Springhouse Cambric" shirt jacs. In Galey & Lord's superb Fortrel polyester and cotton. Regimental stripes, plaids and checks. In a wide range of fashion colors. About $8. Available at: Browning's, Fifth Ave., N. Y.; Bullock's Wynbrier, San Fernando Valley, Calif.; Pack Roads, Westport, Conn.; John Wanamaker, Phila., Pa.; The White House, San Francisco, Calif.; and other fine stores.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. Celanese®



## Incomparable–

## Greece's Proudest Export... METAXA

**KNOWN THE WORLD OVER – AS A BRANDY, LIQUEUR, ON THE ROCKS, COCKTAIL.**

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL GREEK COURT

92 PROOF—GREEK SPECIALTY LIQUEUR—SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. NEW YORK—NEW YORK

Webb marketing department know a good deal about the people who live in Sun City—and, by extension, about people who might be induced to live there. They know, for example, that, except for people from Arizona and California, many of whom had already retired to those states from other places, the largest number of Sun City residents come from the Midwest—Illinois is third in number of buyers, and there are heavy concentrations from Ohio, Iowa, and Minnesota—and that the foreign-born are difficult to lure to Sun City no matter where they live, apparently because they still maintain the custom of having old people remain with their families. By processing information collected from the Standard Sales Reports, Webb's computer has revealed that about a third of Sun City's homeowners earned more than twelve thousand dollars a year before their retirement and another third earned between eight and twelve thousand, that sixty-two per cent of the purchasers pay cash for their houses, that there are 2.1 people per household in Sun City, that most buyers prefer two-bedroom houses and about twenty per cent prefer coöperative apartments, and that the average age of male homeowners is sixty-seven. The marketing and opinion surveys indicated that sixty-three per cent of the people in Sun City travel to Phoenix less than five times a month, that either thirty-two per cent or fifty-six per cent (depending on which of the two surveys is accurate) first heard of Sun City from friends, that thirty-four per cent moved to Sun City partly for reasons of health, that seventy-five per cent rather like the Sun City jingle and seventeen per cent find it, in the consensus of the interviewers, "silly, stupid, and juvenile," and that the citizens' main complaint about the Sun City motel, Del Webb's Kings Inn, is that the menu in the restaurant becomes monotonous after a while. Of the two hundred families visited in the opinion survey, a hundred and eleven subscribed to the *Reader's Digest*, and so many of them mentioned Lawrence Welk when they were asked about their musical preferences that the interviewers advised the Webb company to investigate the possibility of hiring Welk for promotion work. (Nothing came of this.) The interviewers also suggested that since seventy-five per cent of the residents like the Sun City jingle, the company might record it on one side of a record, leaving the other side for a Christmas message, and sell it to Sun City residents to send to their friends—thereby achieving a good piece of promotion and perhaps a profit as well. (The company put

14 FEET
8 FEET
4 FEET

Flash without figuring

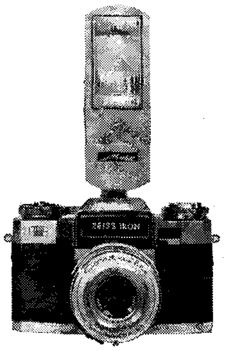
**A Zeiss Ikon exclusive.** Just set the guide number on your new Contaflex Super B. Then simply focus and shoot with bulb or electronic flash. Correct lens opening is set automatically . . . long shot, close-up or in between. No more arithmetic, no guesswork!

In daylight, the built-in meter takes over. Offers automatic exposure and optional manual override. There's a compensator for dull weather or backlight. Look into the bright viewfinder: Command Panel with red and green warning signals shows speed and aperture at a glance.

This 35mm single lens reflex camera is equipped with the renowned Zeiss Tessar f/2.8, 50mm. A wide selection of Zeiss Pro-Tessar lenses is available for wide-angle, telephoto and copy work.

See the Contaflex Super B at your Zeiss Ikon dealer, priced at less than $260. Or write for the special folder on the Contaflex system. Carl Zeiss, Inc., Dept. C22, 444 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10018. In Canada: Carl Zeiss, Canada Ltd., 60 Overlea Blvd., Toronto 17, Ontario.

SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE ZEISS IKON IN WEST GERMAN OPTICS



**In Bermuda there's nothing quite like The Castle's beach**

It's secluded, wonderfully sandy, and happens to be one of the largest on the island. Try it—there's nothing but fun as far as the eye can see. And try the 18 hole golf course, too (it's just outside The Castle's front door complete with a fleet of golf carts), and the private yacht club, the tennis, the cycling, the great dining. The Castle is 180 acres of pleasure—the complete Bermuda resort. Any travel agent has folders and details. Or check Hetland & Stevens Inc., 211 East 43rd St., N. Y. (TN 7-1450). Other offices in Boston, and Chicago. (Ask about the special honeymoon or golf plans.)

The Castle Harbour
BERMUDA
CASTLE HARBOUR BERMUDA
JOHN C. FISCHBECK, II PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER

that suggestion into practice, with considerable success.)

To find out about the broader uses of market research, I drove into Phoenix and visited Jim Detrick, the Del Webb advertising manager, at the company's main office, in the Del E. Webb Building—a gold-and-white structure with Muzak that follows a visitor from the elevator into the halls, and even into the offices of minor executives, where it is interrupted only by occasional broadcast announcements. Detrick, like most of the Webb executives I eventually met, is an energetic man who appears to be several years below the Sun City minimum age, and, like all the Webb executives I eventually met, he was wearing a short-sleeved shirt and a four-in-hand tie. He said that Sun City advertising had begun with a campaign on the general subject of Active Retirement and that after the growth of competition it had become more specific. Picking up an album devoted to an advertising campaign of the latter phase, Detrick turned to an ad showing a group of older people at a back-yard barbecue. "Notice there's a woman in the picture who's unescorted," he said. "A widow might pick that out and see that there's a widow there. Widows aren't a big part of the market, but they're *a* part of it. We use Sun City people as models in these ads. They love it, but it's hard to pin them down, they're so busy." Next, Detrick turned to an advertisement that was headed "It's All Yours Now, Rover, Old Boy," and said, "This one here—a guy turning over his rocking chair to his dog while he goes off to play golf—is part of a running theme, that Sun City is not a place where retirees just sit around in rocking chairs. This one—a man staying in a swimming pool while the other people try to get him to play golf—represents another subtheme that we've had for a long time. He's saying, 'To Heck with It'—to show that in Sun City you do what you want when you want to do it." Because research has provided such an accurate profile of the potential buyer, Detrick told me, Sun City has lately concentrated on direct mail in its national advertising, using a series of three mailings. "First is what I call the sizzle—the Way of Life," he said. "Then comes the steak—the Personal Planning Portfolio, which tells about prices, taxes, and so on. Then the plot map, to pick out a lot. We've always sold a Way of Life. The homes are secondary."

According to Webb executives, Sun City, Arizona, has maintained a steady annual sale of between seven and eight hundred houses—priced originally from

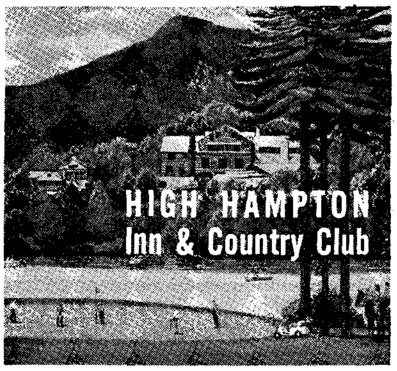
**SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

**ACTION-KNIT FOR BOYS—S.F.A'S NEW CARDIGAN OF ORLON®-AND-LYCRA®, 8.00**

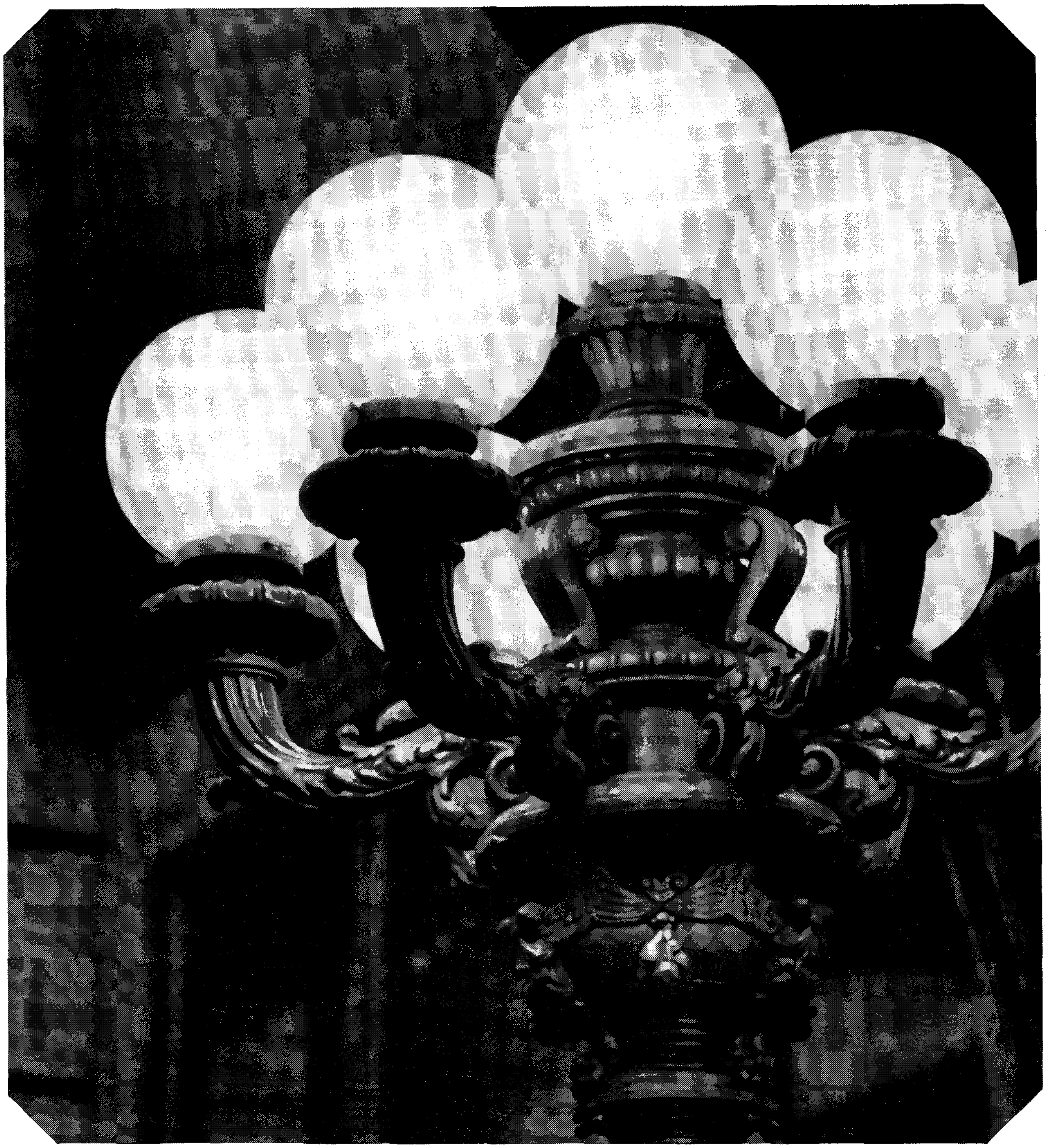
This little sweater combines new custom-comfort with classic looks. A smooth stretch knit of Orlon acrylic and Lycra spandex, it "gives in" to playing, washes and drip-dries easily. Neatly piped and pearly-buttoned, it comes in snowy white or sky blue; M (3-5) or L (6-7) sizes. Children's Shops. Mail and phone orders filled; no c.o.d.'s.

First Family of Photographers
Bachrach

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233



Beautiful mtn. scenery surrounds this distinguished resort. Private 18-hole, par 71 golf course (bent grass greens). Activities for the family. Boating, tennis, riding, swimming, fishing. Amer. plan $11.50 to $14.50. Open mid-May to mid-Oct. Write for brochure: High Hampton, Cashiers, N.C., Dept. N.



Not all of New York's lights are on Broadway

Some of them aren't even neon. These, for example. They light the doors to The Plaza on Fifth Avenue at 59th Street. When you come through these doors you'll find more lights. They lead to all the excitement that is The Plaza.

Soft lights in the Palm Court. Sparkling lights in the PLaza 9-. Spotlights in the Persian Room. Candlelight in the eyes of dinner guests in the Edwardian Room.

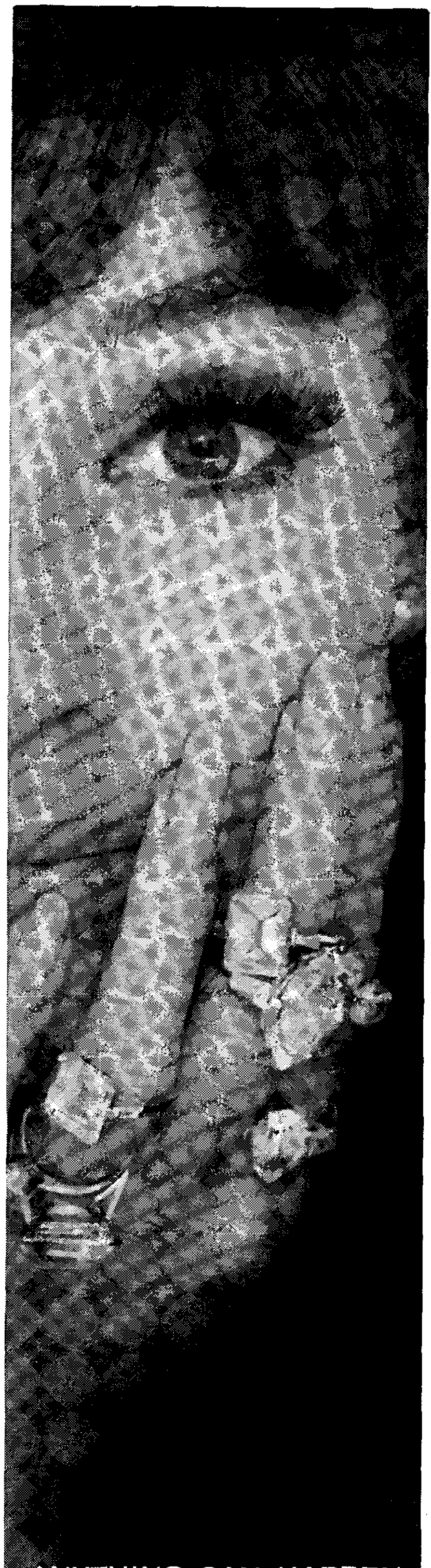
Could neon do this?

The view from a room at The Plaza embraces a world of light. But the room has much more than a view. It has comfort and space and peace from dawn to dawn. Soon, we hope, it will have you.

It's light up time at
The Plaza. Anytime.
Come and be
light hearted!

THE PLAZA

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA



ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WHEN YOU WEAR

FAME

PARFUM DE CORDAY

THREE-FIFTY TO THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS

©1962 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC

$8,500 to $11,300 and in the latest brochure from $10,450 to $15,950—and so far they see no sign of the eventual end of building, which ordinarily occurs when the normal resale market overtakes the need for new houses. The town occupies only nine hundred and seventy of twenty thousand acres that Webb has under a purchase agreement in the vicinity, and although the rest will probably include developments of other types, there is no policy limiting the size of Sun City. In the specialized trade of merchandising a Way of Life, the company has to treat the Sun City residents as part of its sales pitch; as Inwood told me, anything that makes the Way of Life more attractive to the residents is likely to make it more attractive to potential customers—and, besides, the residents can attract a good many customers themselves if the Way of Life inclines them to. Thus, Sun City seems to be a new version of the company town—a town in which a single company has a financial interest in keeping the residents happy in order to attract more residents. And for this reason the company's encouragement to the people living in Sun City to form whatever type of society pleases them is likely to continue even after Sun City is incorporated and can no longer properly be called Del Webb's Sun City on signs and in advertisements. Although, as one resident remarked to me, "People who thought Del Webb would be a Great White Father giving them anything they wanted were disappointed," the company is happy to help grant the carefully researched desires of the residents whenever this is economically feasible. While I was in Sun City, for instance, an offer to subsidize a bus line making a circuit through the town to the shopping center was made to the Homeowners Association by the Webb marketing department, which is aware that a lack of internal transportation is often noticed by potential buyers. (The investment would have other advantages, too; shopping-center merchants have leases that give Webb a percentage of their gross.) The company connection extends to a small but significant number of individual residents. Several of the older retirement counsellors live in Sun City, and some Sun City women work part time for the company as sales-office "hostesses," who, according to one of them, "don't sell houses, or anything, but are just paid to be nice and tell people how happy we are." Some of the most intensive Sun City advertising seems to be directed toward the people who already live there, and satisfied residents are occasionally asked by a re-

ticking
day shift

One of the simple pleasures of life—Villager's classic shift in cotton mattress ticking, striped with navy, red, or olive. 6 to 16. 12.00.
Mail orders to: 994 Chapel St., New Haven, Connecticut.

ANN TAYLOR
Sportswear
NEW HAVEN NEW CANAAN
WESTPORT GREENWICH
SOUTH SHORE PLAZA, BRAINTREE, MASS.

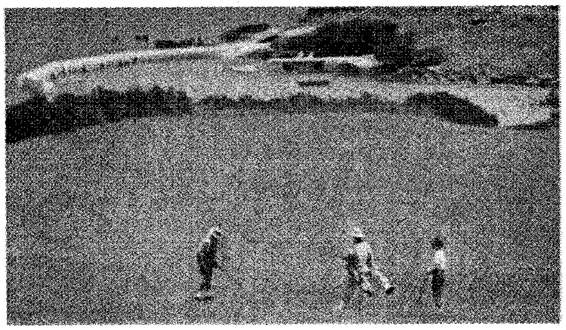
Alice & Ellen Kessler
*are the double takes in the*
PERSIAN ROOM
*March 25 - April 21*
*Performances at 9 and 12:15*
*For a lovely evening, call*
*PL 9-3000*
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WINES OF HUNGARY

A wide selection of luscious golden Tokays, delightful white and robust red table wines are available at your favorite package store and restaurant.

Tokaji Aszu
Ceányko

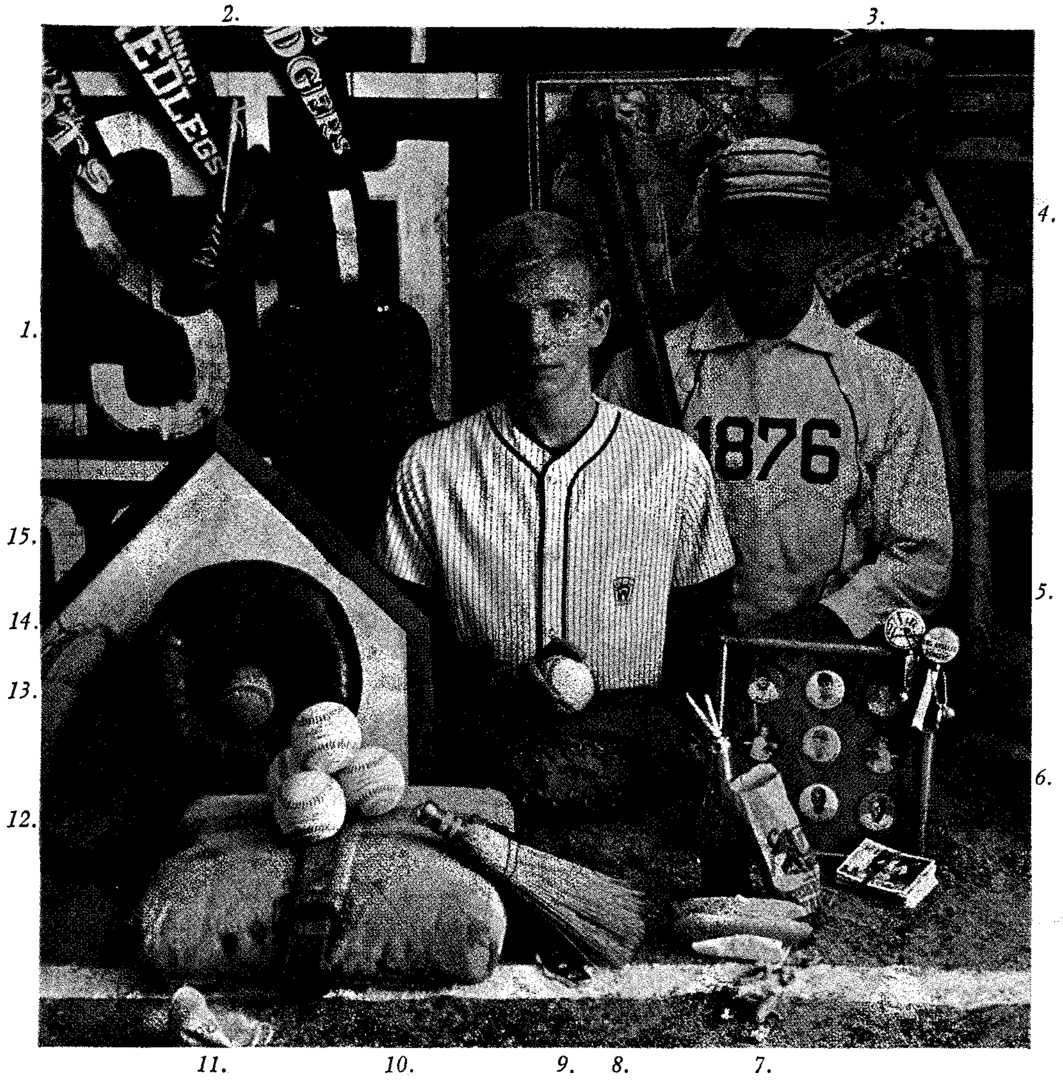
SOLE IMPORTERS
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 WEST 54th ST., N.Y. 19
Circle 5-0100



BERMUDA

More fun than you hoped for

Bermuda's pink sandy beaches and clear blue water are more fun than a picnic, until you've had a picnic in your special cove. And there's so much more to enjoy. All-weather courts for tennis, championship courses for golf. You can sail, skindive, waterski, and fish, deepsea or inshore. Shops have the best of British and European merchandise. You can sightsee in the old town of St. George. Or just loaf. And at night, you can dine and dance on a seaside terrace to a continental band or a Calypso beat. Bermuda is only ninety minutes from New York by air . . . daily flights by four major airlines . . . or a weekend cruise by ocean liner. See your travel agent about a holiday in Great Britain's loveliest Island Colony. Or write for illustrated booklets: "BERMUDA", 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. • 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Illinois • 111 Richmond St., W., Toronto.



# Rob Roy

## (roots for the home team)

*He knows who's on a hitting streak, who's in a slump. Collects pennants, souvenir buttons, bubble gum picture cards—but big league balls are his prize possessions. When he plays at playing on the Little League, Rob Roy wears his own very authentic looking shirt of white cotton broadcloth striped with black, red, navy or green. 2 to 12 sizes, 3.00, at all fine stores.*

---

1. **Target-bright body protectors** do more than just cushion catchers nowadays—they give a pitcher a big, easy-to-see area of color to focus on.

2. **Spiked shoes** (often made of kangaroo leather), worn by every major leaguer. Umpires working behind the plate go one step further: have the toes made of steel and the tongues of fiber (protects their insteps against foul balls).

3. **Behind bars.** A magnesium and padded-leather catcher's mask, sometimes referred to in baseballese as a "muzzle."

4. **The great Al Spalding** pitched for the Chicago White Stockings in a uniform like this; also helped the National League get organized and formed the firm of A. G. Spalding & Bros. (which was commissioned to make the league's official balls)—all in 1876. The old bat is from 1866.

5. **"Louisville Sluggers,"** the pros' favorite bats, are made of ash, come in slightly different weights, shapes and sizes—can go to all lengths to accommodate individual players, as long as they don't exceed the 42-inch limit.

6. **Shoestring catches** are a cinch for Rob Roy with this glove. (Some day, his name may be stamped on his own personal model like a real pro's is.)

7. **"Hot dogs!** Peanuts! Get your cold drinks here!" A game's just not a game without these old stand-bys.

8. **A spanking clean plate** with every corner out in the open is the plate umpire's responsibility. Look for the whisk broom in his right back pocket.

9. **Batter up!** One way to keep the calls on each hitter straight is the little ball, strike and out indicator the plate umpire keeps clicking in his right hand.

10. **Bases** are 15 inches square, come equipped with straps and spikes to hold them down. First is the "reception corner," second is the "keystone station," and third (where all new umpires start their careers) is known as the "far corner."

11. **Powdered resin** keeps balls from slipping away from pitchers, and "rock" resin keeps hitters from losing their grip on the bat.

12. **A plate umpire** stuffs 6 or 7 big league balls into each coat pocket.

13. **The black catcher's mitt** dates back to 1907. The ball is stamped "Official National League"—1910 vintage.

14. **Good catch!** Even if a ball goes wild and misses the pocket, there's webbing on this mitt to trap it and keep it from getting away.

15. **A "save a leg" home plate** has beveled edges that make much smoother landing surfaces for runners when they slide in to score.

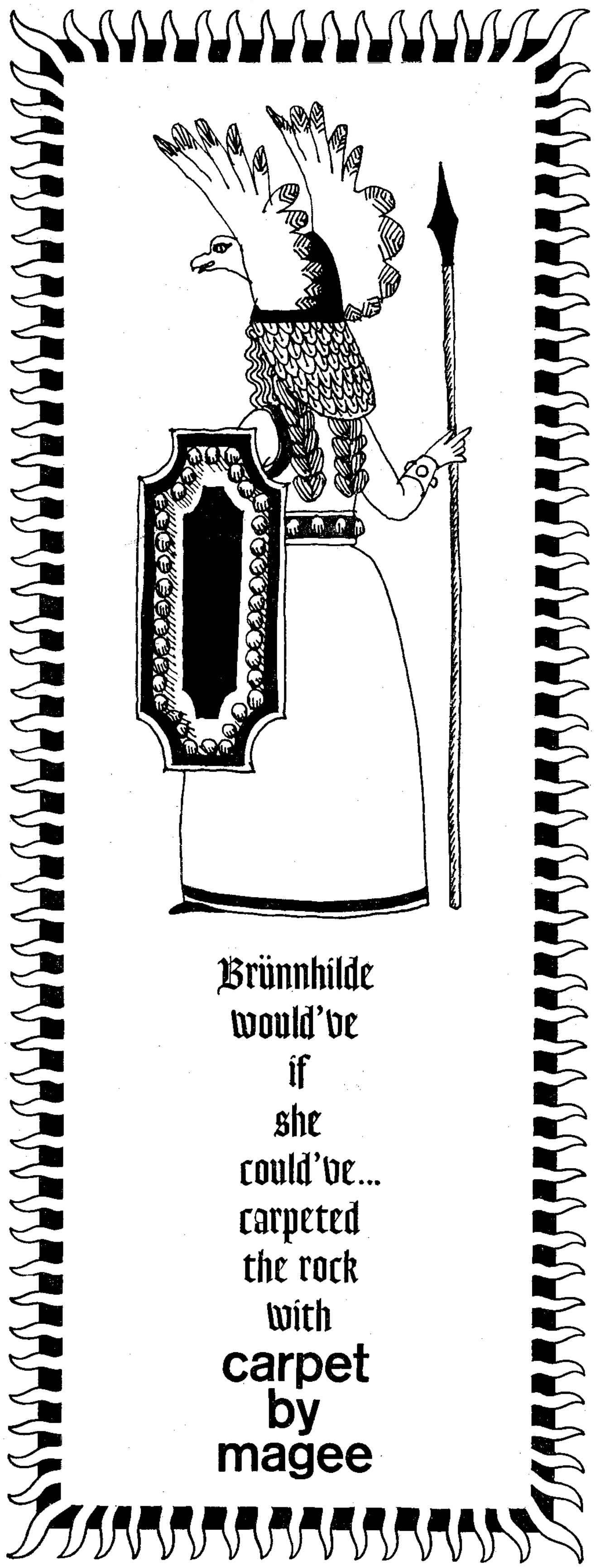
---

P.S. For more information about our "national pastime" and a quiz on baseball, send a self-addressed envelope to P.O. Box 1931, N.Y. 1, N.Y., care of **ROB ROY SHIRTS FOR BOYS.**

tirement counsellor to write to prospects who happen to come from their home town.

In this atmosphere, it seemed almost natural to find that the color postcards furnished to guests by Del Webb's Kings Inn have a message already typed out and signed by somebody named George—which, if I haven't underrated the Webb research department, must be the name that occurs most often among male Americans staying at Del Webb's Kings Inn while they wait to move into their houses or while they are visiting their parents. "Hi," the message on one of them begins, on the back of a picture of a back-yard barbecue. "Had a real interesting experience a couple of weeks ago. Went back to see my new grandson. . . . My son and daughter-in-law live in a little town back East. . . . I used to live there myself. Less than a year since I'd been there . . . and I don't see how I stood it. Neighborhood's absolutely vacant all day except for busy housewives and kids . . . and for the first time in a year I got that tolerant 'ha ha' when I spoke of the 'old days.' Sure was nice to get back home where people share your memories and are really interested in what you think of things." The signature, neat and legible, ends the message side of the card; the guest is left to fill out the address side completely at his own discretion.

To keep George and other Sun Citians at this near-ecstatic pitch, the Del E. Webb Corporation has an activities director and a public-relations man stationed in Sun City, and both seem to divide their time about equally between trying to make the residents happy and telling them how happy they are—or, occasionally, how friendly they are. The activities director is Tom Austin, an awesomely friendly man with a gray crew cut, a ruddy complexion, and a New York accent—a man whose age and appearance, it occurred to me when I met him, would probably necessitate his showing a driver's license or a draft card if he wanted to buy a house in Sun City. (As it happens, both he and the public-relations man live in Phoenix and commute to Sun City.) Austin's office is in a small administration building that the company maintains across the street from the Town Hall sales office. When I met him there, during one of my first days in Sun City, he told me that his job ranged from organizing clubs to buying electric rolls for the Town Hall carillon—a task he performed imaginatively, I gathered, since he later told me that he'd had a special roll made of "Wake Up and Live in Sun



the fibre Acrilan acrylic fiber CHEMSTRAND

The Magee Carpet Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

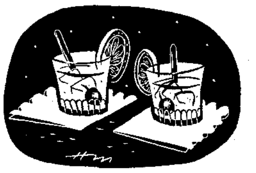
Sutton Place

**One beautiful blouson**
with new beauty of
movement in pleats, so
effective in black with its
soft blouson of silk and
cotton and skirt of textured
rayon. A Laurence Gross
design, Si Bonne lined,
4 to 14, $55
*Sutton Place, 3rd Floor*
*At all 4 Bloomingdale branch stores*
**Bloomingdale's • Lexington at 59th • EL 5-5900**

City," so that it could be inserted three or four times a week among the old favorites. Austin said that his interest in a Sun Citian begins the minute the sales office reports the purchase of a house. While the purchasers are settling their affairs at home and waiting for their new house to be built, Jerry Svendsen, the Webb public-relations man stationed in Sun City, sends them a weekly newsletter, occasionally called the "friendship letter." A typical one opens:

> GOOD MORNING—Look what just blew in—A heap o' clouds. We'll start off with the chuckle that appeared in the Phoenix Newspaper, "Many Americans feel that living within their income is a fate worse than debt." A LOT OF DIRECT QUOTING IN THIS LETTER 'cause I like what you have to say and the way that you say it. So, here we go—FRANK AND TRUDY SHANAHAN—Word comes from 220 N. County Line in Hinsdale, Ill., "Have finally sold our house here and will be moving to Sun City on Sept. 4th. We are literally 'champing at the bit' to occupy our doll house at 10242 Desert Hills Dr." Frank, I see you're retiring from Quaker Oats Company. Are you acquainted with Warren Smith, another former Quaker Oats staff member, who is already settled here? He and wife, Nancy, moved to 11001 Abbot Ave. from Rockford, Ill. That's all the questions, so now we'll talk about you, Frank. He plays chess, is a fisherman, swims, and plays shuffleboard. Trudy likes all the above and says to add sewing, knitting, and ceramics to the list.

When the new resident finally arrives to move in, his Town Hall activity card is issued to him at Austin's office. "We like to know what their hobbies are, and when my secretary gives them the card, she asks them and then makes out a little thumbnail sketch," Austin told me. "We make sure that the various clubs know about the new people, and that the new people get a list of all the clubs. Town Hall has a public-relations committee, and we supply its members with the names, and they go out and call on these people. This was not instigated by me; it was thought of by the people themselves. We send the new arrivals some things from here—these telephone stickers with emergency numbers, for instance. Then, once a month, for one of the regular Saturday-night dances at Town Hall, we send a personal invitation to everyone who has moved in during the last month, and we also send them a badge for them to put their name on. For that night, we furnish the refreshments. At the dance, they're called up on the floor and introduced by the state they came from. It's called Hi Neighbor Night at Town Hall."

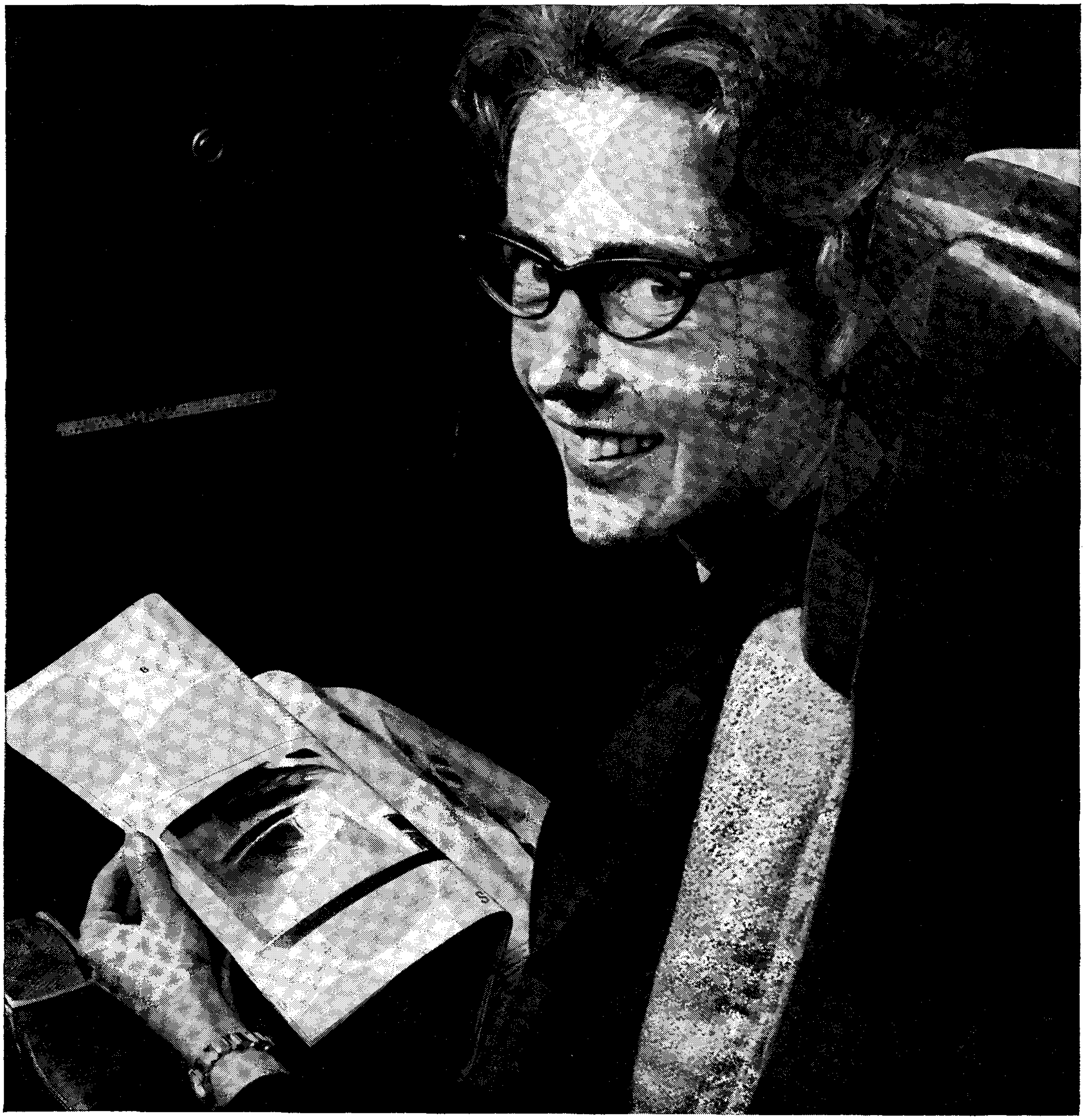


Austin paused, and then said, "How do you measure success?"

I said I supposed that a construction company might measure it in units sold per month.

"But do you measure in dollars and cents?" Austin asked. "We're not philanthropists—sure, we're a business concern—but we've become involved. We're involved in human lives, trying to help people achieve happiness, help them fulfill dreams. It's a responsibility. And the people *are* happy here. Go out and ask them. This is the friendliest community in the world. If you walk by a house—a perfect stranger—the people will invite you in for a cup of coffee. The coffeepot, I always say, reigns supreme in Sun City. People like each other; they're friendly. The fear of loneliness generates this desire for friendliness. We all need this; this is food. But you know what's great about this place? The little things—what I call the niceties of life. There's no living up to the Joneses; there's just a natural desire to help, without any need to make impressions. When somebody is usually up at eight watering his rosebush, if he's not there one morning the whole neighborhood is knocking on the door."

Of his own role in Sun City, Austin said, "At the beginning, as people started coming in, we got them together at potluck dinners. Then I helped to organize clubs—getting the officers and that kind of thing. You'd be surprised how fast they began to function themselves and became self-sustaining. The Community Center, of course, has already been given to the people, and they run it themselves, and Town Hall will be turned over in the very near future. The people are self-governing—a hundred per cent. But we maintain a relationship, and we cultivate the relationship. Jerry and I are more or less the liaison men between the people and the corporation. We're sort of like father-confessors. The people come in here with their problems and the door is always open. It might be only a leaky faucet—anything. We always listen, and we always treat it as a real problem. It might seem silly—it might seem infantile. But to the individual it's a real problem. We try not to judge the requests in dollars and cents but in terms of 'Will this make you happy?' We always remember that we're involved in the lives of people. And the people are happy here, and keep busy. Day after day, people tell me, 'Tom, the days aren't long enough. Next year, I'm



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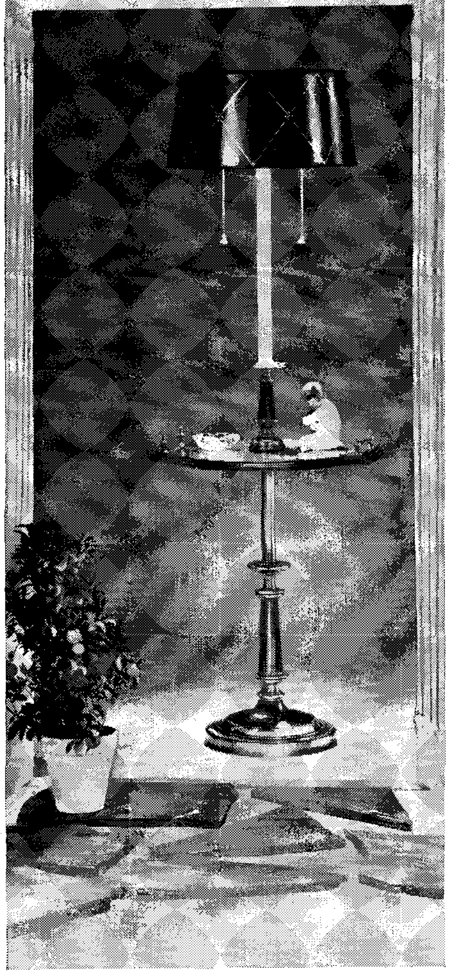

going to retire.' Women come in here—women are more emotional than men—and say, 'How can I write to Mr. Webb and thank him for putting this town here?' Imagine! They're talking about a guy who sold them a house."

A proud, paternal tone had crept into Austin's voice when he mentioned Sun City's self-government and again when he spoke of his role as father-confessor, and I heard the same tone often as the week went on, when he boasted of how the residents "made everything themselves" for the arts-and-crafts festival or when he spoke fondly of the Pedal Pushers, the cycling club. "It's really something to see them coming down the road, forty or fifty of them," he told me. "And early in the morning you can see them practicing around the parking lot of the church with their little training wheels. It's really something." Austin's standard speech to visitors, which I heard him deliver one day to some members of the North Carolina Chamber of Commerce, begins, "You know, about five years ago a man had a dream. And the dream became an idea and the idea became a reality, and that reality is Sun City. . . . Today it has about seven and a half thousand people, over ninety clubs, and it is *one hundred per cent* self-governed by the residents. They have made Sun City a fun city—and they are a proud people." Any place that has ninety clubs, two arts-and-crafts centers, two swimming pools, a riding stable, an activities director, and almost no residents engaged in what is ordinarily thought of as work is bound to invite comparison with similarly endowed places that bear long hyphenated Indian names, and the comparison was never more vivid in my mind than when Austin was sounding like a friendly, benign camp director.

Austin's fellow father-confessor, Jerry Svendsen, looks more like a camp director's favorite son—or, for that matter, anybody's favorite son. Svendsen, who is at least as friendly as Austin, is twenty-nine, but he appears to be about twenty-one—an active, chatty, boyish young man with horn-rimmed glasses and reddish hair in a short, collegiate haircut. On my first visit to Svendsen's office, he told me that it was a shame I had missed Western Days—an annual celebration sponsored by the merchants' association of the shopping center, which had been held a week or so before my arrival—and he showed me some pictures he had taken in the course of it. One was of about fifty elderly women in shorts doing calisthenics in the shopping-center parking lot;

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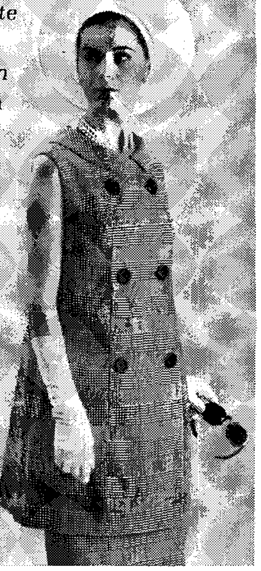

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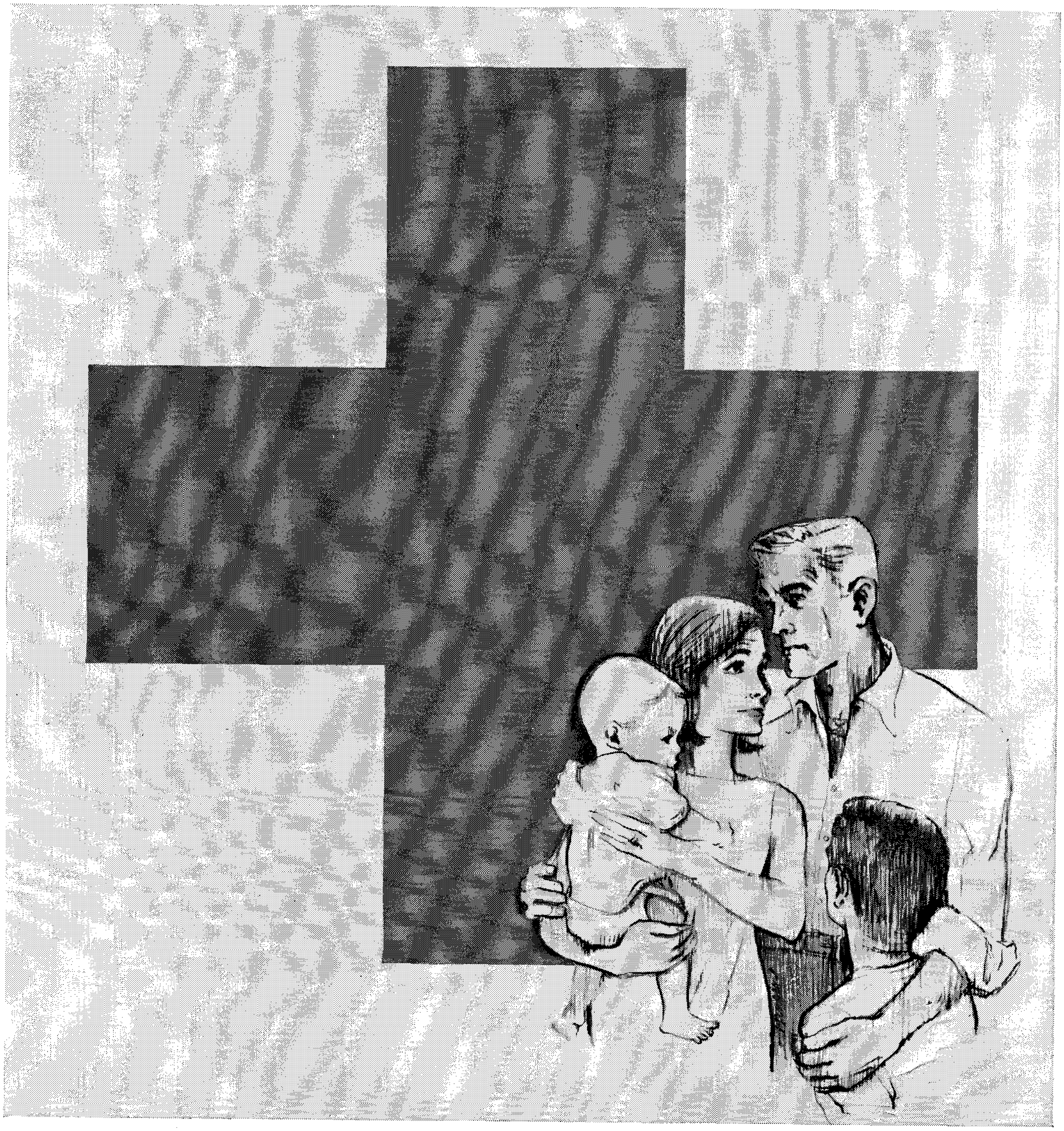
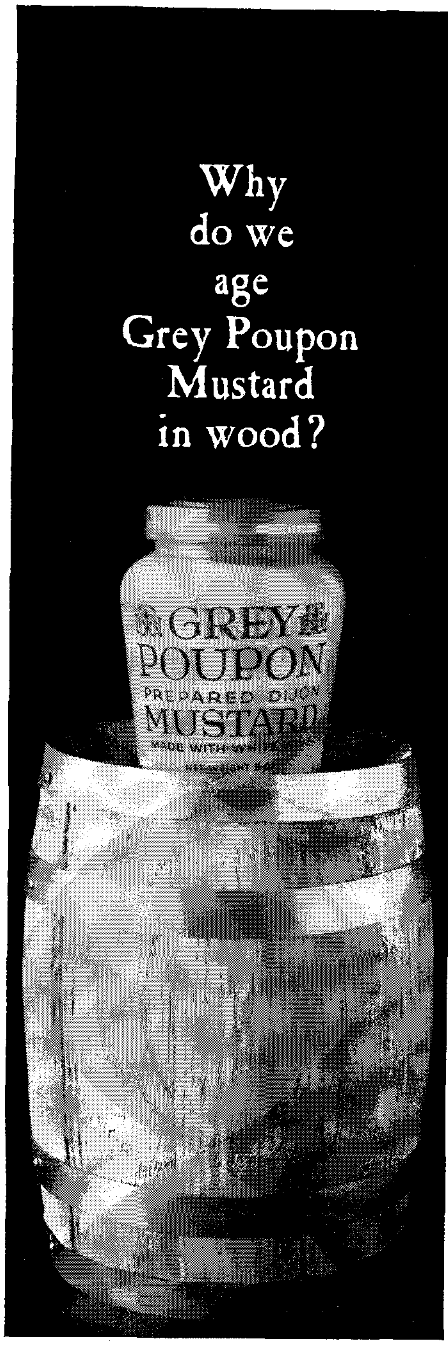


**ALWAYS THERE WITH YOUR HELP**



It takes longer, to be sure. And a knowing taste can tell the difference. Aging in wood gives Grey Poupon a character, a flavor all its own. It's bold but not biting. It's a richer, truer mustard with more real mustard flavor. The authentic Dijon recipe also requires mellow white wine. We include that, too. And a dozen or more rich seasonings and spices. Try it just once and you'll never be satisfied with ordinary mustard again. Understandably, Grey Poupon costs a bit more, but it's well worth it.

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another showed a parade, with a golf cart decorated to look like a covered wagon at the head of it, and, following the golf cart, like infantry following a tank, fifteen or twenty Sun Citians, presumably the Pedal Pushers, on bicycles. Svendsen said that, in addition to writing the newsletter every week, he prepares a monthly four-page community magazine called the *Sun Dial*, which is sent to all residents. As a rule, Svendsen devotes each issue of the *Sun Dial* to a single subject, and he showed me back issues that covered a previous Western Days, the various unusual objects that Sun Citians have in their yards (a stone well, a duplex birdhouse, an address sign made out of a snow shovel, a waterfall, a Northern Pacific railroad light, an aged plow), and Sun City's third-birthday celebration, an event that included the emergence of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Bayne, of Seattle—the first out-of-state residents of Sun City—from a papier-mâché birthday cake. Svendsen, I soon discovered, is easily the most popular person in Sun City. "Don't say a word against Jerry around here or you'll have a fight on your hands," Austin warned the visitors from North Carolina as he introduced Svendsen, and it is true that whenever Svendsen's name came up during my visit one of the ladies present was apt to say, "Oh, Jerry's our boy! We just love Jerry!"

I had an opportunity to see the general feeling for Svendsen on the Sunday I was in Sun City, when I accompanied him to the nine-thirty service at the United Church of Sun City. United Church, which is the largest of the town's churches, has twelve hundred and fifty members, and—a fact that is mentioned by statistic-minded Sun Citians more often than any other except the number of clubs in town—it embraces forty-six denominations, including, according to its minister, "a number of Missouri Synod Lutherans, some Catholics, and one Jewish family." (Sun City also has Catholic, Lutheran, and Jewish congregations.) I went to United Church mainly to see a welcoming ceremony that is held during an outdoor coffee hour between the first and second services. I had been told that new members, identified by black plastic name badges (these are provided for the occasion by the Valley National Bank), gather on a huge map of the United States that is painted on the patio, standing within the boundaries of their home states. They are then joined by the old members from their states and are welcomed to Sun City. Svendsen had come in from Phoenix because he wanted to take some

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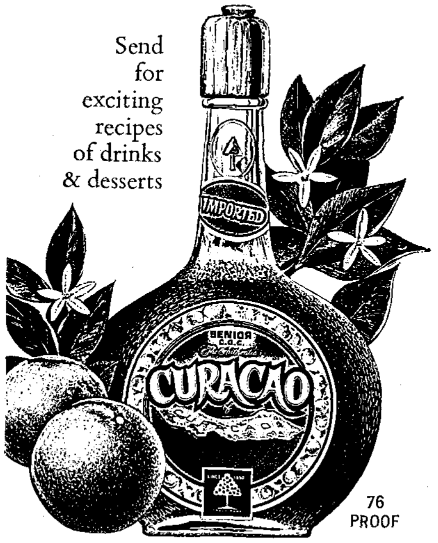

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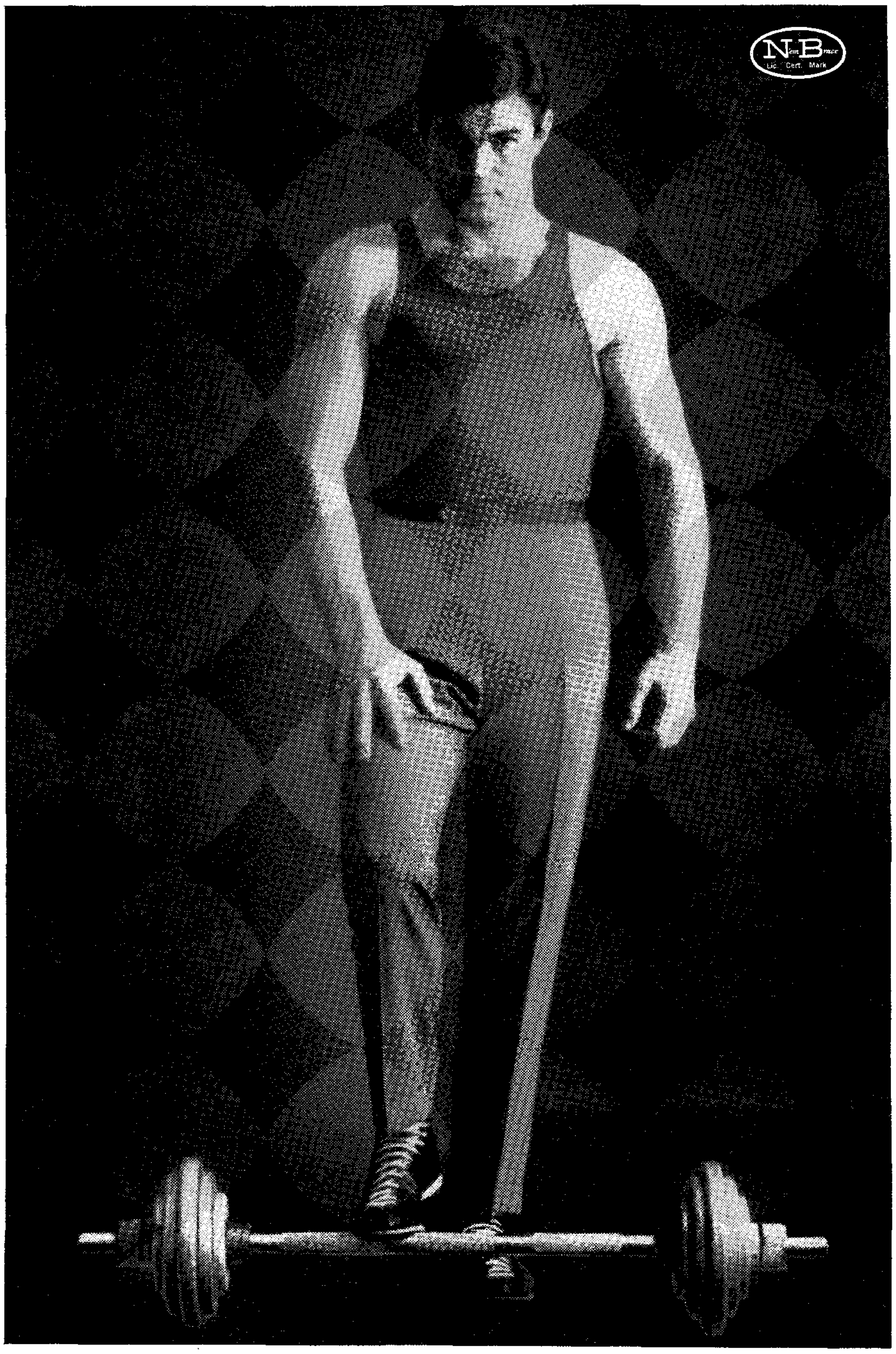
pictures, and for that reason I missed the traditional ceremony. The Reverend Walter W. Witt, minister of United Church, decided to have the map outlined by all the members instead—old and new members standing together on the national borders—because he believed that this arrangement would make the map show up better from the roof, where Svendsen was precariously balanced with a Speed Graphic camera. When the picture-taking was over, a dozen ladies gathered around the ladder to tell Svendsen how worried they had been about his being on the roof, and I saw him stopped by half a dozen more as he made his way across the patio to return the ladder.

Svendsen had told me that he was very active in the Phoenix Little Theatre, and later that afternoon it occurred to me to ask him what roles he had played.

"Well, you'll probably laugh," he said. "I've played Laertes in 'Hamlet' and Bruce in 'Come Back, Little Sheba.' Oh, yeah, and the Young Man in 'The American Dream.' "

HAVING assumed that the figure of ninety clubs, so often mentioned in news items about Sun City, was a reporter's exaggeration, I was surprised to learn that it is quite official. During the third-birthday celebration, a permanent sign was erected in Town Hall's Greek Theatre Patio—which also serves as the patio for the sales office—reading, "Del Webb's Sun City, Arizona. Where Active Retirement Originated. Population January 1, 1960: 0. Population January 1, 1963: 7,000. Total Clubs and Organizations: 90. Total States Represented: 50. Motel. Shopping Center. Medical Building. 2 Golf Courses." However, after a careful study of the club list, I could account for only seventy-seven clubs, some of them defunct. I mentioned this to Austin one day, and he seemed startled. He counted his way through the club list two or three times, then explained that some clubs were not listed, because an official club had to get its recognition from either Town Hall or the Community Center, both of which had minimum-membership requirements; that new clubs had been started since the list was published; and that defunct clubs were often reborn in the late fall, when many residents returned from summer trips. All in all, Austin said, the figure of ninety was probably low. After a few days, I came to agree with him. There are at least ninety clubs in Sun City.

Practically no activity is accom-



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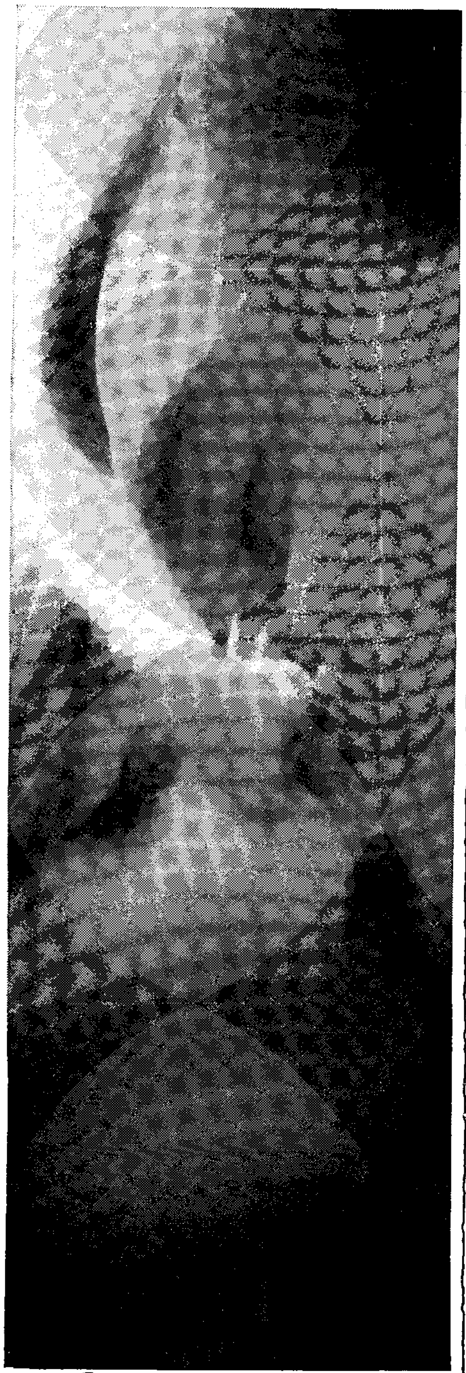

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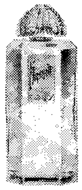

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plished without a club. People in Sun City do not merely play shuffleboard; they have a shuffleboard club—in fact, according to the club list, Town Hall has one shuffleboard club (the Town Hall Shuffleboard Club) and the Community Center has two (the Shuffleboard Club and the Women's Shuffleboard Club). Some clubs, such as the Men's Club, cut across Town Hall-Community Center lines, and some, such as the Lions and the American Legion, include members from Youngtown as well, but there are three bridge clubs at Town Hall (duplicate, evening, and ladies' afternoon) and three more at the Community Center (afternoon, evening, and men's). My conversion to Austin's estimate began when I took to reading the two weekly papers that serve Sun City, the Sun City-Youngtown *News-Sun* and the Sun City *Sun Citizen*. The issues on the stands during the first few days of my visit reported on meetings of the Wurlitzer Organ Club, the Order of the Eastern Star Past Matrons Club, the Travel Trailer Club, the Women of the Shepherd of the Desert Lutheran Church, the Rock Hounds, the Kiwanians, and the Lions; on elections by the Rotary Club and the Zeta Chapter of Phi Sigma Alpha; and on the Western Days activities of the Amateur Radio Club, the Democratic Club, and the Republican Club. The papers also announced entries for the Friends of the Library Bridge Marathon, plans for the Swim Club Luau, the results of the Bowling League Tournament, and an appeal for cyclists from the Pedal Pushers. And accounts were carried of trips made by the Camera Club, NEDA, and the Singles Club—which, I presently learned, is composed exclusively of women and is subdivided into six more clubs, for canasta, bridge, shuffleboard, book reviews, coffee and chat, and knitting.

Most clubs levy nominal dues, the money often being used to keep up equipment, and any surplus going toward the financing of coffee hours. Although anybody who is a paid-up member of either recreation center can use its facilities at any time—as long as he follows the rules established by the clubs concerned with the facilities he is using—Sun Citians stick extremely close to the schedules set by the clubs. The Town Hall bowling green is ordinarily deserted, but on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at one-forty-five it is filled to capacity with members of the Lawn Bowling Club. There are occasional unscheduled games of shuffleboard, but most shuffleboarding takes place when shuffleboard is listed on the

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calendar. People in Sun City seem either to participate in an activity in sufficient numbers to organize a club for it or not to participate in it at all; facilities that the Webb company has provided for croquet, horseshoes, and archery remain almost completely unused. Both the Town Hall and the Community Center calendars are choked with club activities, and one of the few community hassles I heard about occurred when the Variety Club, which proposed to present live revues at the Community Center on Saturday night from time to time, was accused of space-stealing by the Community Center's Saturday Night Dance Club.

Despite the large crowds I saw not only at the Town Hall movies but at the Community Center bingo night and the women's rhythm and calisthenics clubs—and despite the absolutely phrenetic activity of many Sun Citians—I soon gathered that not all residents lead an Active New Way of Life. The Community Center has been in financial difficulties off and on ever since it was given to the people, simply because only about eleven hundred and thirty of the fifteen hundred units it serves choose to maintain their annual dues of thirty-six dollars. Having learned a lesson from the Community Center's troubles, Webb has required every buyer in the Town Hall district to sign a separate agreement in which he promises to pay dues to Town Hall. Already, however, enough of the buyers have reneged to prompt the Town Hall board, looking forward to the time when it will have to worry about making up the deficit, to suggest to Breen that the company sue those who refuse to pay—a suggestion he rejected. The two Sun City golf courses, which are run as public courses, with reduced rates for residents, do a good business, but most of it, according to their manager, comes from the one in ten residents who plays on a yearly rate. Many Sun Citians obviously *are* so busy that Jim Detrick has difficulty tracking them down for an advertising picture, but others seem to take little interest in the organized activities, describing them as "make-work" or "tiddlywinks," and instead tend to their own hobbies or their lawns. Some obviously do nothing—behaving no differently from the way they would behave in a town that did not have an Active New Way of Life, but, on the whole, satisfied with what they consider decent weather and a pretty good bargain in housing.

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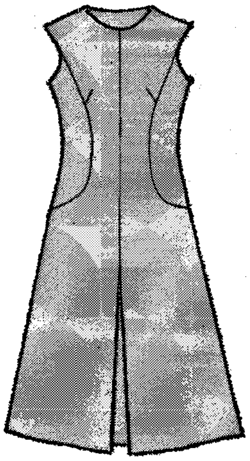

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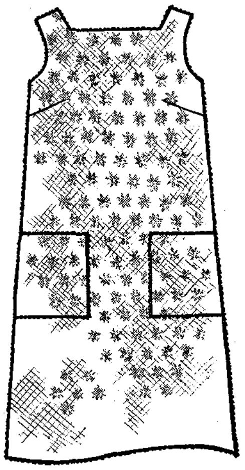

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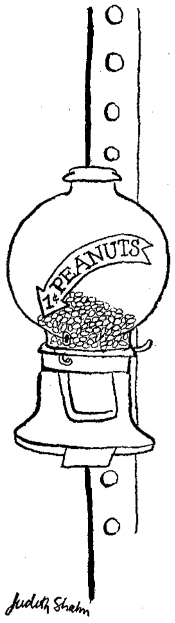
do anything, its representatives and its advertisements seem to exaggerate slightly the activities that do go on—perhaps because the broad range of activities available may be more appealing to a prospective customer than it is to someone who has had it available for several months. Austin always seemed pained at my reports that on an afternoon stroll through Town Hall I found, say, no one in the lapidary room, no one in the art room, only three or four ladies in the sewing room, one table of poker in the men's clubroom, and just two men in the woodworking shop—one of them, apparently among the few residents who pay no attention to advertising, carefully putting the finishing touches on a rocking chair. Austin seemed so severely pained, in fact, that I soon changed my ways and brought back reports of having observed, say, four or five citizens digging away with genuine delight in the coöperative garden—which is situated next to the palm-tree nursery at the edge of town and is known as the Sun City Agricultural Center—or thirty couples spinning around merrily at the Wednesday dance of the Paws and Taws Square-Dance Club.



IN talking to the presidents of the Democratic and Republican Clubs, I was reminded again of how suddenly Sun City sprang from the cotton fields, for when I asked how the town had voted in the last Presidential election I was told that there were practically no voters in Sun City in November of 1960. Although registration continues to change too quickly to be a dependable guide to Sun City political views, it is generally agreed that there is a Republican—and conservative—dominance of about three to one. I mentioned this to Svendsen one day, and he said, "Yes, the people here are pretty conservative, and they're also extremely patriotic. You ought to see this place on the Fourth of July or Memorial Day. There's a flag on just about every house. Of course, that may be partly because everybody who moves in gets a free flag from the Key Inspector."

"Free flag?" I asked. "Key Inspector?"

The Key Inspector, Svendsen explained, does not inspect keys but meets each new homeowner to let him into his house—with a key, hence the title—and accompany him on an inspection of the premises. I arranged to accompany the Key Inspector on one of his inspections, and when I met him the next morning, in front of the administration building, he turned out to be a rotund, voluble man in his early fifties named Les Parry, who was dressed in a sports shirt, Western-cut khaki pants, a tooled-leather belt with his initials on the buckle, and cowboy boots. He was carrying a folder that showed our appointment to be at the house of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Schroeder, of Pearl River, New York, and he handed me a copy of a letter that had been sent to the Schroeders notifying them that "O Day (Occupancy Day) is nearing" and that they should therefore arrange an appointment with the Key Inspector. "I was the first Key Inspector in the world, as far as I know," Parry said on the way over.

I told him I knew of no others.

"Of course, I've trained others, at the other Sun Cities," he observed, and went on, "You know, I'm a retired mechanical engineer myself, but I love this job. I love to help people. You wait and see. A lot of times these people are grouchy when they get to a new house, wondering if maybe they shouldn't have moved after all. But when I get through, they know what a bargain they have, and they're happy. I love to make people happy."

Sun City has houses of thirty-six different models. The first brochure listed the Meadowgrove, the Montaire, the Kentworth, the Bridgeford, the Montecello, the Monterey, the Brookside, the Cambridge, the Coronado, the Westwood, the Yorktown, the Sierra, the Hawthorn, the Pickford, and the Brentwood; the latest brochure, reflecting some design changes, lists what appear to be essentially the same houses, now called the Ranchero, the Sussex, the Cumberland, the Hathaway, the Jefferson, the Dover, the Windsor, the Mountjoy, the Arcadian, the Churchill, the Dorchester, the Trianon, the Melanie, the Virginian, the Rutledge, the Geneva, the Maxwell, and the Heatherbrae. The distinctions among them could easily escape the layman's eye, but, according to Parry's folder, the Schroeders' house was a Dorchester. As we pulled up in front of it, both Dr. and Mrs. Schroeder looked as hostile as Parry had suggested that they might be. They were walking around the dirt

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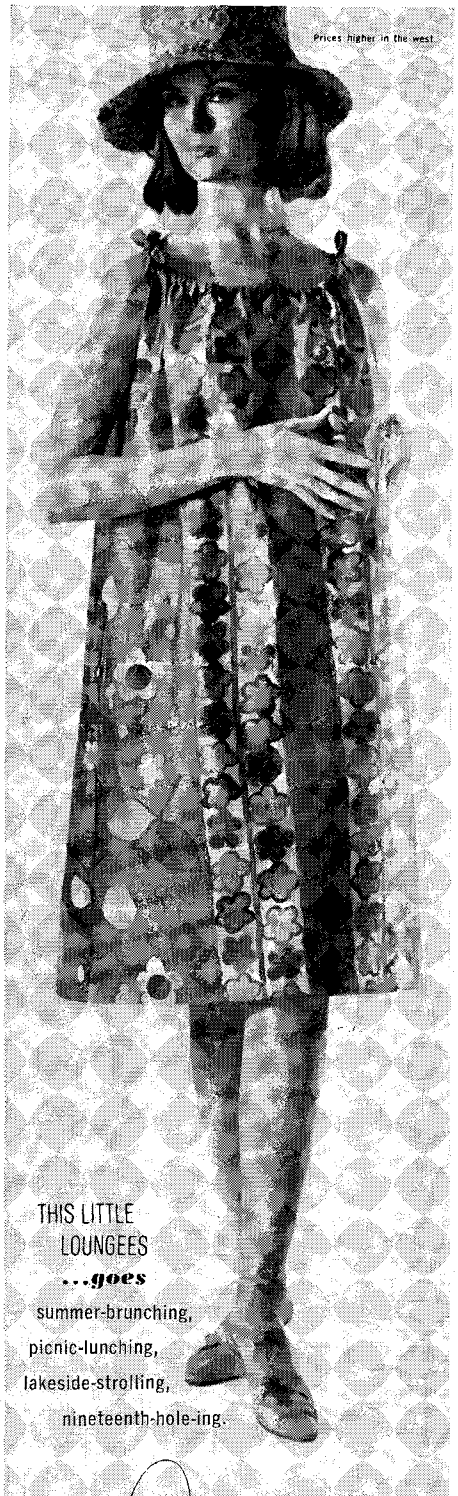
yard, leaning over to peer in at a front window occasionally, and looking, all in all, like people who were wondering why they couldn't just let themselves into their own house. Parry hopped out of his sports car, introduced himself cheerfully, and immediately started his tour. He began right at the door, with a quick but impressive demonstration of the plastic door seal that keeps out the dust, and then he moved on to the large hall closets, running his hand along the woodwork, testing the lights—all the while maintaining a smooth flow of conversation. It soon became apparent that Parry had that gift of combining explanation and demonstration which is ordinarily found only in those who sell kitchen appliances at state fairs. While he was talking—"Oh, here's a beauty, Mrs. Schroeder, here's something you're going to love," or "Here, I'll put one hundred pounds of pressure on this soap holder, Doctor; notice I'm letting the water run to test the drain"—he moved around expertly, flipping the complicated controls of the shower like a veteran airlines pilot, popping window screens in and out to show how light they were and how easily they handled, and, after a polite warning to Mrs. Schroeder, smashing his hand against the Plexiglas shower door to prove that it could not break. By the time we reached the kitchen, the Schroeders seemed to be feeling almost at home.

Although some builders of retirement communities have gone so far in the direction of special features for old people as to offer medicine cabinets labelled "His" and "Hers," the Webb company has always underplayed that aspect of its houses. "The light switches are down to wheelchair level, and the lavatories are high—too high for a family with kids—and the electrical outlets are higher than usual, sure," Breen had told me. "But we don't merchandise it; we feel that would be a poor treatment of this market, a little bit offensive." Parry managed to demonstrate these features without seeming to. He jumped up and down on the seat in the shower as if every shower had a seat, he pointed out the raised electrical outlets with a casual wave, and, after demonstrating from inside the bathroom how to lock the door by pressing the button in the knob, he showed from the outside how to open a locked bathroom door with an icepick or a nail—"in case somebody locks himself in by mistake." We were in the kitchen before I realized that nobody could lock himself in the bathroom by mistake—all he would have to do is turn the doorknob—and that what Parry was really saying was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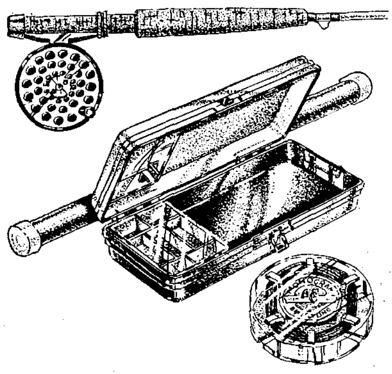

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"in case somebody has a heart attack in the bathroom by mistake."

"Yes, sir, this is some place," Parry said as we stood in the driveway with the Schroeders, who seemed in a convivial mood after an hour of the Key Inspector's chatter. "This is Tom Breen's baby, you know. He's a young man, just thirty-nine, and he used to be a movie actor. In fact, he was the first person to kiss Elizabeth Taylor in the movies." Parry paused, then added, "But not the last."

"I was going to say that," Mrs. Schroeder said, looking a bit disappointed for the first time since Parry had demonstrated how to set the automatic electric oven.

The Key Inspector turned to the wood facing on the garage and promised to report some splintered boards, so they would be fixed right away. Then we returned to the living room—which, like the rest of the house, was bare of furniture, since the Schroeders were still living at the Kings Inn—where Parry asked Dr. Schroeder to sign two or three papers, handed him a slip that was good for sixty-five dollars' worth of credit at Norman's Nursery, and said, "Now, if you'll just wait one moment, I'll go out and put up your bracket." The Schroeders looked puzzled.

Parry returned within two or three minutes, carrying a long box, and said, "The flag bracket is up on the post right next to the garage. And here is your three-by-five-foot, fifty-star American flag, with a six-foot jointed flagpole. The Women's Club was wondering why more flags weren't out on patriotic occasions. Del Webb heard about it, and now he gives a new flag with every new house. That's the kind of man he is."

ALTHOUGH Parry told the Schroeders several times that he was not allowed to recommend merchants—except Norman's Nursery, which has a landscaping contract with the Del Webb company—the logical place for Sun City residents to trade is the Sun City Shopping Center, situated across the street from Del Webb's Kings Inn and including the normal range of retail businesses, from a supermarket to a restaurant called Memory Lane. The merchandise differs little from what is to be found in the shopping center of any real-estate development, although the pharmacy does seem particularly well stocked and the variety store has an unusually large selection of hobby books, twenty-two crossword-puzzle magazines, a large number of model-

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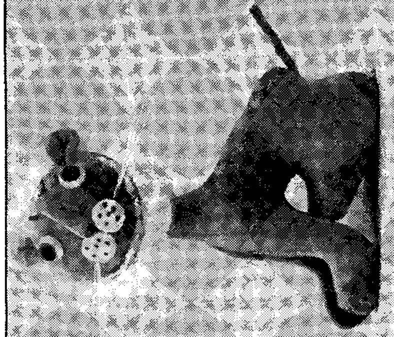

car kits, and eight types of paint-by-number sets. I happened to make my first visit to the supermarket on Wednesday, which is Double Gold Bond Stamp Day—a bargain that is apparently meant to counter the competition from Security Stamps at the Youngtown supermarket, and that, according to the manager, accounts for a sixty-per-cent increase in business on Wednesdays. Sure enough, there was a large crowd, composed mostly of couples doing what appeared to be the week's shopping together. A few of them paused near the door to read advertisements posted on a bulletin board—mostly of houses for sale, plus such items as a golf cart, an oversized bicycle, and two tropical-fish tanks. Above each checkout counter was a sign that read, "Free—One Half-Gallon of Lucerne Ice Cream If Checker Fails to Call Price and Special." The checkers, all young women, all wearing tags with their first names printed on them, and all militantly friendly, greeted each customer cheerfully, and carefully called out the price of each item as they rang it up on the cash register, the result being a strange chorus of numbers chanted up and down the front of the store. I noticed that on the top of each cash-register drawer, where the checker could see it as she deposited money, there was a sign that said, "We Smile and Speak to Every Customer." One of the chief complaints recorded in the opinion survey of Sun City had been rudeness on the part of the supermarket employees.

After a return visit to the shopping center on Saturday, I was able to report to Austin that I had seen the largest crowd of Sun Citians since my arrival. About three hundred of them gathered in the shopping-center parking lot at eleven o'clock that morning to witness the drawing for the Sun City Merchants Sweepstakes, which awards a fifty-dollar book of script—"good for any service, including your doctor and dentist bills, in Sun City"—to each of three citizens whose names are drawn from among slips submitted at the shopping center during the week and who are present for the drawing. Just before the drawing, I passed another milestone. After five days in Sun City, I saw a child. He was a boy of about three, sitting in a grocery cart in the supermarket, and he said "Hi!" as I passed.

CHILDREN do visit Sun City, but, I was told, the average visit is rather short. The viewpoint of just about every Sun Citian I spoke with about

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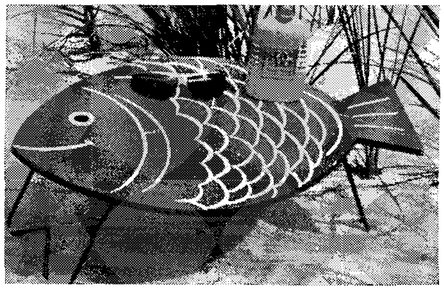

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children seemed to be composed of quotations from the Del E. Webb market research—statements like "I raised my kids, but I don't feel like raising anybody else's" and "When you're my age, you lose some of your patience with children; I'm happy to see my grandchildren, but after a couple of days I'm happy to see them leave." Although there are naturally no schools in Sun City, the residents pay a small school tax in the Peoria School District, and late in 1962 they were surprised to hear themselves called "selfish old people" by Peoria and Phoenix community leaders, owing to their having voted as a bloc to defeat a school bond issue that many of them thought was extravagant. Sun City leaders claim that most Sun Citians are quite willing to help support nearby public schools—pointing out that when a reduced bond issue was offered it passed overwhelmingly in Sun City—but that they are unanimously opposed to having resident children, who might run through their flower beds or (even more of a threat) scatter the gravel of their rock lawns. I was told that the young manager of an air-conditioning company, with his wife and three children, had moved to Sun City—buying a house second-hand—to be available for service calls, and had been forced to leave by the public uproar that followed the first stop of the Peoria School District bus in front of his door.

Some people in Sun City mentioned the fact that there are many children in town during the summer, but nobody spoke of that season with nostalgia. One summer, several residents told me, the swimming pools had just about been taken over by young people home from college and grandchildren making summer visits. The Community Center quickly made a rule barring children under sixteen from the pool except between twelve and two in the afternoon. Town Hall permits children in the pool between eleven and two but considers anybody under twenty-five in that category; the rest of the time, it posts monitors from the Swim Club to make certain all bathers are of age. Noon is not a pleasant time of day in Arizona during the summer, and, in view of this restriction, the lack of facilities for young people, and the general atmosphere, it seemed to me that children might be just as happy to leave Sun City in a day or two as their grandparents were to see them go.

After my confrontation with the little boy in the supermarket, I became more aware of the absence of children

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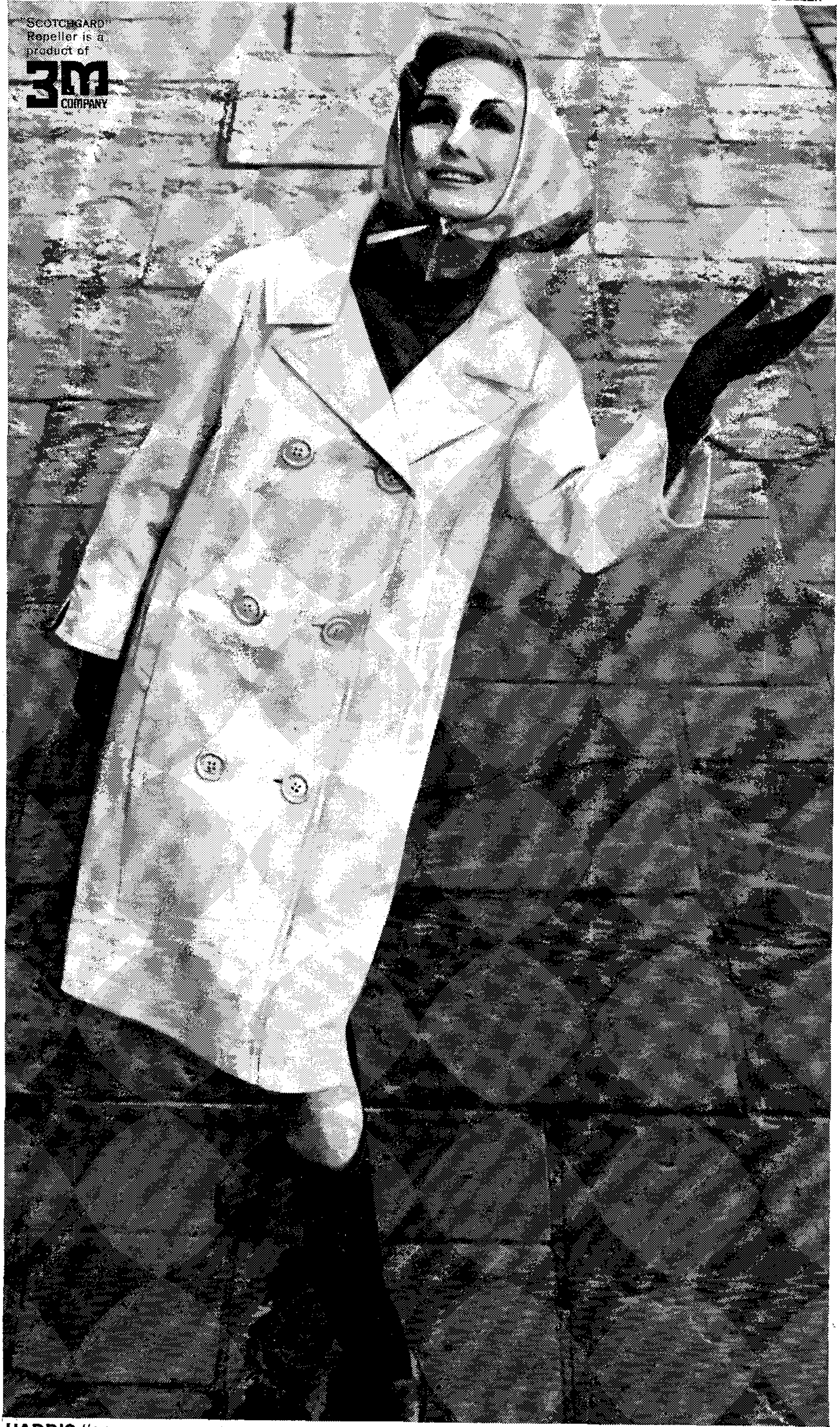
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in Sun City—even stealing an occasional glance at the shallow end of the pool as I walked through the Town Hall patios, or waiting for an approaching bicycle, which always turned out to be operated by a Pedal Pusher well above house-purchasing age. I also became more aware of the quiet of the Sun City streets. Perhaps because of the lack of children—and the lack of their followers, such as ice-cream trucks and dogs without leashes—the streets of Sun City, even when they were not totally deserted, as they had been on the day of my arrival, had an absence of sound that was not merely the quiet of a residential district but almost total silence. As I drove through the winding streets—many of them named for golf courses or players, such as Pebble Beach Drive, St. Andrews Drive, Oakmont Drive, Palmer Drive, Snead Circle, Crosby Drive, and Hope Drive—my reflections often centered on just how much noise would be made in Sun City by shooting buckshot pellets at a policeman. Disturbing in Phoenix, it would be almost deafening in Sun City. Even if holding six policemen at bay would not necessarily cause more gunfire—though being held at bay on a rock lawn during a hot afternoon would tempt the trigger finger of the most patient policeman—merely the shouting involved in such an operation would account for more noise than I heard on Sun City's streets in ten days.

It also occurred to me that the shooting of a policeman would indicate a degree of hostility almost unheard of in a town that vigorously avoids irritation, differences of opinion, and, in fact, differences of all kinds—a town in which the largest church embraces forty-six denominations. The normal way for clubs to elect officers in Sun City is by unanimously accepting the recommendations of a nominating committee, and bitter ideological disputes between Democrats and Republicans are, I was assured by both, rare. "The Republicans did get all excited about Katanga one time," a resident told me. "And they passed a resolution by a hundred per cent that we should not aid the U.N. in Katanga and that the U.N. should get out. The next week, the Democrats passed a resolution that we *should* help the U.N. operation in Katanga and that the U.N. should stay. That was a hundred per cent, too. Everything is unanimous here." Most Sun City residents stressed the fact that the disagreements that have cropped up have been unimportant, and said they were proud that the Sun City vote on local issues has tended to be a bloc vote in one direction or the other.

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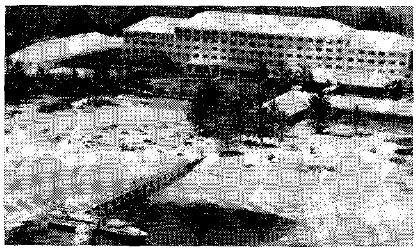

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It is also a matter of pride in Sun City that its citizens are all on an equal footing. This begins with a certain architectural egalitarianism (for how many people, after all, can tell a Hathaway from a Heatherbrae or a Jefferson from a Montecello?) and is abetted by the absence of identification by profession. Many Sun Citians told me that the past rarely comes up in conversation, and though one, a woman, told me that it comes up constantly, she added that the speaker is usually far enough from home to be sure that his assessment of his accomplishments will stand as the final version. The third-most-quoted statistic in Sun City is that several millionaires live there among their fellows and "nobody knows the difference." Sun City abounds with stories of retired generals playing golf with retired sergeants, of retired industrialists happily sharing potluck with retired factory workers. Among the residents I met were former city employees, military officers, shopkeepers, salesmen, telephone-company employees, pharmacists, and railroad men, and they all said they lived in peace and harmony with retired board chairmen and retired factory hands.

One of the advertisements in the series Detrick had shown me depicted a couple on a two-seater bicycle, under the headline "The Joneses' New 'Status Symbol' "—a representation, says the copy, of the absence of more serious status symbols in Sun City. Actually, of course, there are more varieties of automobiles than of bicycles in Sun City, and there are other status symbols, too. Lots abutting on one of the golf courses are priced higher than the other lots—twelve hundred and fifty dollars higher when Sun City opened and twenty-four hundred and fifty dollars higher according to the latest brochure—so anybody who has one obviously has enough money to spend a good sum for the luxury of a pleasant back-yard view. More important, some people can afford to travel in the summer, when Sun City is too sunny for most tastes, and some who cannot occasionally have a few slighting words to say about people who "use Sun City as a winter resort." There is a lingering social distinction between members of the Community Center and members of Town Hall, since Town Hall not only is more luxurious than the Community Center but also does not reciprocate the Community Center policy of keeping its events open to members of both. Moreover, since the Town Hall district, being more recent, has somewhat more expensive houses than those in the Community

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Center district, many people believe the former to have somewhat wealthier residents. The Webb company, however, claims that its studies do not bear this out. In any event, Sun City does not have the differences of wealth and position found in a normal community, and the residents do tend to disregard those differences that exist. The Community Center and Town Hall facilities are themselves of egalitarian bent, being essentially country clubs open to anybody who is able to buy a house in the neighborhood, and if there has ever been an instance of a shuffleboard player's being kept out of a shuffleboard club or a Kansan's being rejected by the Kansas Club, it is unrecorded.

People in Sun City seem to do most of their entertaining at home. Neither the Community Center nor Town Hall has a bar—a decision of the people, which, according to Austin, reflected "the fear that one guy will get potted and upset the whole damn applecart"—and I rarely saw a large crowd in the only public bar in town, this being in Del Webb's Kings Inn, where the bartender's favorite joke is to remark to an elderly male customer, "Yeah, yeah, I know—you got in here on your wife's age." Weekends are observed as strictly as they are in any community where most people have to work between Monday and Friday; the activity calendars of Town Hall and the Community Center suddenly become blank on Saturday and Sunday except for the Saturday-night dances.

I attended the dance in Town Hall one Saturday night, and was greeted at the door of the auditorium by Mrs. Randy Waites, a pert, friendly, gray-haired lady I had seen giving mambo lessons in the same room the evening before. Mrs. Waites, who wore a red ribbon that said "Hostess" on it and a red rose pinned over that, explained that she and her husband ran both the dancing class and the Saturday-night dance for Town Hall. Mr. Waites was standing near a phonograph in front of the auditorium stage, holding a microphone in one hand and snapping the fingers of the other in time with waltz music coming over the loudspeaker. About thirty couples were already on the floor, and a dozen more were sitting in the back of the room, watching them. "Oh, my, don't you look nice in your red!" Mrs. Waites said to an elderly lady who had just come through the door. "Why, hello! How are you tonight?" she continued, turning to the lady's husband. Many of the people arrived wearing the black plastic name badges available at the United Church. On the way to the

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dance floor, each of the men, most of whom were dressed in suits, dropped a dollar bill into a glass jar standing on a card table near the entrance.

"Come on and join the fun—it's mambo time," Mr. Waites said into the microphone as the waltz ended and he changed the record. "This is the only senior-citizen place in the world that does Latin dancing." The music started, and most of the couples remained on the floor. "Let's do it correctly, now," Waites said. "ONE-two-three, ONE-two-three. . . . Get that hand on the hip, hand on the hip. . . . It's mambo time." Waites kept up the music steadily—switching from a fox trot to "a little black boogie by Jimmy Dean" and then to something called the Suzy mixer, a round dance—and the crowd on the floor gradually grew to forty or fifty couples.

During the evening, I was joined by Landon Atkins, a relatively youthful-looking man from St. Louis, who introduced himself as the new president of the Dance Club. "I've never seen a group that dances as well as this one," Atkins said proudly. "Go to any country club and you wouldn't see dancing like this—all these people dancing properly. Did you notice on the cha-cha how many people remained on the floor? You wouldn't see that in New York or San Francisco. Two-thirds of the people are on the floor for the mambo. We have quite a mambo class here, and we'll be doing the bossa nova soon."

As Atkins talked, he waved a hand proudly at the crowded dance floor, where a fast fox trot was in progress. Waites was snapping his fingers and saying, "I'd like to see a little firmer handclasp, a little firmer handclasp. That's it. Click-click-slow, click-click-slow. . . . How about a cha-cha? We haven't had a cha-cha in a long time."

Atkins described a Roarin' Twenties dance that had been held by the Dance Club a few weeks before and had drawn more than three hundred people, most of them in costume, and he told me that Hi Neighbor Night had been attended by as many as sixty-two newcomers. Suddenly, as Atkins was telling me about the club's holiday dances, the music coming over the loudspeaker was interrupted by a blast from a police whistle. Atkins didn't seem to notice it. Waites, having called a mixer dance, was using the whistle to signal that it was time to change partners, and Atkins calmly went on talking about Sun City. "Y'know, a lot of wisecracks are made about Sun City," he said. "A guy was saying the other day, 'I retired and I didn't have anything to do and

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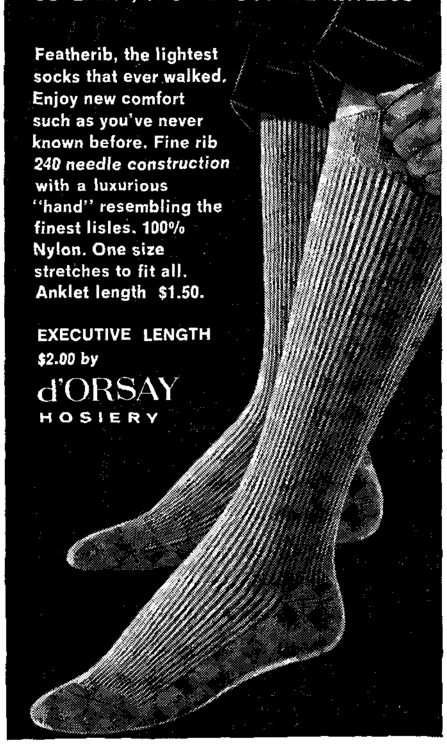

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nobody to help me do it, and it was pretty boring. Then I came to Sun City. Now I don't have anything to do, but I have over seven thousand people to help me do it.' We really *are* busy, though. When we were setting up clubs here at Town Hall, I had a meeting at least once a day for twenty-six straight days."

A short business meeting was to be held after the dance, Atkins said, and presently he excused himself so that he could give the announcement to Waites, who was saying, "How many of you here remember the 'Jingle Bell Rock'?" I turned to talk with a man whose name badge proclaimed him to be Joe Browe, and who promptly proclaimed himself to be president of the Town Hall Swim Club.

"Nowhere else in the country can people our age put on a dance like this," Browe said. "This is a very active place. You're really so busy you have to schedule things. Why, this Town Hall is so busy that a while back the Men's Club put on a bingo night for the Sunshine Committee—the committee that helps out people who are sick, and all—and it was so successful that they wanted us to put on another one, and, do you know, there wasn't a free night to be had."

"Why didn't you cancel Tuesday-night bridge?" I asked.

Browe looked puzzled. He explained that each club was particular about using the Town Hall facilities during whatever period they had been reserved for.

A short intermission for punch and cookies followed the "Jingle Bell Rock"—which Mr. Waites had led the dancers through several times—and not long after that Mr. Waites was saying, "Get the girl you brung for our good-night theme song."

After the last dance, a card table and four chairs were set up on the dance floor for the Dance Club officers, and fifty or sixty people stayed for the business meeting. The secretary read the minutes of the club's last meeting and of the last meeting of the club's board of directors. Old business consisted of a short discussion of the record-player microphone, which was apparently fragile, and the reading of a letter from the former president of the club to Tom Austin, thanking him for his coöperation during the past year. When the meeting turned to new business, the outgoing president suggested that the club make a ten-dollar donation to a Town Hall decoration fund. At Atkins' suggestion, the amount was raised to fifteen dollars.

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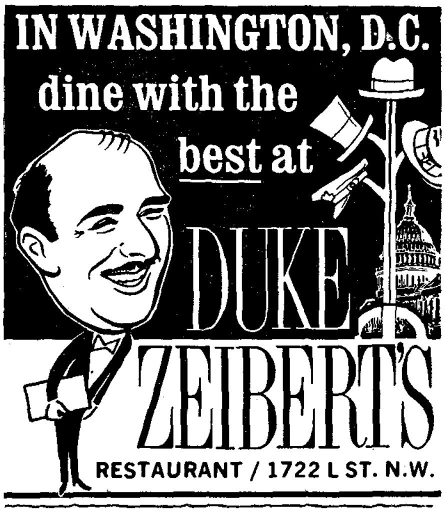

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The motion passed unanimously. In ten or fifteen minutes, all the business had been settled and Atkins was able to adjourn the meeting.

It was ten-thirty, and I decided to see how much of the Saturday-night dance crowd was finishing off the evening at the bar of Del Webb's Kings Inn. When I arrived, I discovered that the bar had closed half an hour before.

WHEN I left the Town Hall dance, briefly, to look in on the Community Center dance, I noticed that the people appeared older, as a group, than those at Town Hall. Since so many Sun City residents moved in more or less at once—and at about the same age—the average age of the whole population is increasing, and the community is gradually facing more problems of the less active aged. The United Church has already raised a considerable sum from residents to build a nursing home, and during my visit the Webb company, which seems very much aware of the problem, completed negotiations with a group of doctors who are planning to build a private hospital in Sun City to supplement the hospitals now available in Glendale and Phoenix.

There are two resident doctors practicing in the Sun City medical building, and six specialists who maintain offices in Phoenix visit the community one or two days a week. I asked one of the general practitioners, Dr. Robert Stump, a man in his sixties who had moved out to Sun City from Phoenix, how his current practice differed from his practice there.

"Well, here it's sixty-five per cent cardiovascular," said the Doctor, who, like most of the male patients in his waiting room, was wearing a sports shirt and a bolo tie. "When you get a house call, you grab your hat and get out there before they're dead. I almost couldn't get used to the number of deaths here. I sign more death certificates in a week than I would in a month in Phoenix. I almost didn't stick it out; it got kind of depressing—so many people coming here and you knew they didn't have more than a few months to live. I'm more used to it now. There's not really much hypochondria. People stay active, and the weather's good. The problem is when a couple comes and then one of them dies; that's why the nursing home is needed. A lot of men used to come out here and kill themselves off right away mowing the lawn. Now there are a lot of rock lawns. They're expensive, but I guess they're a good thing."

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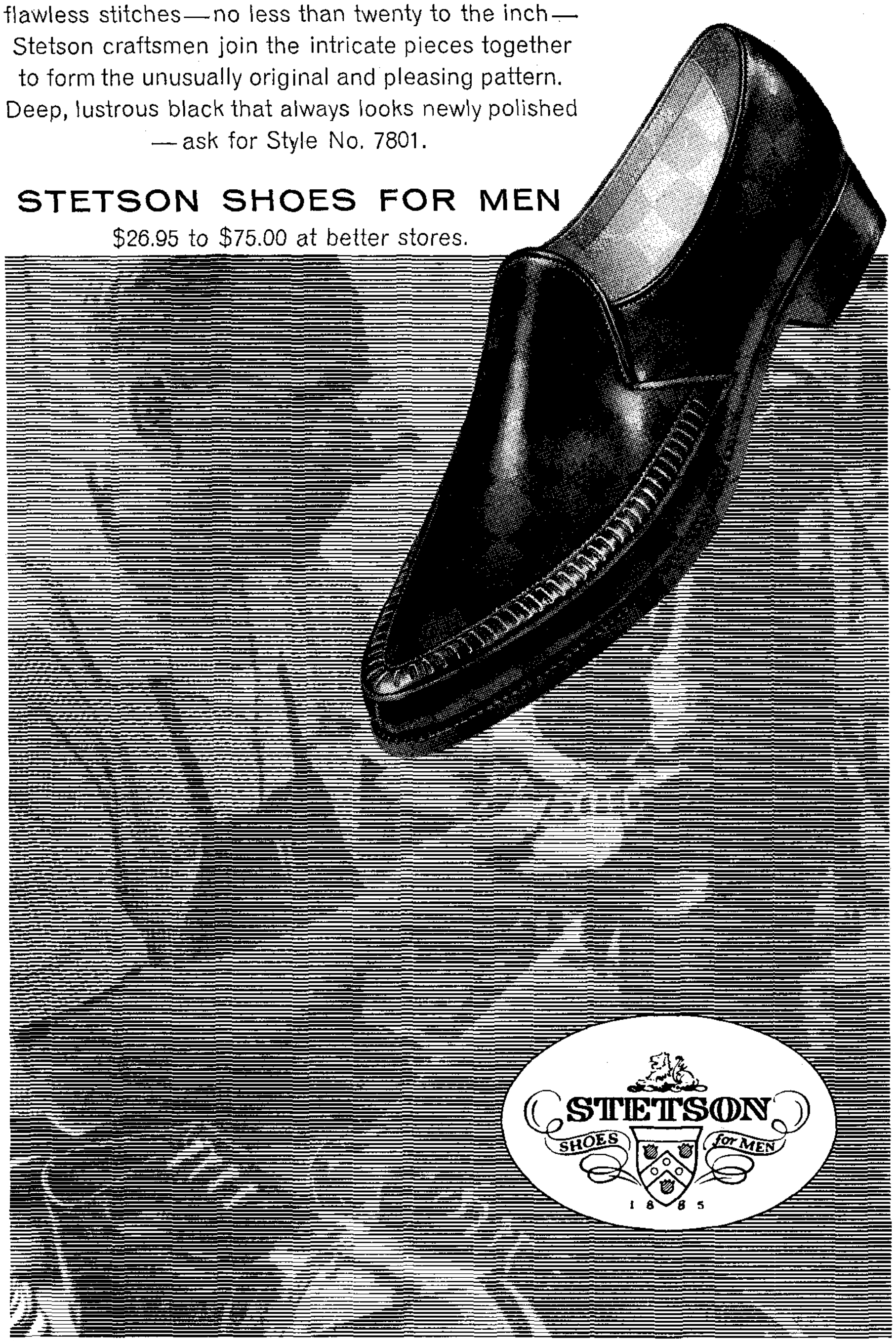

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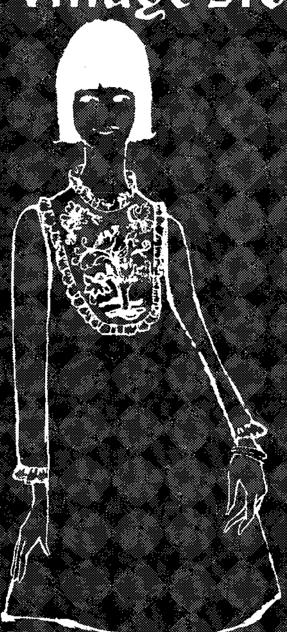

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to those residents who have some reason to keep track of the population, most of the women who have become widows in Sun City have remained there. Some people believe that this accounts for a rather curious fact about Sun City—the fact that there is so much interest in acquiring driver's licenses that the county has been sending an inspector to give tests at Town Hall twice a week. "In our age bracket, a lot of women never learned how to drive, so a lot of widows are left high and dry with a Cadillac car and nobody to drive it," Louis Inwood told me when he was explaining the need for a bus system. Some widows find husbands in Sun City; according to the estimate of the Reverend Walter Witt, there have been about thirty marriages since the town started.

During my ten days in Sun City, I was constantly reminded of the presence of sickness and death. Officers of the Democratic Club blamed a slowdown of the club's activities on the illness of a particularly active and valuable member; a man in the Sun City Agricultural Center who couldn't remember the name of a lady whose vegetable garden he admired identified her to a friend by referring to the crippling illness of her husband; several of the Pedal Pushers I talked with mentioned their heart condition as a reason for the daily exercise of a bicycle ride; a man in the office of the Community Center who was explaining the fluctuation in its membership reminded me, "We average five deaths a week here, you know;" a Sun City hostess explained the town's activity with a statement I had heard several times since I arrived—"We know we're at the end of the line, and we're going to have fun while we're here." The Catholic priest has planned his confessional to accommodate a wheelchair, and Witt has trained his ushers to move a stricken person from the church with the most speed and the least disturbance by carrying him out on the chair he is sitting in. The churches always keep oxygen on the premises.

Although such precautions are accomplished with discretion, there is practically no way to carry on a conversation that concerns Sun City residents without mentioning somebody's illness or somebody's death. The connection between illness and death is emphasized by the fact that the ambulance service in Sun City is run by Lundberg's Mortuary, which also operates Lundberg's Golden Door Chapel ("Where Service Is Measured by the Golden Rule"), in Youngtown. The subject of death seems to be avoided only through an avoidance

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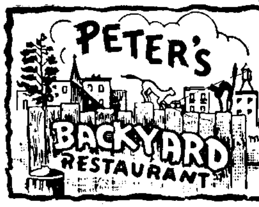

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of the word itself. "Nobody dies in Sun City," I was told by one of the few ladies I met who found some humor in the town's customs. "People just pass away."

Although Del E. Webb executives are fond of mentioning an actuarial study of Sun City that showed its residents to have a life expectancy three years longer than other Americans in their age group, the company has faced the fact of its customers' mortality. Next to a dirt road across the highway from the main entrance to Sun City, a small sign—much smaller than one announcing that Lake Pleasant is twenty miles down the same road—points toward Sunland Memorial Park, a cemetery that, according to Breen, was established by Del Webb as a service, because many residents became so attached to Sun City that they said they would rather be buried there than in their home towns. Now that the service has been provided, Webb has two salesmen calling on Sun Citians to sell them plots. I drove over to Sunland Memorial Park one morning. The dirt road cuts straight through a vast cotton field for a mile and a half, and arrives, suddenly, at a carefully manicured cemetery, with the latest memorial-park designs in statuary, palm groves, flower beds, fountains, mausoleums, and, in place of tombstones, metal plates with flower vases set into them. While I was there, I met the Webb executive in charge of Sunland, a man named Dick Dotson, who told me that all this had been carved out of the surrounding cotton fields only four months earlier. When I complimented him on having achieved such abundant flowers and well-kept lawns in so short a time, he said, "Yes, it's a lovely place. We want to provide every service, and this is not just a cemetery but the finest—up to Del E. Webb standards."

I asked Dotson about competition from Eternal Valley Memorial Park, a new cemetery a mile and a half down the highway from Sun City, which seemed to be doing a good deal of advertising.

"They started three months before we did," Dotson said. "We were a hundred dollars cheaper at the start, but then they lowered their prices to fifty dollars cheaper than ours. They haven't been much competition, though. The people here are loyal to Webb."

About the only aspect of Sunland that was not up to Webb standards was the dirt road, but I was later told that the company had been doing its best to get that paved, offering to share the expense with the county. Meanwhile, a Webb

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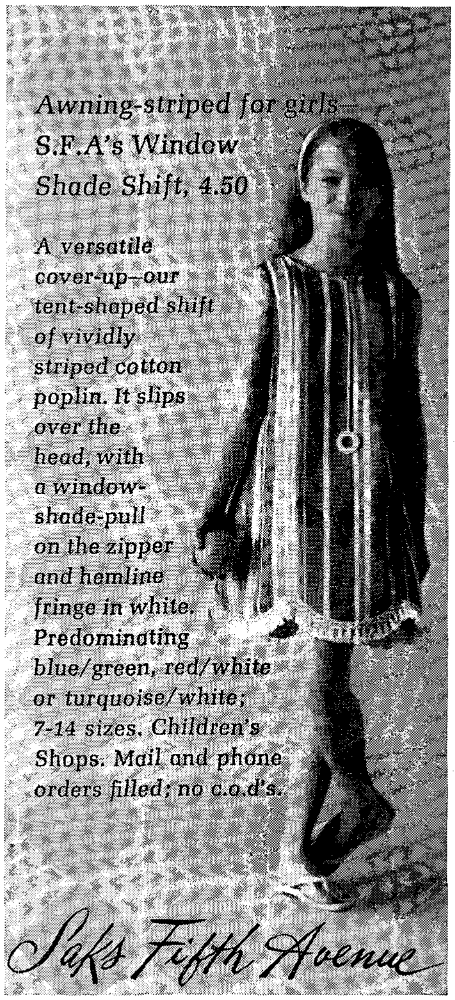

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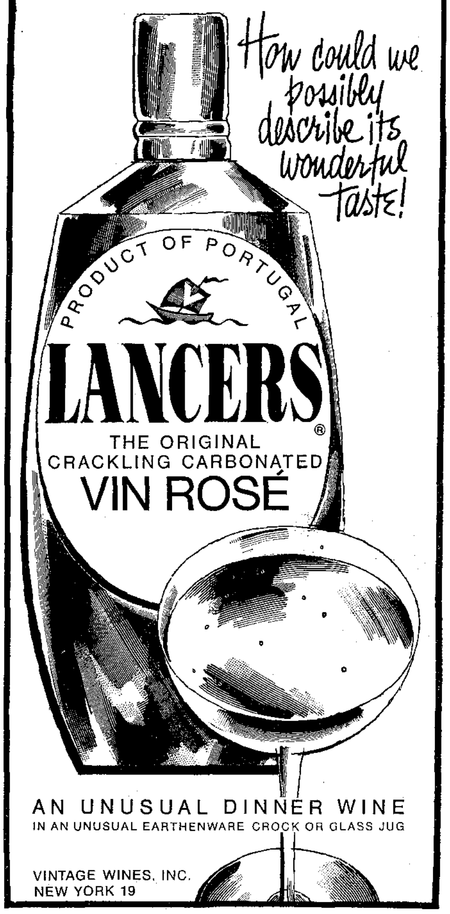
Sun Citians take pride in the fact that they themselves are coping with many of the problems stemming from the high proportion of residents of advanced age. The principal philanthropic project in Sun City—in fact, about the only philanthropic project on a significant scale—is the Sunshine Committee, which is composed of three hundred volunteers, mostly women, and is headed by a nominally retired but apparently indefatigable Methodist minister named E. Duane Thistlethwaite. Soon after my arrival in Sun City, I called on Thistlethwaite, who lives in a coöperative apartment not far from Del Webb's Kings Inn. There were two cards on the door, one reading, "E. Duane Thistlethwaite, Retired Methodist Minister," and the other, "Duane and Fern." Thistlethwaite, a tall, angular, agile man of seventy-two, met me at the door and motioned me to a comfortable-looking overstuffed chair with antimacassars on the arms. The Thistlethwaites, like other Sun City residents whose homes I visited, had retained some old-fashioned furniture, which at first seemed incongruous against the pale painted cinder-block walls of a Sun City living room.

"The Sunshine Committee is an organization that I expect is different from any you've ever heard of," Thistlethwaite said. "It was first set up to help people who couldn't pay their dues to the Community Center, so they could belong. But they didn't want that; they preferred to make their own money, if they could get jobs, so we looked around and saw to it that they got jobs from others. For instance, one lady's husband had hardening of the arteries and she needed somebody to take him out and wheel him, so one man did that. I don't handle that part of the committee's work any more. We divided it up last spring, and now I just take care of the sickroom equipment and visiting and that sort of thing. I'm still pretty busy. I visited four hospitals yesterday to see people; I knew about half of them before I went."

We were interrupted by the doorbell, and a man came in who wanted to trade a pair of crutches for a cane. Thistlethwaite picked out a cane for him, had him sign a card, and saw him to the door.

"This happens all the time," he continued when he had rejoined me in the living room. "We have six or eight canes, ten walkers, fifteen or twenty



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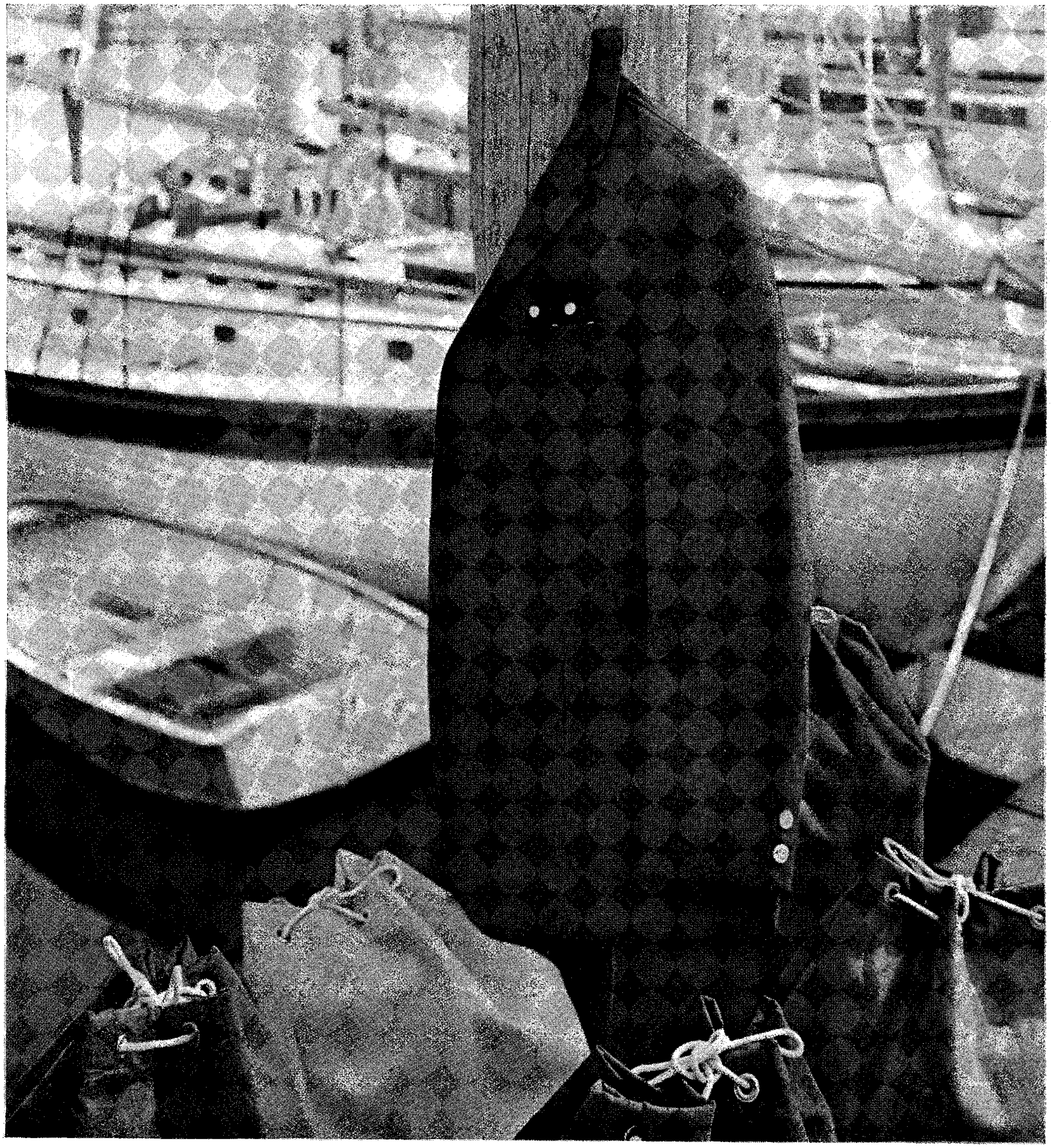

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Thistlethwaite showed me a sample of a card that is given to each new resident, to enable him to summon the aid of the Sunshine Committee. It was a piece of white cardboard about the size of a windowpane, and pasted on one side was a large "X" made with the bright-orange tape that some people use on their automobile bumpers to catch the beam of headlights. On the other side was a series of instructions, beginning, "This is your emergency card. Put it in the window if you need help." After listing the numbers to call for an ambulance, a resuscitator, and the Fire Department, the instructions concluded, "It is advisable for someone in your neighborhood to have a key to your home and know whom to call if something should happen to you. Your neighborhood Chairman checks, or has someone check, on you most every day, to make sure you are seen. So please don't go away without telling a neighbor, for they will wonder what happened to you."

I asked Thistlethwaite if the cards were used often.

"Oh, they have been," he said. "Some people here don't have phones—especially widows. Phones are expensive here. You'd be surprised how neighbors take care of each other. We had a funny thing happen at Western Days. A lot of the activities had booths, and we had one with hospital beds and wheelchairs and things, and we handed out these cards. One lady walked off carrying hers with the 'X' out, and two

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or three people came up to her and asked her if she needed anything.”

Thistlethwaite smiled, and went on, “We also take flowers to the homes of those who die. We don’t give flowers to the dead; ours are for the living. Also, each district chairman has a car pool to help people who have to go to the hospital and don’t have a car. And we sometimes lend money to people—widows whose money is tied up, say. We never charge for anything; we get donations from individuals and clubs. We *have* had some trouble organizing in new sections when people first moved in. Del Webb’s idea is that they’re going to come out and have a good time. But people aren’t satisfied just to have a good time. For three to six months, we can’t seem to get organized in a new section. Then people realize that they have to do something to help others. If you can’t do something for somebody else, you’re not going to be too happy. I think we’re made that way.”

I WAS surprised to discover how many people in Sun City *were* satisfied just to have a good time. Outside of the Sunshine Committee—which is, after all, for the residents themselves and is frankly viewed by many of those who contribute to it as a form of self-protection—little time seems to be spent on good works. The churches have charitable activities of one kind or another, but they involve only a small proportion of the members, and total church membership in Sun City, despite the impressive statistics of United Church, accounts for less than a third of the population. The best-known project for helping people outside Sun City is run by the Stitch and Knit Club, Town Hall’s sewing group, which outfits Peoria schoolchildren in what is called the Dress a Living Doll Program. In general, the residents of Sun City seem to spend not more but less time on charitable projects than the residents of towns in which most people have regular jobs. About a mile past Sun City there is a wretched, impoverished village called El Mirage. Populated by Mexican farm laborers, many of whom cannot speak English and cannot afford the barest minimum in sanitation or other amenities, El Mirage is all slum. There is a clinic there, and a few Sun Citians work in it, and a few others work in the village teaching English. But from everything that has been written about the need of retired people to do constructive work one might have predicted that seventy-five hundred retired people living one mile from an iso-

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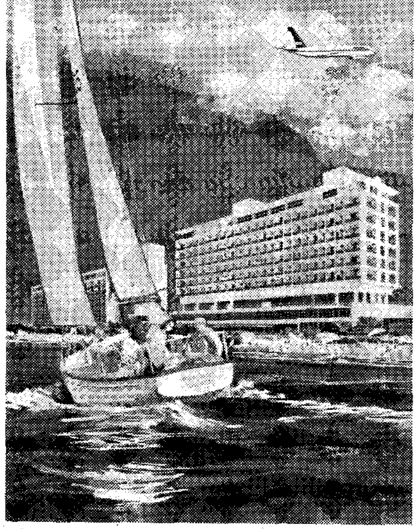
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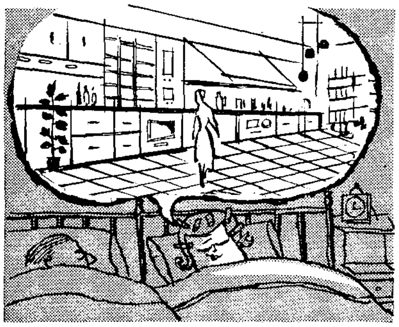
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lated slum would set records for wholesale rehabilitation. When I mentioned this to Tom Austin, he told me about the Dress a Living Doll Program and the Sunshine Committee, and added, "People say, 'They have plenty of time for charity work, because they're retired.' Well, here they haven't. They're spread pretty thin."

The lack of interest in projects that are normally considered constructive seems to extend to anything intellectually strenuous. Among the goings on in Sun City there are no lectures or adult-education courses—not even a Spanish course, which might be considered utilitarian rather than intellectual, since the Mexican border is only two or three hours away by car. I was told that the Women's Club had once sponsored a concert by Thomas L. Thomas, who now lives in Arizona, and that the Sun City Players had produced the opera "Martha" the previous year, but I gathered that it was rare for any of the clubs to organize cultural events. A Del E. Webb employee told me that the company had once brought a Spanish dancer to Sun City but that she performed before fifteen or twenty people. A more characteristic attraction for Webb to provide was the National Seniors Open Golf Tournament, which is open only to golfers over the age of fifty; it was sponsored last year by Del Webb on the Sun City courses. The shopping center has no bookstore or record store, although paperback books are available and there is a Sun City Library, situated in the Town Hall. But the library is open only from ten in the morning until noon, plus another two hours on Friday evening. Stocked with books provided by the county library system and those donated by the residents, the library is particularly well endowed with mysteries, but otherwise has a balanced selection. At the time of my visit, it had issued library cards to less than one out of ten residents.

HAPPINESS is discussed constantly in Sun City. A remarkable number of people, blessed with the Sun City gift for statistics, seem to have settled on ninety-five per cent as the proportion of residents who have found the "pure happiness" promised in the advertising jingle. The percentage of simple customer satisfaction with goods received is also considered high. There are, of course, complaints about the company. Many Sun Citians believed that Webb would maintain the water-and-sewage system, and they become angry whenever they talk of how it was sold to a concern that immediately raised the

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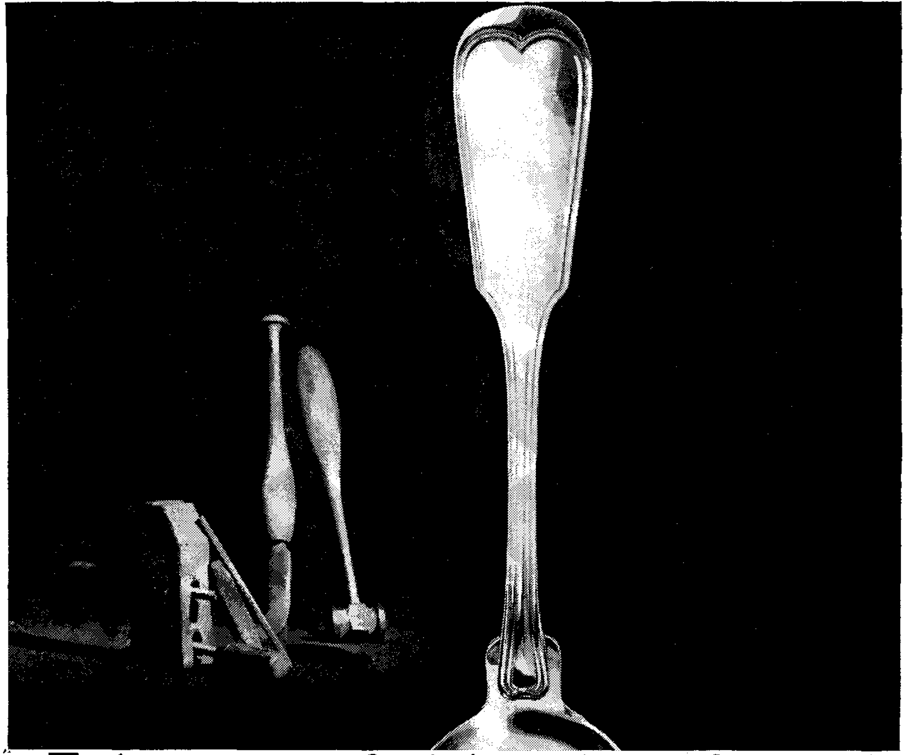

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rates. Some Community Center members believe that the exclusivity of Town Hall is maintained as an inducement to prospective purchasers to buy a new Webb house in the Town Hall district rather than a resale in the Community Center district, and many Community Center members also believe that the Webb company should have agreed to enlarge the Center when the facilities proved to be too small. Some people claim that Webb advertising did not make it clear there would be a school tax in Sun City, and that it showed nonexistent internal transportation to the shopping center provided by a large touring cart pulled by a jeep and called the Shoplifter. ("Just try to imagine the insurance on that thing!" said a company official in the course of explaining to me why the Shoplifter had been turned into a leaves-and-rubbish collector.) Every resident I talked with said that the company's estimate of three hundred dollars per month as a minimum for Sun City living expenses became realistic only if it did not include house payments, and some argued that whatever had transformed, for example, a Coronado into an outwardly identical Arcadian could hardly have been worth an extra eleven hundred and fifty dollars, increased labor costs or no increased labor costs. Some golfers in Sun City complain about a recent increase in greens fees, and some softball enthusiasts speak less than enthusiastically of the Sun City Senior Citizens' Softball Field—a patch of dirt and a backstop, near the shopping center. Still, considering the scope of the Webb company's activities in Sun City, the complaints are not extensive, and most residents seem to feel that, particularly in respect to the quality of their houses, the company has dealt fairly with them.

Whether or not they are happy living the Sun City Active New Way of Life—the company's No. 1 product—is a more complicated question. One early resident who found that he was not was E. A. Britton, of Eugene, Oregon, who won a Name This Arizona Retirement Community contest in 1959 by suggesting the name Sun City and was presented with a free house there by the Del E. Webb Corporation. Britton and his wife lived for six months in the city he had named, and then went back to Oregon. He explained not long ago in a letter to the Phoenix *Gazette* that although he and his wife appreciated the friendliness of the Del E. Webb Corporation and the other residents, they could not stand the lack of old friends, the presence of only old people, and the heat. "We still have

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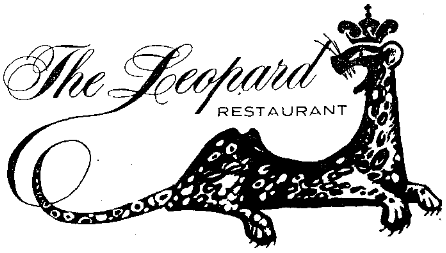

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warm spots in our hearts for Sun City, the Del E. Webb Corporation, and our friends in Sun City," concluded Britton, who apparently acquired some of the town's spirit during his short stay there. "We now have a comfortable home in a nice neighborhood with people of all age groups around us. So far, we are enjoying both health and happiness, as well as seeing our friends often."

The number of Sun Citians who would like to follow Britton's example is not known. To a visitor, there seem to be an extraordinary number of "For Sale" signs in front of houses, but, according to Breen, the annual turnover in Sun City is between four and five per cent of the total product—less than that in one of Webb's regular real-estate developments. The normal guides to real-estate success—such as the number of houses for sale and the actual percentage of turnover—are, of course, not easily applied to Sun City, since the town has certain special factors, including a higher-than-average death rate, the sale of several hundred new houses every year in the same community, and the absence of such ordinary reasons for moving as company transfers or growing families. Most residents intended their move to Sun City to be their last one, and since in many cases it was made against the advice of their children and their friends, they may have psychological as well as financial reasons for standing by the decision.

Whether because of this situation or because of the constant barrage of boosterism coming from the Del E. Webb office or because Del Webb really *has* created a "paradise town," most Sun City residents appear almost belligerently happy. "Why shouldn't we be happy?" one resident demanded before I had a chance to ask him if he was. "This is the closest thing there is to Utopia." As I was leaving a gathering of the Pedal Pushers one day—I had accompanied them on their early-morning pedal around town—a small, gray-haired lady came up to me and said, "You know, we really *are* happy here." It was the fourth assurance of happiness—or busyness, which in Sun City is considered almost a synonym for happiness—that I had received in an hour with the Pedal Pushers.

"They were unhappy where they came from and they're unhappy here," I was told that evening by Edward B. Gamble, a retired Navy commander, born in Arizona, who has a house in Sun City but spends a good deal of his time travelling. "They stay because they're stuck," he went on. "They've sold ev-

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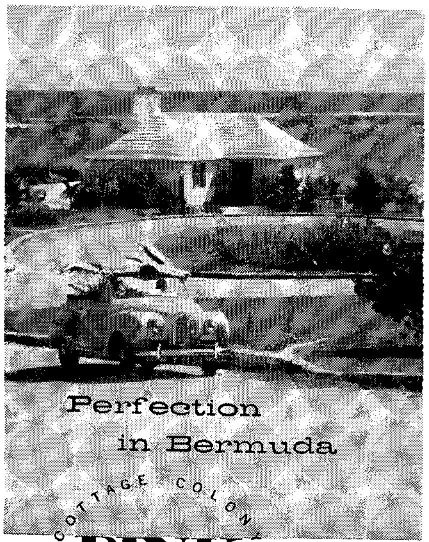
erything back there and they're stuck—they have no choice. Oh, some people are happy here. But, look, have you ever been in some of those pretty towns in someplace like Maryland—a lovely little town, with trees and nice lawns and a nice little hotel? And if you go to the graveyard the names are the same as on the stores, and everybody in the town knows everybody else? Well, some of these people leave places like that—come here because of the sunshine, or something—and they just don't find the same thing in Sun City. So they have coffee here and clubs there and cookouts and potlucks. They have to pretend, but it's just pretending."

An overwhelming percentage of Sun City's residents would disagree vigorously—but in a friendly way, of course—with this interpretation of their activities. Even those who do not believe that Every Day's a Holiday in Sun City any more than it is anywhere else are likely to defend the town as preferable to the alternative they themselves were faced with, which was rarely an idyllic town in Maryland and was less likely to be remembered for a nice little hotel than for snowstorms, loneliness, and boredom. I asked Louis Inwood one day about the gerontologists' theory that old people should stay in their own community to give it the benefit of their wisdom and experience, and he had a persuasive answer. "As a theory, it's fine," he said. "But in practice nobody is going to do any listening to them. Look, I was the only civil servant ever named Delaware Valley Man of the Year; when I left my job in Philadelphia, I got a unanimous vote of thanks from the city council. And despite that kind of record, I couldn't get a job if I tried. I'm an outcast because I'm sixty-seven years old. I think the whole damn bunch of us are outcasts, who have found a way of living without impinging on anybody or bothering anybody."

The most articulate resident observer of Sun City I met was Robert Janz, a retired Foreign Service officer who had been the editor of the Sun City *Sun Citizen* for a time; during his editorship the paper had been mildly critical of the Del E. Webb Corporation on occasion and had not been sold at the newsstand of Del Webb's Kings Inn. "I think the people have brainwashed themselves," he told me when I visited him and Mrs. Janz one afternoon. "They run around and never have time to realize what kind of world they live in. They talk themselves into this happy-happy attitude. It's not exactly pretense; they talk themselves into it and they keep themselves so busy that they don't think.



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They ought to be very unhappy—and if they ever stopped to analyze themselves they probably would be—because their lives are silly and useless. There's no reason for being useless when you're sixty; there's no reason for giving yourself over completely to pleasure."

Janz had moved to Arizona because of the climate, and to Sun City because he believed that it offered a good bargain in housing. Critical though he was of the town's conformity and Philistinism, he had no objection to the idea of retirement communities; in fact, he was considering moving to one sponsored by a university foundation, where he thought he would find more compatible neighbors and less company involvement. "I don't dislike Sun City," he said. "I think it's a fine thing for a large number of people. At home, they have their former co-workers and their friends, but their friends die off and their company doesn't want to see them. They have nothing to do. Here they have a lot of people in the same boat, and they can make friends. Of course, you should really have enough inner resources so that you wouldn't come to a new place to make friends. But if you want to talk about the weather and your ailments—and a lot of people do—there are plenty of opportunities for gabbing to be found here."

"The people are extremely nice," Mrs. Janz interposed. "And for many of them it's fine. My grandfather had nothing to do but sit on the courthouse lawn with six or eight other old people. The people here feel they've earned their liberty, and a lot of them are determined to enjoy it if it kills them. But some of it is so silly, and so sad. I simply can't watch something like the exercise class; I just feel sorry for them all. And to be happy-happy shouldn't be the only goal in life."

"It's funny," Janz said. "A neighbor of ours dropped in yesterday, and he was saying how terrible the place was—all the conformity and the silliness. Then he said that when it came right down to it, he'd rather live here than anyplace else. 'We have three things here,' he said. 'Peace and quiet, a sidewalk to walk on, and level ground to ride a bicycle on.' That's what he wants, and they have it here."

ACCORDING to Thomas Breen—an energetic, informal man, who was not, in fact, the first person to kiss Elizabeth Taylor in the movies but who did play in films when both he and Elizabeth Taylor were teen-agers—ninety-five per cent of the people living in Sun City are happy because Sun City

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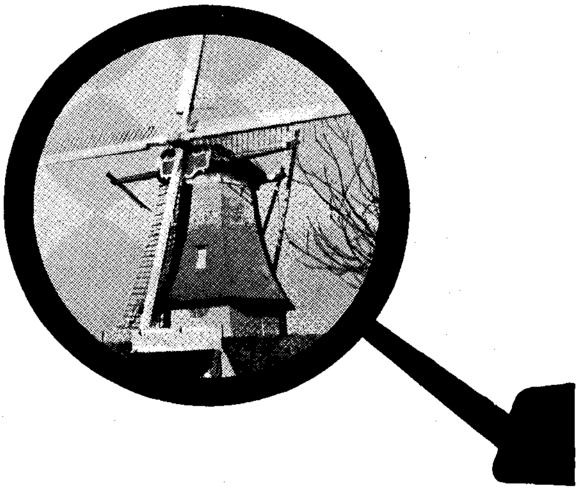

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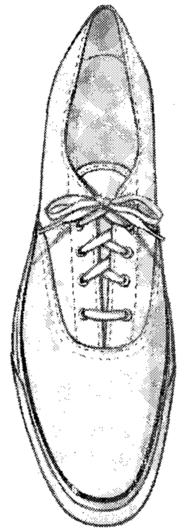

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is precisely what solid market research, as opposed to academic theorizing, showed that they wanted. "One thing we found out with this is that almost everything ever written on the subject was a lot of baloney," he told me. "For instance, one of the psychiatrists writing in a series I read on aging said old people didn't like namby-pamby terms like 'senior citizens.' That's just not true. If it's true, why do they name their clubs the Senior Citizens' Variety Club and things like that? Also, the pyschiatrists have always preached that old people get a vicarious thrill from the young and that they want to live around the young. Well, I can show you seventy-five hundred people who don't want to live around the young. Maybe a guy who is sixty-five and has to retire doesn't get much of a charge out of hearing about the triumphs of the bright young men. And that's not all. Something like a hundred thousand people visit Sun City every year, and just about all of them—even the ones not planning to buy a house—say they like the idea of not having kids around. It's easy for anybody to say now that Sun City is a matter of the developer's taking the line of least resistance. On the other hand, when we started this there wasn't one builder I talked to who didn't say I was out of my goddam mind."

The lack of cultural activities in Sun City, Breen told me, merely demonstrates what happens when pressure to keep up a cultural front is removed. Using the Phoenix Symphony as an example, he said that the vast majority of the Phoenix residents who attended its concerts were there for business or social reasons, and that the number of genuine music lovers among them represented no larger proportion of the Phoenix population than the Sun Citians in the audience did of Sun City's population. "There's a professor from the University of Arizona who wants to study these people in Sun City," Breen told me. "He said it must be so interesting to see all the cultural activity going on among people who are retired and have all that time. I told him to take a look. I'll be interested to see if *he* takes part in all those cultural activities when *he* retires, or just says he's sick of the whole business and takes up golf."

Breen seems to believe that almost everything people do publicly they do for effect. There are no Negroes in Sun City—a fact that had been brought up by almost every resident I spoke with—and when I asked him why this was, his explanation was that "if there's nothing to crusade against, these people are not likely to crusade." At all four

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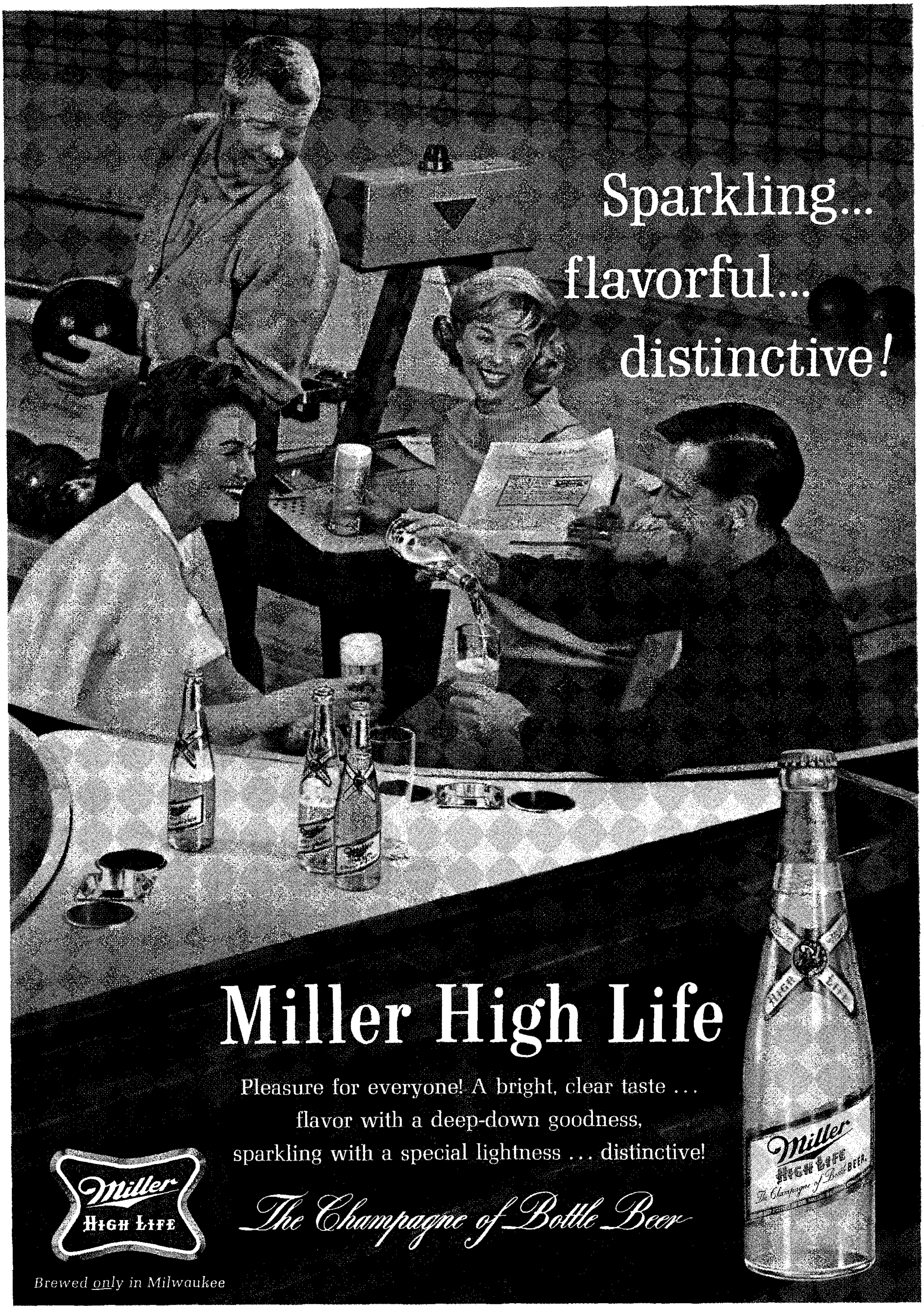

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Webb communities, Breen assured me, salesmen are instructed to show absolutely no discrimination and to assure Negro customers that they can buy any house—although "when it comes to a sale, the sales manager handles it, and he explains to the people what they're getting into, because, let's face it, a Negro would be miserable in Sun City." I asked Breen if there were Negroes in any of the Webb retirement communities, and he said that when a Negro woman did buy a house in Sun City, California, "we told the people near her they could transfer lots, although, as it happened, the people on one side said it made no difference to them. But actually we were just one step short of a revolution out there. People get older and set in their ways and they don't like to change. They were thinking about what would happen if she should want to have a swimming party and invited all her colored friends from Los Angeles out there a couple of nights; it would amount to having the swimming pool taken over by colored people a couple of times a week. But she has never moved into the house, and we've never had a serious Negro customer at Sun City, Arizona. I think if people don't have anything to crusade against, they're not going to crusade, and when people get older, they don't want to put up with what it would take to crusade."

Since the residents of Sun City didn't seem to want to put up with anything else, either—children, disagreement, responsibility, intellectual challenge—I asked Breen if he had considered the possibility that he had created a community dedicated to self-indulgence on an unprecedented scale, a place in which the distinction in value among various kinds of activities had all but disappeared.

"Well, there *is* a feeling that as long as they keep active they'll be all right, and they're not too selective, sometimes, about how they keep active," he said. "They believe that if they keep active—keep that ever-loving blood circulating, keep those organs functioning—they'll keep alive. And they're probably right. The study *does* show they actually live longer. You have to remember that retired people are in a unique position: they can do what they want. When you're forty-five and vice-president of the P.-T.A. and somebody asks you to be head of the United Fund, you damn well do it. But you talk to these people about the United Fund and they tell you to get out of town. A lot of people want to know, 'How the hell do these people retire and just indulge

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themselves, do nothing constructive?' I won't argue what is constructive and what isn't. Some guy might go to the woodworking shop and make something beautiful, and to him it would be constructive. But we don't push that; the guy doesn't feel he has to justify himself. I think they've been doing what you call constructive things all their lives, and they're just fed up. They don't want any more of it. Everything I read beforehand—and for five years I read everything I could find on this subject—led me to believe that a basic need of old people was to do something productive, something they could feel was useful and needed. Well, that's just not true. You know why? I think it's because we do those things that society tells us to for societal reasons, not out of the feeling that we really want to. What's productive is what's productive by society's standards. And the way of living of the Sun Citians raises questions about the validity of those standards. The people in Sun City may think that the way they can contribute most to society is by living their lives independently and not being a burden on their children or anybody else. And they may be right." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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—*Time.*

*Gesundheit!*

◆

### THE SUMMING UP

[*From a press digest of New Zealand news*]

Rotorua would be re-established as a highclass spa resort and Queenstown's tourist attractions developed when the Haast Pass road was finished. One American tourist on an average tour of 16 days was worth about £190 to New Zealand, the equivalent of 190 cases of apples, 95 fat lambs or about 3½ bales of wool, all of which took much longer than 16 days to come to market.

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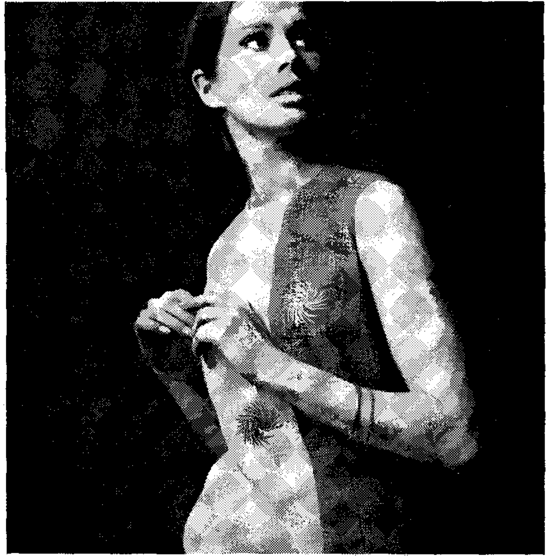

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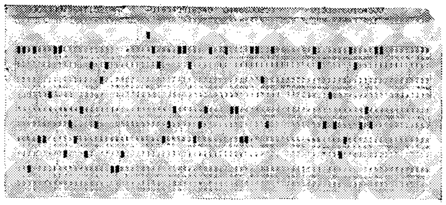

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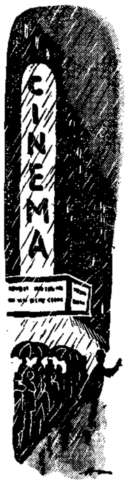
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Sunday History*



I'VE been casting about in my mind for a way to say the least harsh thing possible about "The Fall of the Roman Empire," because the discrepancy between what it was intended to be and what it became is so great as to be genuinely touching; like an elephant that has been trained, at no telling what expense of spirit and money, to perform a single, exquisite curtsy and then, at the critical moment, before an audience of thousands, trips on its trunk and goes sprawling, the failure not only is more appealing than any success but has a certain attractive energy of its own. Moreover, the picture endears itself to us by trying in vain to disguise its childlike innocence behind a mask of extreme sophistication; never have I felt more strongly the sense of youngsters rummaging about in the closets of the grownups for costumes that were bound to betray them. Perhaps I go too far in accusing Samuel Bronston, the producer of the picture, of being exceptionally naïve and good-natured, but how else is one to account for the gorgeous, enormous folly he has committed? Only a man with a heart of fudge and no thought whatever for the crass world of business would have consented to squander so many years of effort and so many millions of dollars on an enterprise that to an outsider would seem much more likely to have challenged a young Sunday-school teacher in the suburbs. I can imagine such a fellow, his little charges having acted out playlets of Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel, reasoning that they were entitled to the reward of depicting that supreme favorite among Christian subjects, the decay of pagan Rome; in the same fashion, Mr. Bronston may have assumed that *his* little charges, having polished off "El Cid" and "55 Days at Peking," deserved to see what they could make of a heaping fricassee of Gibbon.

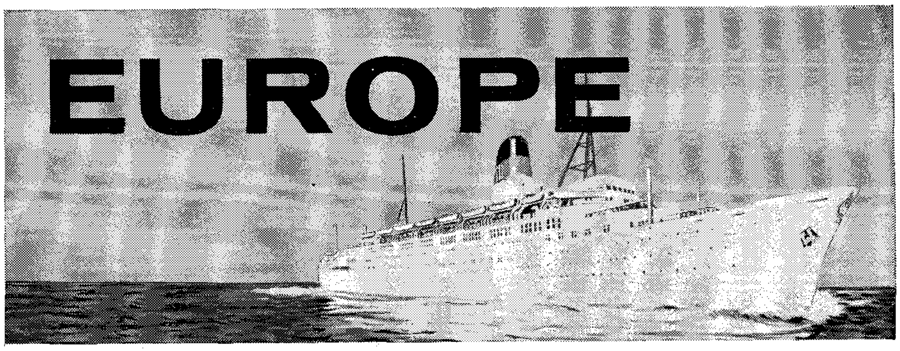
Most of the blame for what they have made of it must go to the little charges—Ben Barzman, Basilio Franchina, and Philip Yordan—who wrote the preposterous screenplay. None of the very large cast, which includes Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd, Alec Guinness, James Mason, Christopher Plummer, Anthony Quayle, Omar Sharif, and the bearers of a score of other fine old Roman patronymics, can have hoped to make sense of the complex plot through which, up to their ears in furs and clanking metal, they are chased by the director, Anthony Mann. Indeed, the only members of the Bronston entourage who can take substantial pride in their work are the stunt men, who drove the chariots and flew bloodily through the air in the many battle scenes, and Veniero Colasanti and John Moore, who designed the extraordinarily beautiful sets. In barley fields outside Madrid they caused to rise a Rome more splendid than any that the early Romans ever saw, and it would be a fitting Gibbonesque irony if—steel and plastics being as durable as they are—the Forum of Samuel Bronston were to remain intact far longer than that of Marcus Aurelius.

ITALIANS appear to dote on things that come in threes (characteristically, one of Marcus Aurelius's predecessors couldn't resist mentioning that all Gaul was divided into three parts), and following hard on the club sandwich of "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" comes a not very savory triple-decker called "Of Wayward Love," which turns out to concern itself more with waywardness than with love, and whose charm, segment by segment, may be said to register a forbidding zero, zero, zero. In the first segment, a Casanova of forty-odd, notably unhandsome and hung over, rouses himself on a sunny morning to set about his compulsive predations. A secretary whom he telephones and invites to stop by for a spot of typing that she knows perfectly well he doesn't want done—we're given to understand that he's a writer in what amounts to his spare time—informs him upon arrival that she has recently married but that the marriage won't affect her customary utility to him. Shocked though not unmanned by this display of womanly practicality, Casanova later takes another girl to the beach, where it becomes plain that she wishes to give herself to him and that the gift will be an awkward one to refuse. This time, what shocks him is the discovery that the girl is a virgin; he slaps her face and sends her off to the sea for a lonely swim, upon which the sordid little episode comes to an end. In the second segment, we have to do with a humorless middle-aged German professor and his giddy wife. On a visit to an ancient temple of Aphrodite, in Sicily, the wife begins to feel certain intimations of that old black Lorenzan magic, and on being obliged to share a long truck ride at night with a couple of lusty Sicilian youths she at first fears that they will attack her and then longs for them to do so; when the youths fail her, she accuses them before the local police of having molested her. The husband and the chief of police manage to hush up her scandalous aberration, and the episode closes with a glimpse of the poor professor grimly attempting to assume a more romantic attitude toward his frightening spouse. The third segment of the picture portrays the curious conquest by a young soldier of a buxom girl in widow's weeds. The conquest is carried out in the crowded compartment of a moving train and requires not a word to be uttered between them; the soldier reconnoitres by infinitesimal deployments of fingertips, knees, and shoulders, and the girl responds by not responding, immobility serving, under the circumstances, as a form of eager consent. I grant that the situation has comic possibilities, but in working them out the director has forced the audience to adopt the glassy, concentrated stare of the voyeur, and a distasteful as well as joyless occupation it proves to be.

Among the numerous participants in this unlucky essay in triplicity are Lilli Palmer, Bernhard Wicki, Catherine Spaak, and Nino Manfredi. They are people of considerable importance, and must have read the script of the picture before consenting to sign their contracts. Why did they sign them?

"THE GIVEN WORD" is a Brazilian film, directed by Anselmo Duarte, and I suspect that the reason it has made a certain amount of noise in the world is that it *is* a Brazilian film; after all, how many pictures have ever reached us from that bulky corner of the world? The picture is based on a play, and makes no effort to conceal the defects of this unnatural operation; the staginess of the action is constantly at odds with the camera's helpless fidelity to life, and the patness of the climax moves us not to pity and terror but to irritation. I hope the next Brazilian movie I see springs full-grown from its creator's brow and has no close literary or dramatic antecedents.

—BRENDAN GILL



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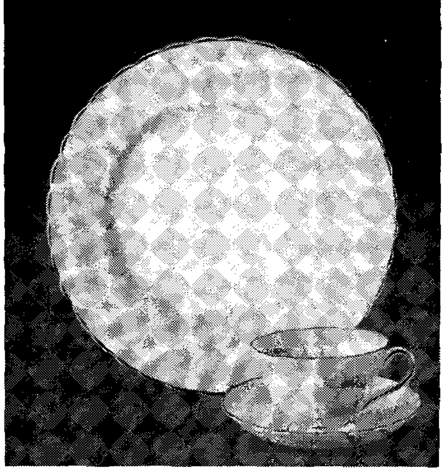

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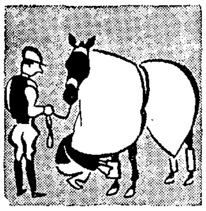
*Season Ahead*



THE better three-year-olds will be out again on Saturday, in the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct and in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park, and the results may be surprising. Certainly the preliminaries have produced a degree of astonishment. The first stunner came early last week, in the Fountain of Youth Stakes at Gulfstream, when Dandy K. wore down odds-on Roman Brother in the stretch and won going away. That wasn't all. Calumet's Kentucky Jug and Ky. Pioneer, the next choices in the betting, finished seventh and eighth, respectively. Some observers thought that Roman Brother, who gave Dandy K. ten pounds, wasn't quite up to concert pitch, but others recalled that Dandy K. and Roman Brother had wound up in a dead heat for fifth place in the Flamingo at Hialeah last month. Everybody agreed, though, that the Calumet pair ran too badly for words. Quite as upsetting to the talent was the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct last Friday, in which Determined Man, coming from fourth place in the stretch, brought off a 22–1 chance, winning by a nose from Lord Date and Alphabet; Black Mountain, who had won the Swift the week before, was fourth. Perhaps only long shots win the preliminaries. It's a hopeful thought, anyhow.

The obvious horse for the Florida Derby is Northern Dancer. He won the Flamingo in fine style, he has trained well, and he showed high speed in a tune-up gallop at Gulfstream last weekend, running seven furlongs in 1:22⅖, to tie the track record. Arriving at the possible winner of the Gotham isn't so easy. There may be as many as ten starters, among them Determined Man, Black Mountain, Alphabet, Bupers, Mr. Brick, Lord Date, Irvkup, Quadrangle, and Chieftain, who won the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie recently. If anyone cares, I'd say that the Gotham will be between Quadrangle and Chieftain.

WANDERING around and about Belmont Park the other morning, I dropped in at Elliott Burch's stable for a look at Quadrangle. I found him a handsome and imposing individual. I'd guess that he stands quite sixteen hands, and he has good length for his height,

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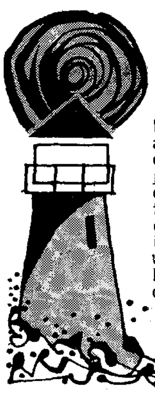

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powerful shoulders, excellent limbs, a fine, intelligent head, and a coat with a sheen to it. As far as his general condition was concerned, he appeared fit to win. Indeed, he might be faulted only in that he was rather light in flesh. I'm told that he lost weight at Hialeah but has picked up a lot since coming north. At present, Burch has about thirty-five horses in training—for the Rokeby Stables, James Cox Brady, the Winlochan Stable, and the Brookmeade Stable—and if conformation and breeding count for anything, some of the two-year-olds are promising. One of the more generally admired two-year-olds in the Rokeby lot is Connecticut Hall, a bay colt by Gallant Man out of Tap Day and a dead ringer for his half brother Quadrangle. Other Rokeby youngsters who caught my eye were Pass the Port, a bay colt by Round Table; Milan Mill, a bay filly by Princequillo; and Innocent Air, a chestnut filly by Courtmartial. Winlochan Stable has a still unnamed but very well-made chestnut colt by Sword Dancer out of Miss Strips. Mr. Brady has a colt by Sword Dancer out of Naval Glory—he's named Per Force, and he has the blaze face and pointed ears of his sire—and a brown filly named Idle Thoughts (she's by Bold Ruler), who should be something extra. None of these will start until May at the earliest.

OFFHAND, I don't remember when I've been colder at a race track than I was at Aqueduct last Saturday, so I left after Rocky Link got up in the last stride to beat Bonjour by a nose for first money in the Westchester Stakes. However, enough of the crowd of 55,049 remained to give the tote a $5,096,515 day. The New York Racing Association should use some of that extra one per cent it's getting from the mutuel handle to put a glass front on the grandstand.

IT was suggested in these notes last week that Ahoy was the top sprinter in the country. Well, last Saturday he carried 130 pounds in the Capitol Handicap at Laurel and, leading by lengths all the way, ran the six furlongs in 1:10⅗. That's stepping along.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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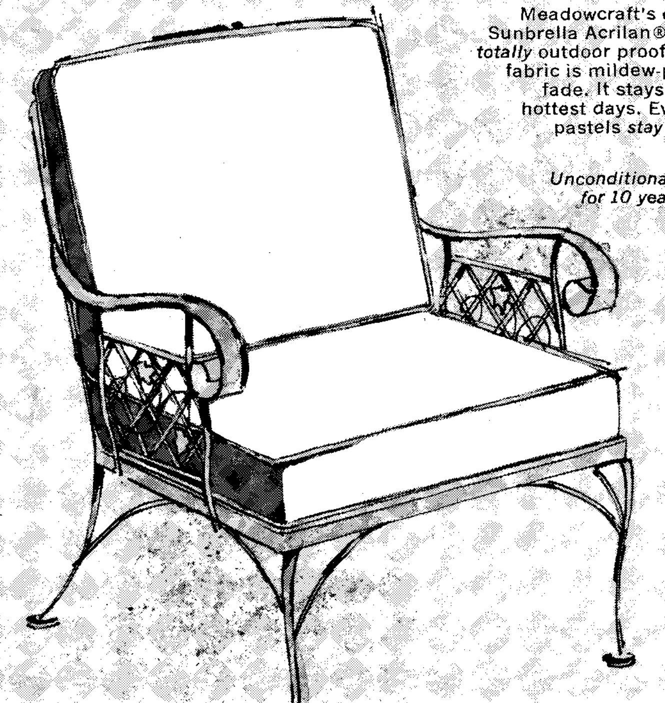

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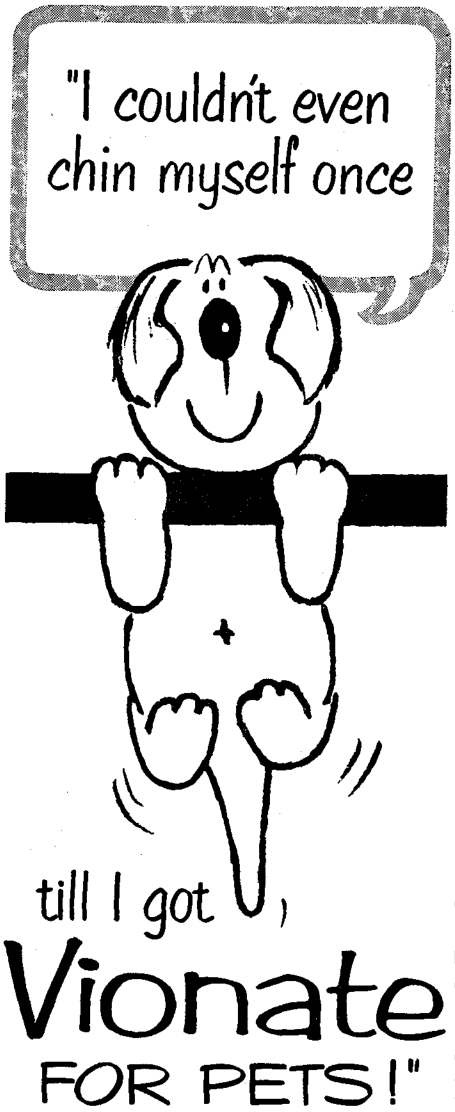
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# LETTER FROM PARIS

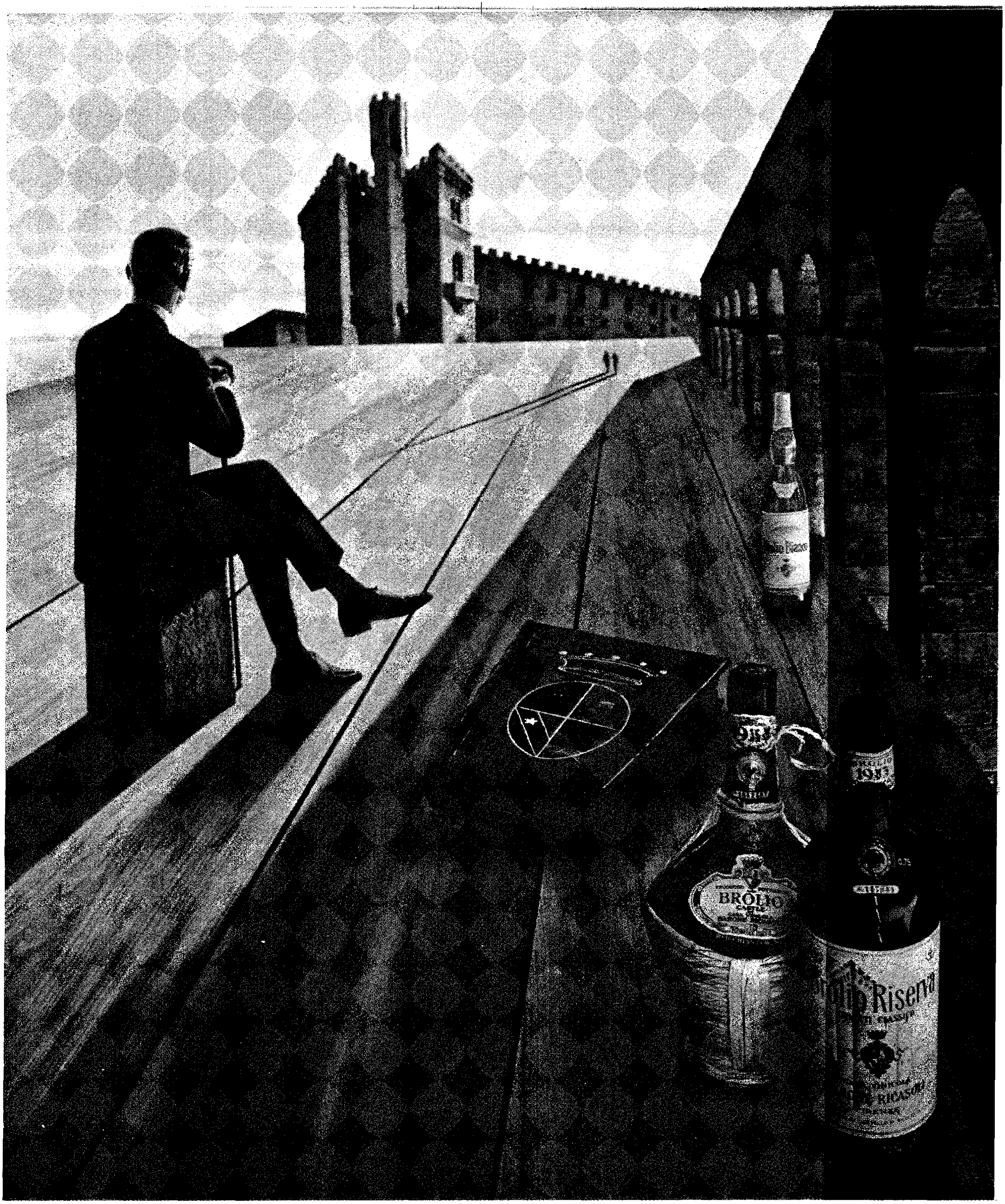
MARCH 23

"LA DAMNATION DE FAUST," which Hector Berlioz completed in the middle eighteen-forties, a weak period in French music, was indecisively described by him as "*une symphonie avec programme plastique*." For the first time in musical history, it was recently presented at the Opéra in precisely this form by the *metteur en scène* and choreographer Maurice Béjart, and the fashionable first-night audience and most critics took it to be an extraordinary mixture of splendid and shocking ballet plasticities, of scenic brilliance and muscular bad taste, of aesthetic beauty and willful uglinesses. It was a plenitude that led to noisy dissension, with outcries, catcalls, and insults being freely launched at the performers and exchanged between the spectators who applauded what they saw as something astonishingly creative, at its best, and those who booed it as merely scandalous. At the second performance, the quarrel was still going on, but more mildly. Those who disapproved shouted, "*C'est indécent!*" The admirers then shouted back, "*A la tombe les ancêtres!*"—the anathema against elderly conservatism lately popularized by the younger French and meaning, very roughly, "Off to the cemetery with all the old fogies!" So little that is remarkable ever takes place at the Opéra, aside from the amazing mediocrity of the singing, that to be credited with a scandal gave its reputation an invaluable fillip and "Damnation" a run at the box office.

What Béjart had ambitiously aimed at was to have a ballet illustrate the temptations, visions, and earthly events connecting Faust and Marguerite, which Berlioz' singers merely refer to in solos. To give his dancers room, he immobilized the choruses (dressed like medieval monks) and also made Faust and Marguerite practically stationary, as if in an oratorio—the form in which the opus used to be given. In Act I, Faust was discovered hung aloft above the footlights in a cage, from which he motionlessly viewed and sang about the sad state of the universe. It must be frankly said that Béjart has publicized his career as a stage director in part by his scandalizing imagination and his eccentric fixations, such as hanging things from the ceiling, and in his choreography he has been addicted to choruses that hop about in a semi-squatting frog position. For the famous "Hungarian March," his ballet of warriors strode in like Storm Troopers, dressed in belted khaki-colored tights and wearing what looked like motor-cop helmets decorated with death's-heads. Then, in a froglike pastiche of totalitarianism, they captured Le Jeune Homme, or Youth, who symbolized freedom, in the person of Cyril Atanassoff, the Opéra's excellent new male ballet star, who has long been needed there, as has the new star ballerina Mlle. Christiane Vlassi, a slender, ephemeral vision symbolizing the soul of Marguerite. Paris had never before seen the Fifth Republic Opéra Ballet perform as a whole with such impressive, superior technique, constantly dancing far better than the Opéra singers sang. (At the end of the first performance, when the cast made its bows, the unfortunate tenor who sang Faust was booed by the gallery gods.) In the most elaborate, poetic, and aesthetic ballet number, a half-dozen delicately bodied young coryphées wearing nothing but flesh-colored tights danced as nymphs in the half-light, in seeming innocent nakedness among the mortals. This ballet was like a Botticelli scene. Then, as Faust's tastes became more earthy, equally nude-looking girls under blowzy wigs lubriciously saddled themselves around the male dancers' waists, like infernal figurines from a Hieronymus Bosch canvas depicting antics in Hell. The décors, by Germinal Casado, Béjart's assistant, were mostly stunning—especially that of the town walls, which shone metallically, as if covered by copper. And Marguerite's small Gothic house suddenly split in two to reveal a tall silver tree beside her opened bedroom, where she sang the celebrated "King of Thule" aria.

In the last act, as an added surprise, Faust and Mephisto were seen seated on a pair of metal horses en route to damnation, contrary to Goethe's drama, of which Berlioz used the madman Gérard de Nerval's French translation as his libretto. One Paris critic was worried by the possible redundancy in Béjart's scheme of duplicating the singers with dancers, so as to make the action extra clear. For most of us there was no such pleonastic danger.

THE other main stimulating event of the fortnight has been the exciting, rich exhibition at the Musée National d'Art Moderne of a large, formerly private, and little-known col-



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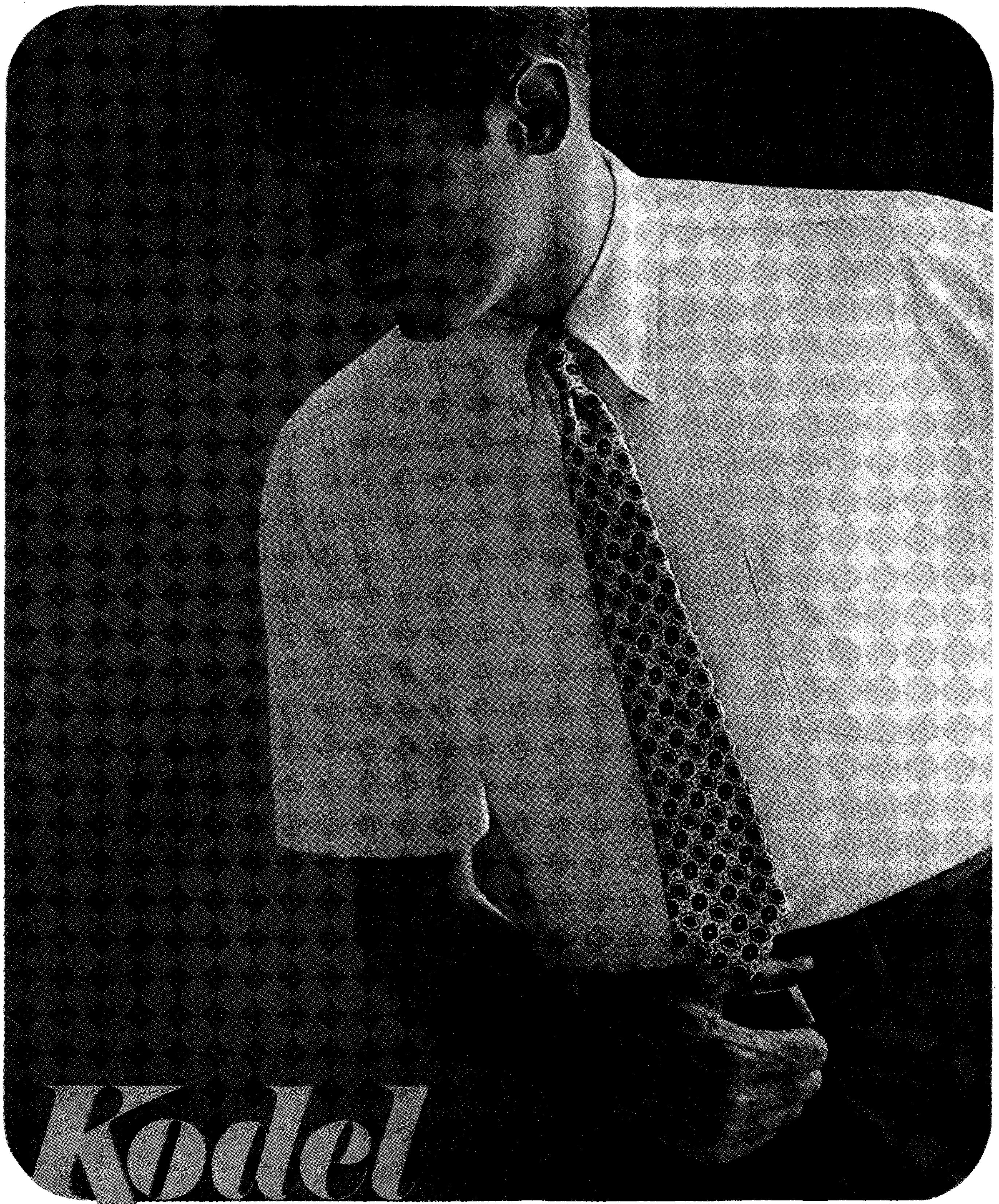

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EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or shirts lection of Ecole de Paris paintings, beginning with 1907 Cubism. Seventeen of the canvases are to remain as donations. The French state being perforce a mean provider, this museum has always been deeply dependent on what it was handed by art lovers, and even painters, so this gift is a streak of luck that will fill up certain holes with early Braque and Picasso chefs-d'oeuvre. Until now, most of us had seen only fleetingly, if at all, the historic major works of this collection, personally assembled by a quiet, wealthy, intelligent Frenchman, M. André Lefèvre, who quietly died in his sleep last summer. It seems that he was a graduate in science, an epicure, and a bibliophile with an erudite passion for reading history, and that he began collecting at the end of the First World War. According to one authority, it was Cubism that "excited his curiosity, inspired him with a certain irony, diverted him, and satisfied him, for Cubism was then still audacious, piquant, subversive, and a little mysterious, and joined logic to adventure." He disliked flowers, even in pictures; a friend visiting him at his country mansion by the Seine and knowing his aversion plucked for him from the forest a pleasing bouquet of mushrooms and mosses. In Paris, he kept his picture collection in a midtown attic, which he also used as an office. The painters he liked he collected en bloc, such as his thirteen Modiglianis, headed by the portrait of the poet Max Jacob and the full figure of the daughter of Jacob's concierge. He possessed eighteen Juan Gris, including the famous, sumptuous "Nature à la Lampe" and others more obscure, such as two (1925-26) featuring crossword puzzles as designs. In 1920, Gris was still eking out his living by drawing barroom sketches for magazines, and according to Miss Alice B. Toklas, one of his small Synthetic Cubist masterpieces could then be bought from him for the equivalent of a hundred dollars. Lefèvre's seven Braques include a historic 1910 "Usine à l'Estaque," seen as cubes; the great 1910 "La Femme à la Mandoline;" and "L'Homme à la Guitare," of 1914—a great Analytical Cubist musicianly pair. The major canvases among the forty-eight Picassos (many only sketch drawings) are obviously important for art history and pleasure. They begin with the 1905 gouache trio of Dutch girls in caps formerly called "The Three Gossips," the last of his easy classicism; "Une Démoiselle d'Avignon," of 1907, and undoubtedly the true matriarch of Cubism, with her nose awry; and a fully Cubist "Le

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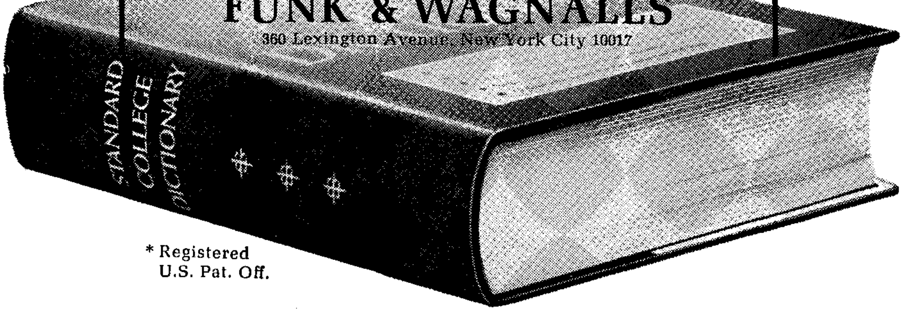

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Guitariste," of the winter of 1909-10 (looser and less beautiful than Braque's musicians), from old Ambroise Vollard's cellar collection. Also, there is the following year's elegant "Femme à la Mandoline" (he and Braque both liked the subject), which figured in the famous, tragic Kahnweiler forced auction sale in 1923, and one of Picasso's most celebrated later subjects, "Still-Life of Bull's Skull," of 1942, which had first belonged to the poet Robert Desnos, who died in the Resistance. There are Légers in quantity, also many by La Fresnaye, Miró, Henri Laurens, and Masson; a dozen fine François Borès; seven Derains, including his Fauve "Port à Collioure;" and a single Douanier Rousseau, of 1909, called "Landscape with Cow." Posed in the suburbs of Paris and including a church spire, a cowherd, and two haystacks, it was exhibited only once, in 1937, and was never seen again here until now. There are also nearly forty canvases by the early and usually little-recognized semi-Cubist André Beaudin, who should be mentioned out of courtesy to Lefèvre's loyal fancy for him. It is a richly composed, special collection from our time, and it illustrates a fine aesthetic sensibility.

LUIS BUÑUEL, the celebrated Spanish film director, has been a fetish of Paris intellectual cinematophiles since long before the war, going back to his blasphemous Surrealist "L'Age d'Or," coming up again to his heartbreaking "Los Olvidados," of several years ago, which was about impoverished Mexican boys, and lately culminating in "Viridiana," with its Spanish ingrown family pieties and lusts and avuncular hypocrisies. Now he may have worn out everybody's patience with "Le Journal d'une Femme de Chambre," which he filmed from Octave Mirbeau's unpleasant old 1900 shocker about the life of a housemaid in the French bourgeois countryside. Even Buñuel's devotees are dissatisfied with it, for one reason or another. Its crass rustic naturalism seems politically dated, like its old-fashioned sadism and brutality, which are psychologically out of step with both those qualities as we now know them. The photographic horrors he dutifully offers are gratuitous, such as his closeup of a snail climbing the naked thigh of a little girl who has just been raped and murdered. What may be really the matter with the film is Jeanne Moreau as the maid. An intelligent, hard-working actress, she, too, is dated, but her date is modern—too modern. Physically, she sums up 1964, which throws her out of

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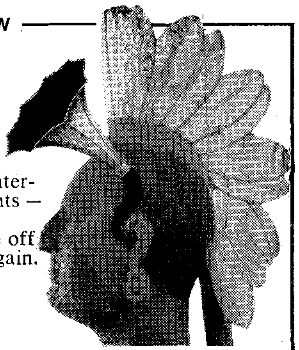

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kilter with the other period's clothes and characters. Her manner, body movements, enunciation, and gestures are all those of the up-to-date, disloyal, grasping, semi-efficient French maid one can unfortunately no longer find in Paris, owing to the servant shortage, but who lives on in everybody's memory (while we wash up our own dinner dishes) like a lost domestic ideal. Especially in her lack of sensuality, Mlle. Moreau cannot be what Mirbeau had in mind, or what Buñuel should have envisioned as his camera's star.

WHEN President Nicolas Grunitzky of Togo, a worldly, smartly dressed pale African of mixed German, Russian, and African blood, made his state visit here recently, and twenty-five gigantic, costly Togo national flags (yellow and dark green, with a square upper corner of revolutionary scarlet mitigated by a big single white star of hope) flapped from the Concorde mastheads, and thousands of Togo bannerets fluttered over the Champs-Elysées and on the fronts of municipal autobuses, Parisians knew, by their ignorance of who on earth the visiting distinguished head of state might be, that he must be another remnant of European colonialism now practicing *le Présidentialisme* and come to call on General de Gaulle, his top hat doffed, for a handout—another in a regular parade of them here over the past few years. (Owing to the supposed historical fact that a prewar native deputy from one of the French colonies was invited by his tribal constituents to lunch and became part of it, some cynical Parisians now refer to these African débutant democracies as "*les républiques cannibales.*") In a series of elaborately documented articles in the illustrated, influential weekly *Paris Match*, entitled "Attention! La France Dilapide Son Argent," M. Raymond Cartier, the magazine's chief editorialist, has established the economic doctrine of so-called Cartierisme, which, as a criticism of the government's spending policy, has caused heated comment and worried smaller editorials all over France. As his main thesis, Cartier points out that France has been spending more than two per cent of her gross national product on foreign aid to underdeveloped countries—over three times what the United States has spent of hers—and that France had better look first to her own underdevelopment, which he then paints in. The Sorbonne classrooms, he says, are "as crowded as the Métro;" no new Paris hospitals have been built in thirty years; "Asiatic conditions" exist in small French villages, almost forty per

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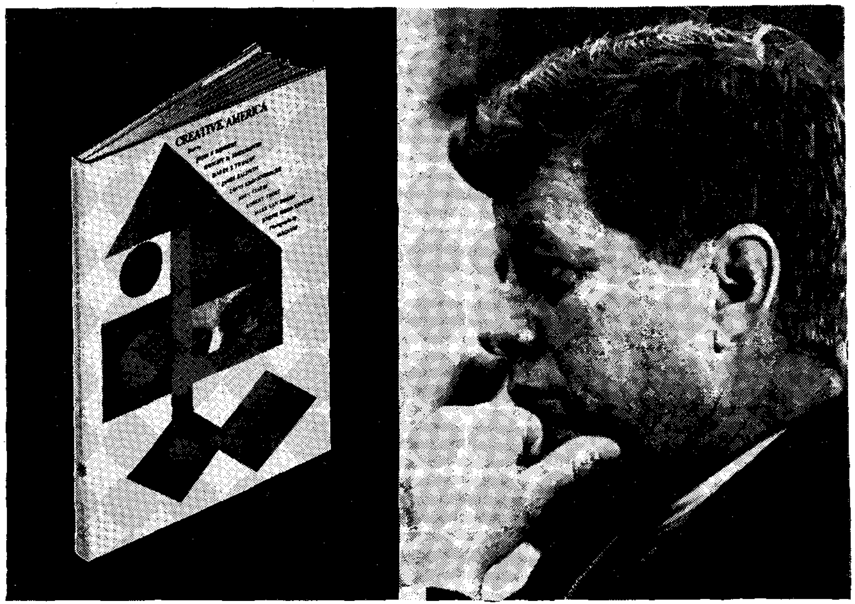

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cent being without running water; even in big French cities, thirty-one per cent of the apartments are without private water closets; and France's telecommunications are the poorest among all the European Community nations. Cartier ironically advises the hundreds of thousands of the French who are still waiting for their phones to be installed to "go to Abidjan, where ten thousand telephone lines, without one user," have been installed with the French taxpayers' money. In real distress, he deplores the fact that a fabulous national French fortune has been splashed over the ex-colonial lands, "with an air-conditioned Versailles palace for the Ivory Coast president, and little of the aid money in general ever reaching the poor inhabitants, who are often too illiterate to read their phone numbers and, in some places, so confused about putting ballots into urns that they add their marriage licenses." These and a myriad other costly policy errors, Cartier says, restrict the French government on its home circuit to "a Malthusian economy." As for the colonial past, he says that France should not "take the moral attitude of guilt today," for, with the possible exception of ostrich plumes, "all the colonial riches were created by European capital and work." And, as he failed to add, European capital pulled in the profits.

Unquestionably, the French are going to be acutely interested in hearing what President de Gaulle may have promised the Mexicans—apparently nothing except his extreme interest in them. Premier Pompidou's national TV address tomorrow evening is expected to go into national and industrial French finances, which are far less brilliant than a year ago. Finance Minister Giscard d'Estaing has already spoken sternly about the necessary followup to the government's stabilization plan and price controls. In the meantime, Paris prices are almost proudly referred to as the highest in any capital city of the Western Hemisphere. The first general strike of this spring took place by chance on March 18th, the ninety-third anniversary of the Paris Commune, still precious to the Paris proletariat, whose most constant complaint against de Gaulle is that he never does anything for them.—GENÊT

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7:30 2 CANADA: SPECIAL REPORT
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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *The Fat Knight*

Productions of Verdi's "Falstaff" are so infrequent that few operagoers ever get to hear more than a half-dozen interpretations of its title role. I myself have heard about that many and I can recall the names of most of the singers responsible for them—Stabile, Tibbett, Warren, and, just a couple of weeks ago, at the Metropolitan, Colzani. None of these seemed quite as satisfactory as Geraint Evans, the Welsh baritone who made his Metropolitan début as Falstaff on Wednesday evening of last week. Unlike Stabile, who was mainly famous as a superb actor, Mr. Evans also has a magnificent voice—a voice that can roar with drunken anger or soar with courtly elegance, according to the requirements of the moment. His Italian is beautifully enunciated, and every word can be clearly heard throughout the large auditorium. Moreover, he has created a character far above the usual slapstick one. His Falstaff is often understated, and is no less funny for that. His stage business never seems to fall into clichés; every pantomimic motion he makes has not only a definite significance but a fresh significance, reflecting the inner psychology of the Fat Knight. And this psychology is not that of a common sot. In Mr. Evans' portrayal, Falstaff is distinctly a gentleman who has seen better days and who has a core of dignity beneath whiskers and paunch—a faded and dishevelled aristocrat who imagines himself, for the moment, a dashing young blade. In short, Mr. Evans is a great actor in the British tradition as well as a great singer in the Italian one. Thanks to all this, he is capable of dominating the stage of an opera house and of causing a whole production to coalesce around his personal vision of a role, which, when the role is Falstaff, is as it should be.

The mastery with which Mr. Evans took over the Metropolitan's stage the other night was all the more surprising because he had not had even one full rehearsal in his new surroundings. He played with the role, kicking over chairs, dancing the quadrille, bellowing at his minions, and generally comporting himself as though he had been born

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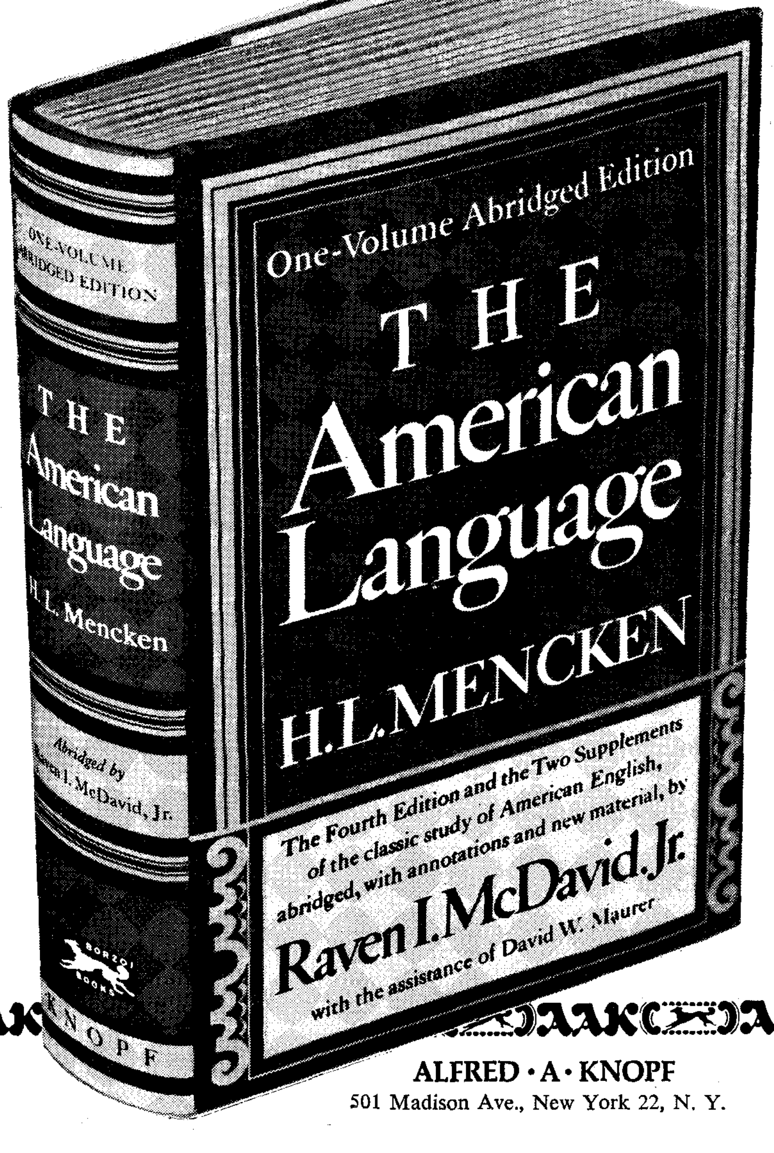
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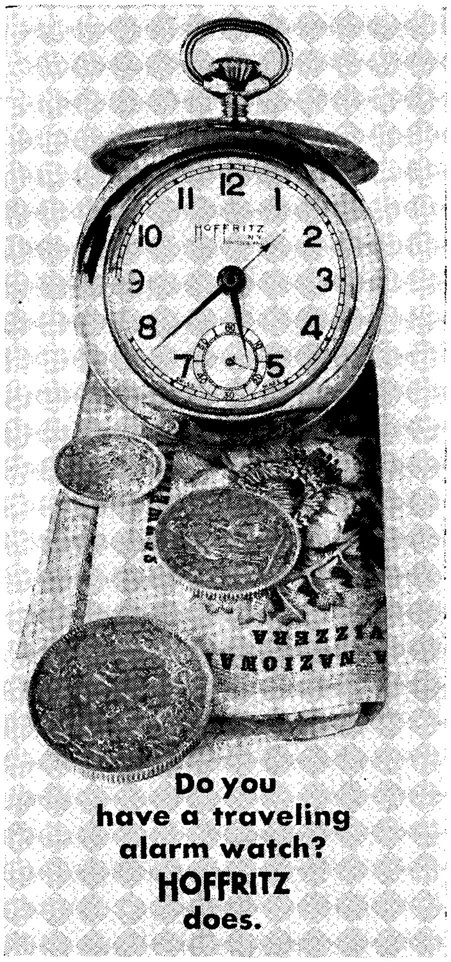
at the corner of Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway. In fact, much of his performance had the appearance of improvisation, though one realizes, on reflection, that his ease was the result of the most calculating study and of having appeared in several previous "Falstaff"s directed by Franco Zeffirelli, who is responsible for this one. I hope that, as rumor already has it, Mr. Evans is to return to the Metropolitan in this role next season. Those who hold tickets for the second of his two performances *this* season are lucky. Indeed, I have begun to suspect that this particular Metropolitan production will *make* "Falstaff" *something that it has* never been, even in Italy—a whopping public success. Past generations have regarded the opera with deep respect but have never besieged its box office. Today, things are a little different. The phonograph has brought this great opera to the attention of multitudes, allowing them to study all its subtleties. Perhaps it is going to emerge as a hit equal to "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata." I certainly like to think so.

The rest of the cast in this performance of "Falstaff" was just about the same as it was a fortnight ago, but it sang with much more freedom and assurance. Leonard Bernstein had succeeded in clearing up most of the inaccuracies of ensemble that I noticed then; indeed, only one of the concerted episodes in the first act—a very difficult one, involving triple against duple time—failed to achieve absolute crispness. (I must say that I have only once in my life heard it done to perfection in a fully staged performance, and that was under Toscanini.) Among the roles that seemed to have attained a new freshness were the Mistress Ford of Gabriella Tucci and the Dame Quickly of Regina Resnik, which, in its way, was as magnificently sung and acted as Mr. Evans' Falstaff.

EARLIER last week—on Sunday night, to be exact—I was at the Metropolitan for a robust and wildly applauded performance of "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Franco Corelli, and Tito Gobbi in the principal roles. Miss Tebaldi had a little trouble with some of her high notes—notably at the end of her "Vissi d'arte"—but she made up for this with a luscious middle register. Dramatically, though, her Tosca is a bit on the placid side. Mr. Corelli sang at his vigorous best, belting out a stupendous and stupendously protracted tone at the end of his "Vittoria" aria, in the second act.



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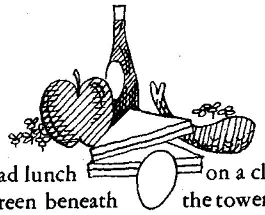

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It was, however, mainly Mr. Gobbi's evening, for Mr. Gobbi is another of those great singing actors who ornament the present operatic era. His Scarpia is different from most. He does not glower or rant. His is a portrait of a man too sure of his power to worry about emphasizing it—of a voluptuary, and a figure so malignant as to take sadism as lightly as a cup of breakfast coffee.

ON Thursday night, at Philharmonic Hall, George Szell and the New York Philharmonic performed Bruckner's now rather popular Seventh Symphony, preceding it with a ceremonial reading of the prelude and Good Friday music from Wagner's "Parsifal." Mr. Szell is the most scrupulous of maestros, and, except for a few inadvertent burbles in the brass (which he would certainly have ironed out in his own Cleveland Orchestra), every note of the great symphony was in place. There was a certain rigidity, however, about Mr. Szell's over-all reading of the work. The finale—a proverbial challenge to any conductor's powers of coördination—was the most successfully performed of the movements. The scherzo lacked the demoniac drive that I have heard other conductors give it, and in the first two movements Mr. Szell was apparently seeking for accuracy rather than for the sort of inspired pliancy that a first-rate Bruckner performance must have. This approach led, as it invariably does in Bruckner, to an overemphasis on disconnected starts and stops and to compartmentalization of themes. Bruckner is the most romantic of romantic composers, and his unique style of symphonic writing demands ritardandi, accelerandi, pauses, and other easygoing and relaxed varieties of rubato that have become rare in the post-Toscanini era. Mr. Szell did not rise to these demands, or did not rise to them sufficiently, and his interpretation was consequently lacking in the requisite spirit of grandeur.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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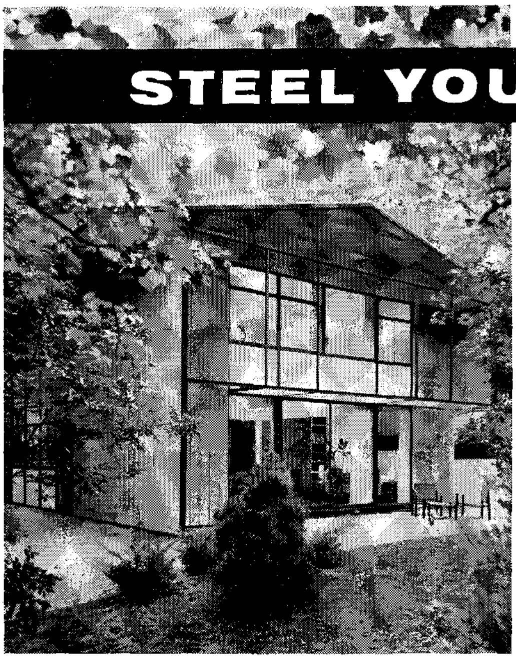

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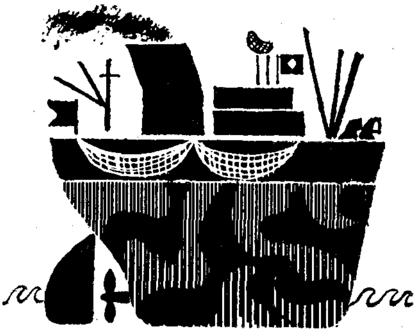

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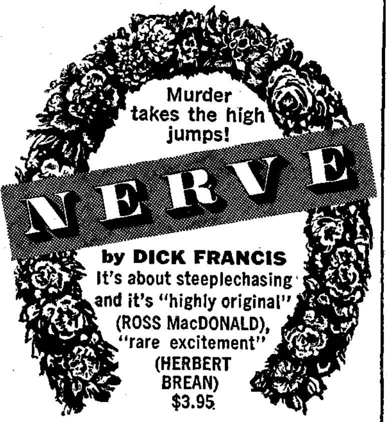

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As Ecclesiastes said, "There is no new thing under the sun." Or is there?

Well, yes. In a sense, speed is new—a gift of science to impatient modern man. Take a look at Wall Street, for example. The stock ticker is less than 100 years old. Today the 500-character-per-minute ticker is about to give way to a new 900-character-per-minute ticker. Most old chalk quotation boards have been replaced by modern electronic boards that record reported price changes for listed stocks in the twinkling of an eye, and they are supplemented today by even more miraculous electronic devices that provide latest reported data about individual stocks at the touch of a button.

Then, too, less than a generation ago, all the paper work was done laboriously by hand. Today we wonder how we ever got along without our high-speed electronic data processing equipment.

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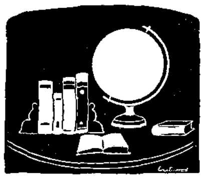
# BOOKS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

A PLACE OF STONE, by Jim Hunter (Pantheon). The story of a year—winter to winter—in the family of an obscure Yorkshire painter. Bill Stock, sixty years old and once highly regarded, is now content to live forgotten and to paint almost secretly while he makes something of a living teaching in a boys' school. His wife, Freda, who lives with him in a cool, well-mannered friendship that is mutually acceptable, keeps up with her music and yearns for the occasional visits of their only son, Christopher, a university lecturer. Their only daughter, Sheila, lives at home, works as a nurse at the local mental hospital, and is drifting contentedly toward a satisfactory marriage. A severe crisis brings the family a little closer together, and then the crisis is over. Mr. Hunter's novel is not much more than a series of impressions, but they are lasting impressions. He is a thoughtful, observant writer who evidently likes and understands the people he chooses to write about. The time is the present.



I WAS DANCING, by Edwin O'Connor (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A novel about an old man's struggle with his son and daughter-in-law when they try to get him out of their house and into a home for the aged. The old man, Daniel Considine, is a vaudeville dancer who has spent his life travelling around the world, stopping for a night or a week wherever he found a stage to welcome him. He is now in his late seventies. The son, Tom Considine, is a forty-four-year-old lawyer who was raised to be a stay-at-home by his mother, now dead. Tom and his wife are childless, and they have a big house, but they are resentful of the old man's intrusion. Daniel, on the other hand, feels resentment at the thought of the money he has spent on his son's upbringing and education. Daniel and his ancient cronies, and Tom and his middle-aged cronies, talk a good deal about death and fate and the gulf between the generations, but the mainspring of this novel is, in fact, merely resentment, because resentment is the strongest and most enduring emotion that these mediocre people can feel, and because it presents them at one and the same time with an excuse for their coldheartedness and a justification of their selfishness. The writing is painfully forced.

### GENERAL

ULENDO, by Archie Carr (Knopf). This book takes its title from a Nyasaland dialect word meaning "journey," and it describes a journey that the author, a professor of biological sciences at the University of Florida, recently took through Nyasaland and Mozambique. It is not, however, a travel book. Mr. Carr, as his splendid "The Windward Road" of several years ago made clear, is no ordinary reporter of places visited and sights seen and sensations experienced. He is a reflective observer, and the sights to which he calls our attention—the mile-high mushroom swarms of kungu flies on Lake Nyasa, the incomparably numerous species of fish found in that incomparable lake, the buzzard's ready manipulation of whirlwinds, the symbiotic relationship of cattle egrets and their ruminant companions—are merely the chords from which he improvises, with the toughness of science and the insight of art, a brilliant opera of speculations about the evolution of animal adaptive behavior. Photographs, most of them by the author, and a map.

HOW TO BE AN ALIEN, by George Mikes (Basic Books). Mr. Mikes, a humorist, was born in Siklos, Hungary (pop. 3,000), and consequently, as he explains, has been an alien everyplace else, from Pécs, where he moved at the age of four, to the countries he visits in this book—Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Israel, and Japan. He is not only an alien; he is concise and he is funny. Somehow he has resurrected national-characteristics humor, which died with family-time vaudeville, and has made it funnier and more biting than it used to be.

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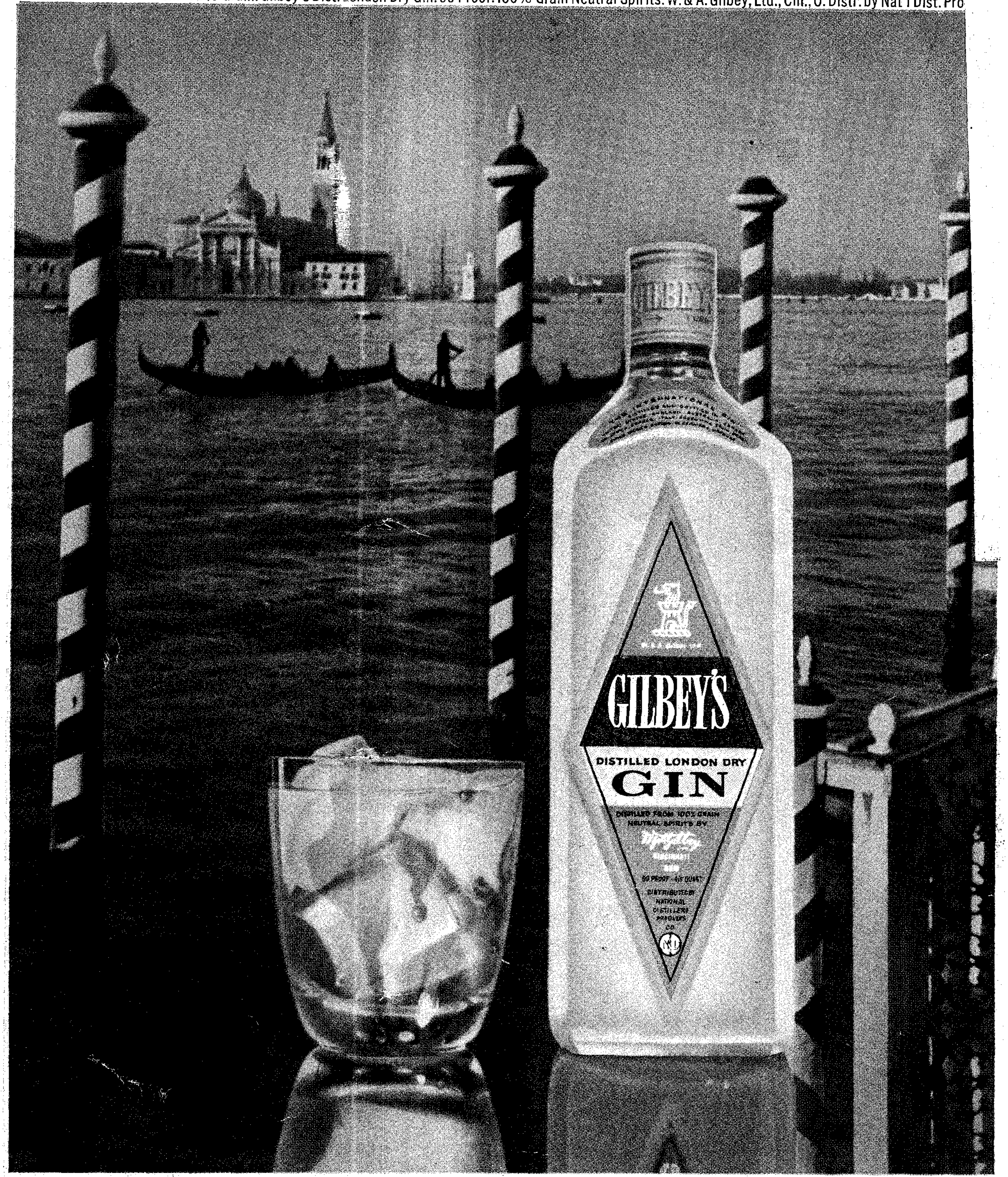
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